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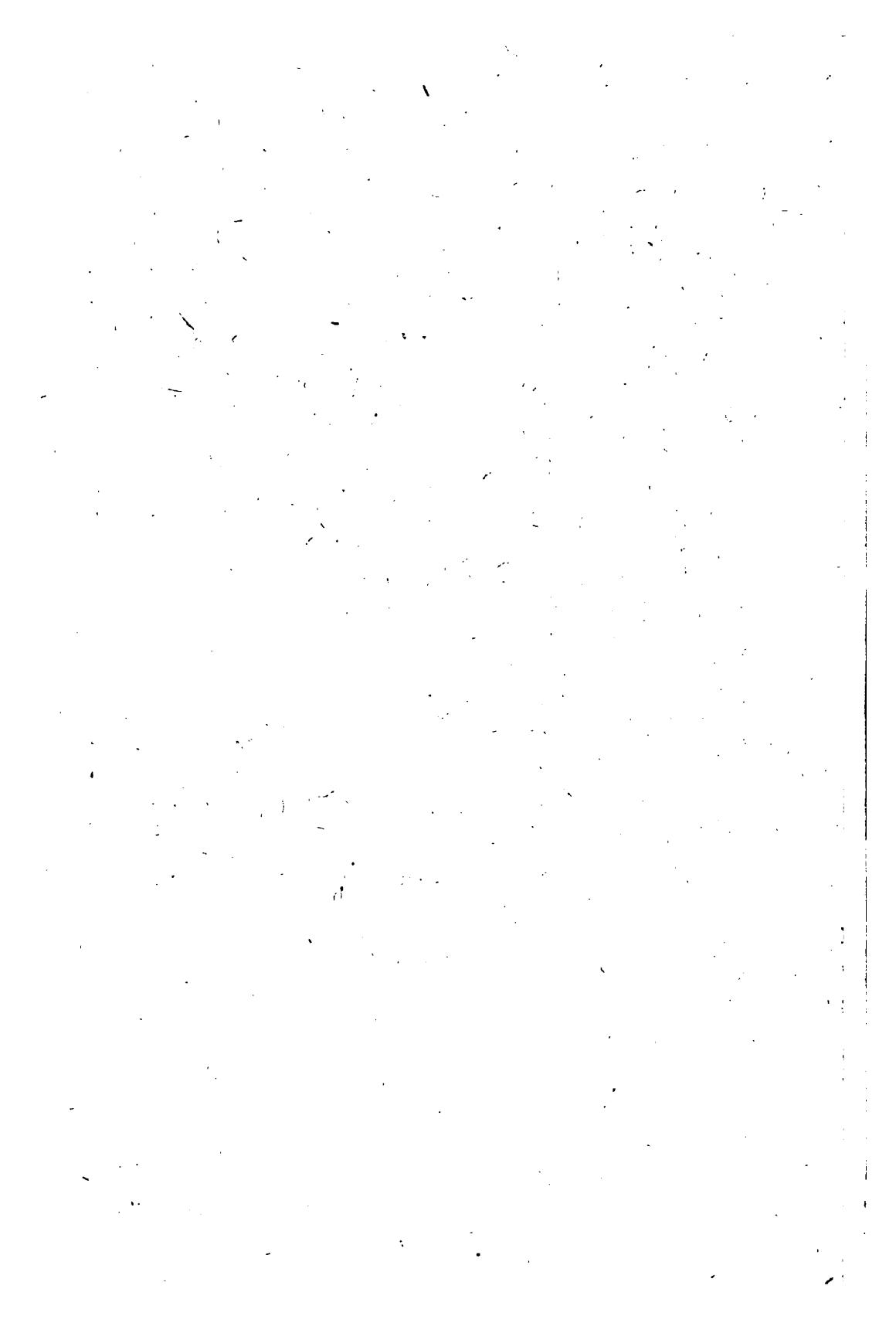
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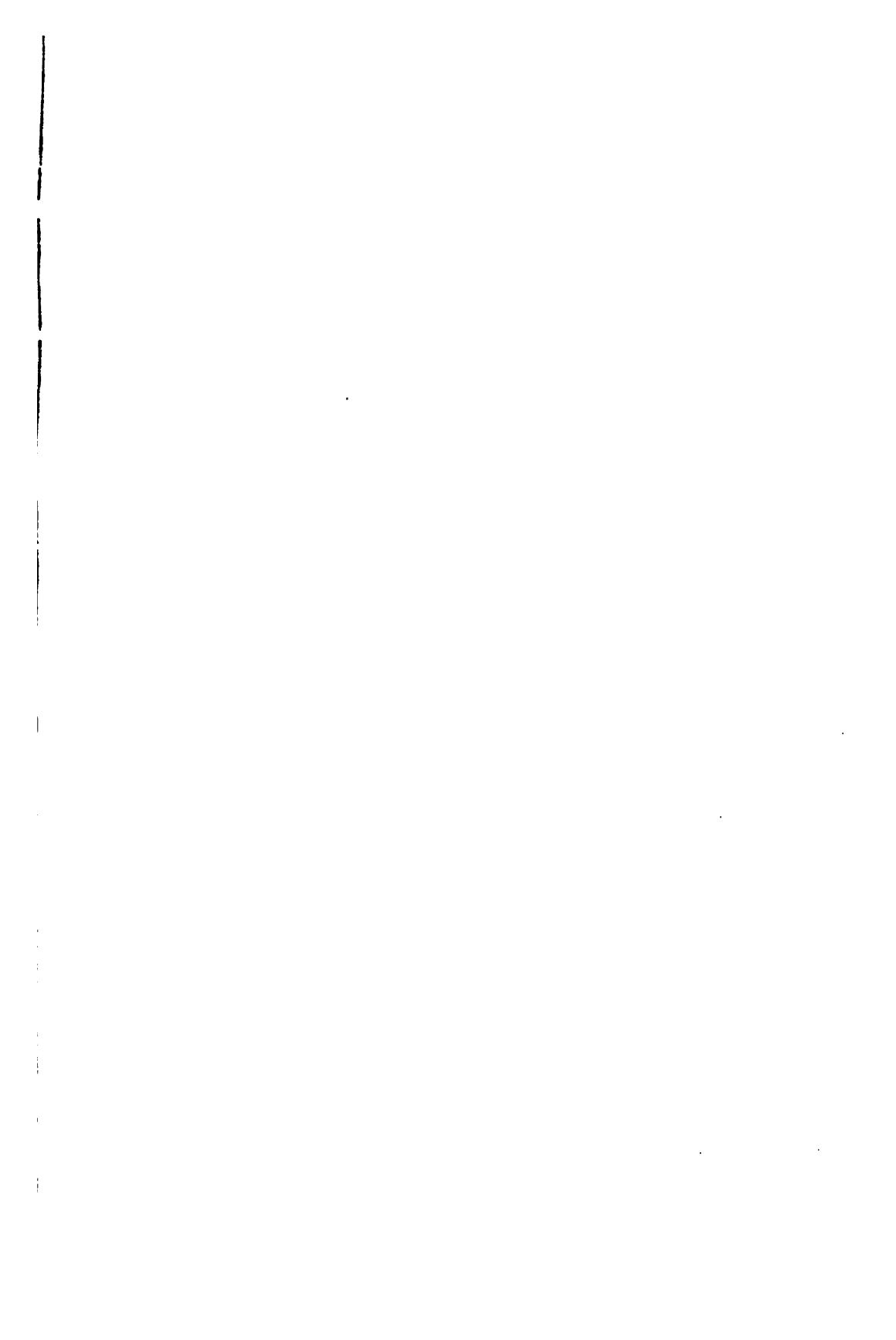
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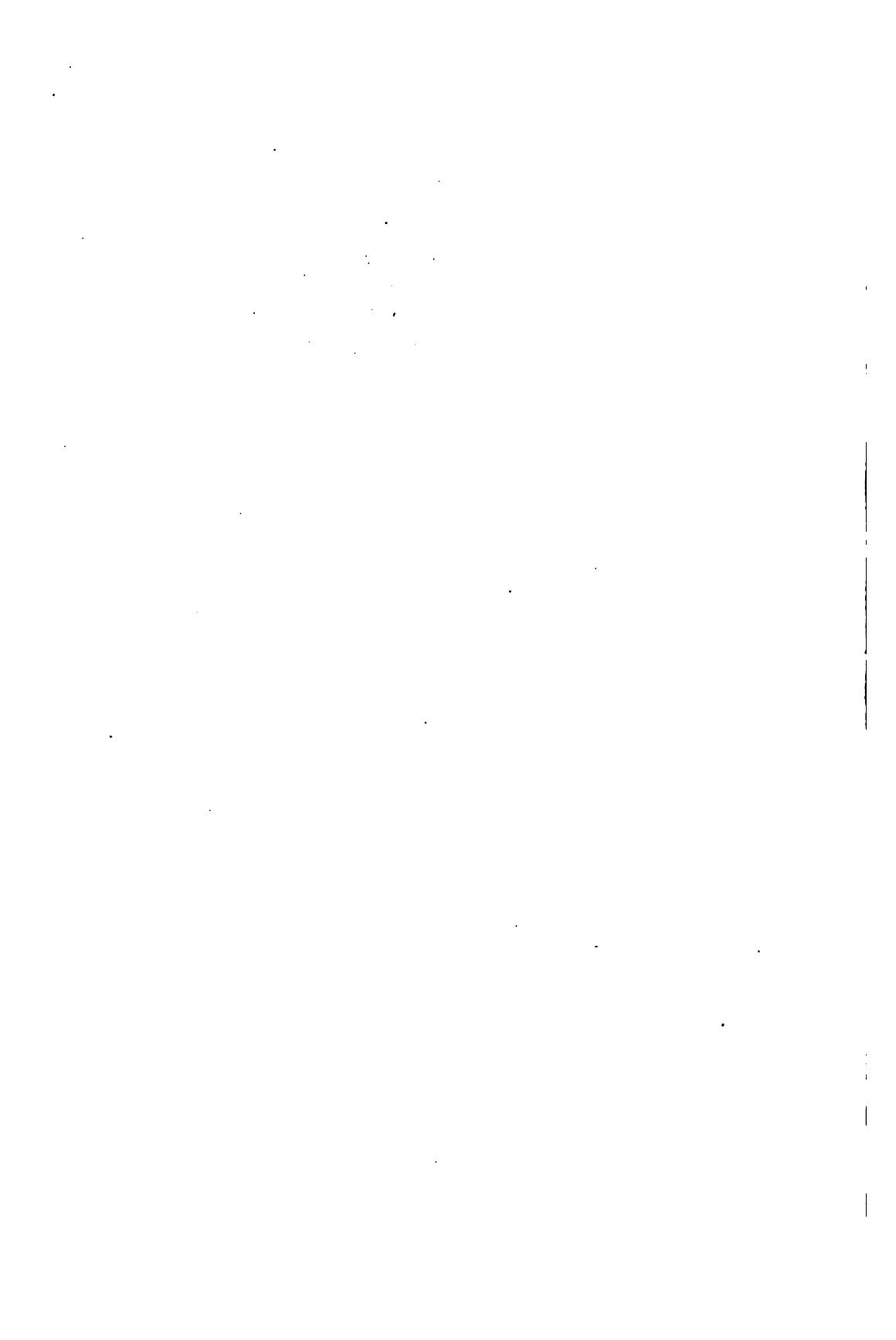
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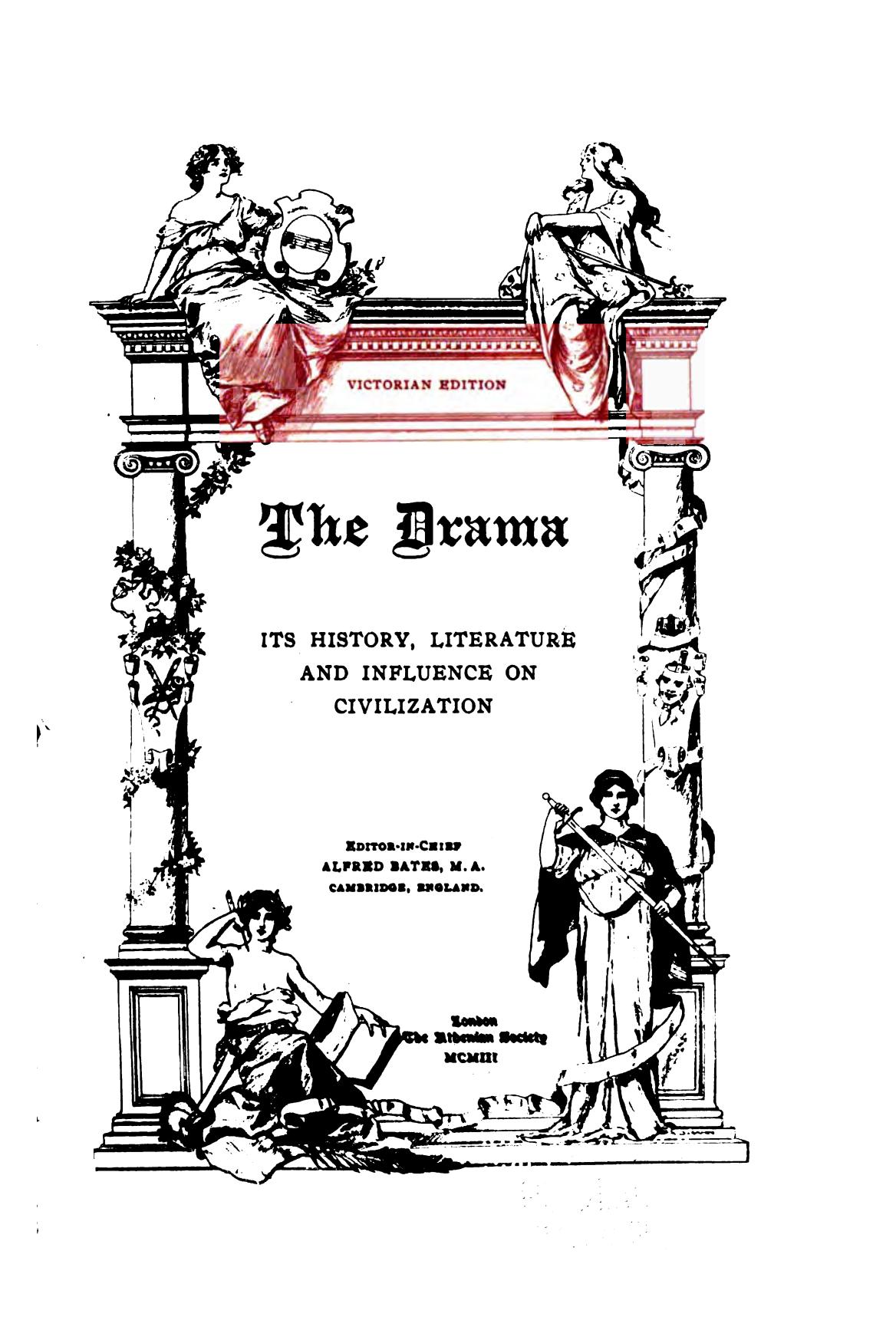
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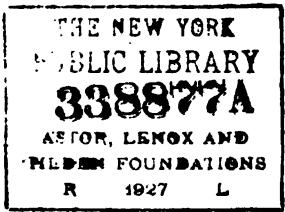
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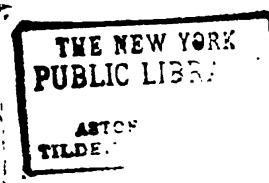
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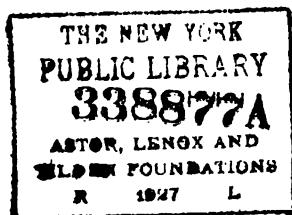
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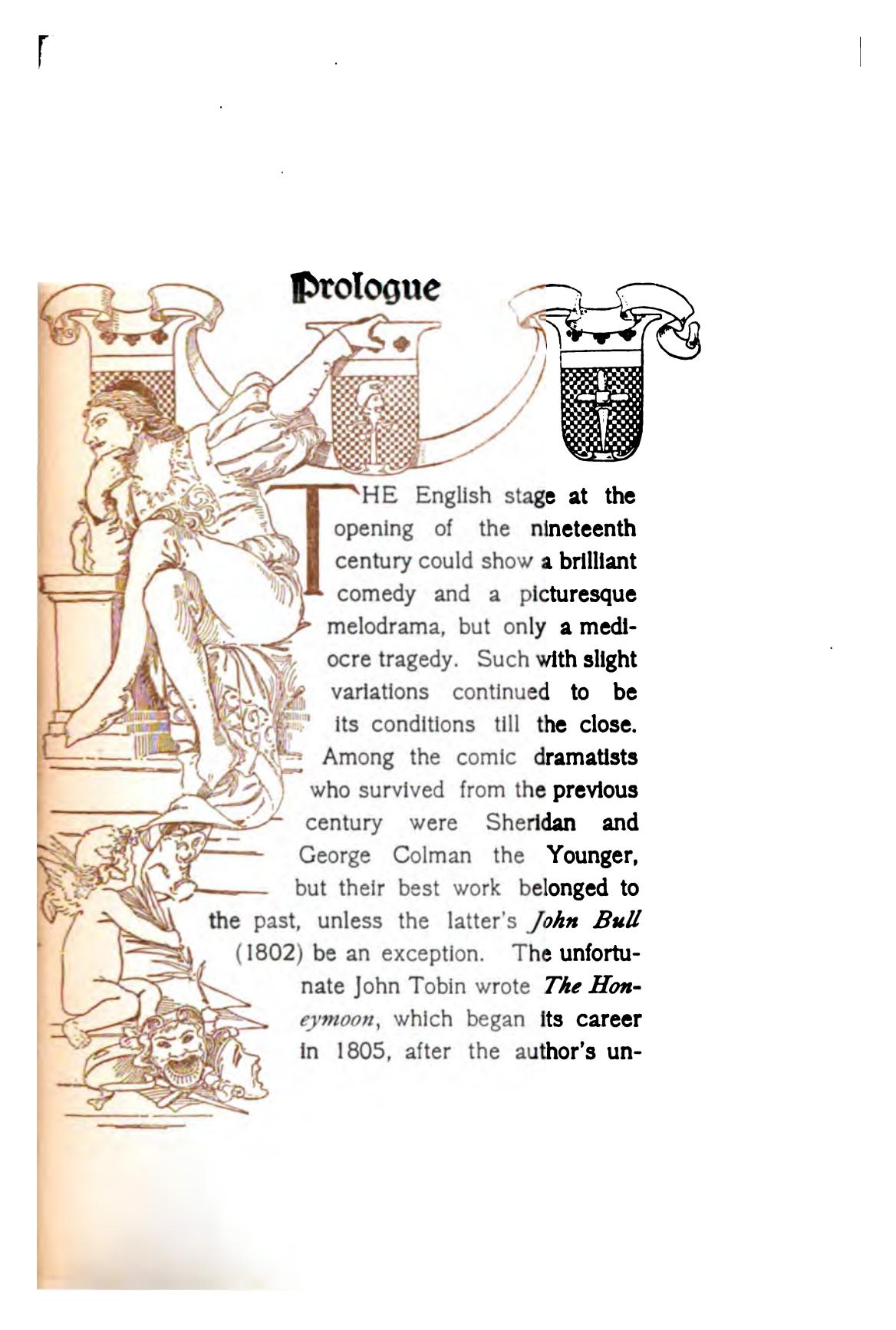
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Prologue

THE English stage at the opening of the nineteenth century could show a brilliant comedy and a picturesque melodrama, but only a mediocre tragedy. Such with slight variations continued to be its conditions till the close. Among the comic dramatists who survived from the previous century were Sheridan and George Colman the Younger, but their best work belonged to the past, unless the latter's *John Bull* (1802) be an exception. The unfortunate John Tobin wrote *The Honeymoon*, which began its career in 1805, after the author's un-

PROLOGUE

timely death. It is here given in full as a fair specimen of the drama of its time.

With Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron the Romantic movement took possession of literature. Byron's dramatic attempts were failures from want of action. They were too heavy as poems, too verbose as plays. In fact, *Werner*, the only one which he stated was not prepared for the stage, was the only one which had successful reproduction. Other authors of high repute wrote plays which were more esteemed in the study than on the stage. Two ladies were successful in tragedy, Joanna Baillie, with her plays illustrating the various passions, and Mary Russell Mitford, with her historical dramas, of which *Rienzi* is the chief. Yet more attractive to the public were the plays of James Sheridan Knowles, who knew how to combine dramatic interest with poetic value.

Bulwer, who afterwards added Lytton to his name, was hardly less successful as a dramatist than as a novelist. Three of his plays still hold the stage, owing to their strong characters and effective situations. Of these we present *Money* as perhaps less familiar than the other two.

PROLOGUE

Dickens and Thackeray, though forces of the theatre, made no serious attempt at play-writing. Indeed, throughout the century, while many of the most popular plays have been dramatizations of prose fiction, English novelists generally held aloof from this department, while their French compeers as regularly hastened to occupy it. But the two great poets whose fame dominated the latter half of the era made deliberate effort in this direction—Tennyson, towards the close of his career; Browning, from the start of his work. The latter had undoubtedly great dramatic genius, but he lacked practical knowledge of the stage.

About the middle of the century Robertson began to present serious comedies, treating the actual condition of contemporary life. These have been widely accepted and have been models for later writers. A characteristic specimen is here presented in *Society*. Dion Boucicault was another favorite dramatist. He especially succeeded in elevating the tone of the Irish character as presented on the stage, but his best comedy was *London Assurance*, which we present in full.

Gilbert, who furnished the librettos for the breezy *Pinafore* and a number of other mirth-pro-

PROLOGUE

voking operas, wrote also comedies, scintillating with wit and pointed in satire. From his list we take our last specimen of the English drama, *Sweethearts*.

While, from a literary point of view, the drama has declined in recent times, never have plays been presented with more attention to historical accuracy in dress and surroundings or with more splendid scenes and mechanical appliances. Never have there been more competent, careful and studious actors than those who walked the boards in this age from Kemble and Kean to Booth and Irving.



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English Drama.

PART IV.

I.

The Early Nineteenth Century Drama.

When we come to the nineteenth century, the drama must be considered from two points of view, the written and the acted play. So vast was the development of the stage in that century that it may be regarded as having contributed a share fully equal to that of dramatic literature; so that we cannot separate the one from the other. This will be evident as we trace the evolution of the play in its infinite forms and purposes. As the arts and sciences began their splendid march, leading to the marvellous achievements in material progress, their forces were pressed into the service of the mimic world of the theatre, until in this, our day, it can claim as never before to hold the mirror not simply to human nature, but to the whole realm of nature's manifestations and secrets. Man is now exhibited as he is played upon by forces that used to

be left to the imagination. Comparatively trivial, as well as terrible phenomena of nature and art are now realized so perfectly by the seemingly limitless resources of stagecraft that costly travel and perilous experience are no longer necessary to gain a sufficiently impressive conception of scenes and rare spectacles on land or sea. The painter's art has here broadened its scope and assumed powers undreamed of by its greatest masters, who could not foresee the wonders wrought by its alliance with the masters of scientific art.

With the rise of mechanical skill—inspired by such ingenuity as falls little short of genius—came as a natural result the representation of the old dramas in a realistic framework, which gave new impressiveness to the familiar words. The dramatic value of dramatic literature was doubled, and this triumph, among the many justly ascribed to modern science and art, has not, perhaps, been credited as generously as it should be. Its influence was not limited to the productions of the past. It gave an absolutely new and most powerful impetus to the drama of our time. In its proper scope and degree it contributed to the expansion of idea, which is the prime characteristic of the later drama. Makers of dramatic literature found fresh inspiration in the triumphs and possibilities of stagecraft. New effects suggested new uses of familiar materials. The outcome is seen in the immense advance toward perfection made in the last years of the century in the art of representation, and the broader aims of the drama.

The French deny to England the possession of a modern drama, just as they denied, until recent years,

the claims of her painters and sculptors to be considered as genuine artists. Says a Parisian critic, who has written well on the English stage: "The French public has heard a great deal about modern English poets, novelists, statesmen and philosophers. What is the reason that it hears nothing, or next to nothing, about the English drama? The first impulse may be, perhaps, to make answer: 'Because there is no such thing' —a conclusive reason, and one dispensing with the need of any other if it be true. But is it true?" By all English-speaking people the question will, of course, be answered in the negative. There may have been periods in the nineteenth century, or in an earlier age, when the drama was in a state of suspended animation, when authors failed or neglected to produce anything worthy of the name. But a revival has never been long delayed, and that in the higher forms of dramatic art, while to-day the vitiated taste which has so long dominated the stage is rapidly giving way to purer and more elevated types.

Vitality of the Drama.

It would, indeed, be strange if the Anglo-Saxon race, which produced a Shakespeare when it counted only some three or four million souls, and covered an area less than several of the western states of America, should now produce only clowns and dancers when it is fifty times as numerous and has spread over more than half the civilized world. But unquestionably there is an English drama, and with the demand for good plays.

never more urgent than at the present day, it does not seem destined soon to become extinct, notwithstanding the dangers that beset its path. It may be compared to a sturdy and somewhat unruly youngster, bearing up against all the maladies of childhood and against the more deadly perils of evil influence. Its growth, however, is slow and laborious, and it recalls in no way that marvellous development of the early drama, which toward the end of the sixteenth century, passed at a bound from the halting speech of youth into the rich utterance of full maturity. At present there is much of doubt, uncertainty, confusion. Improvement is followed by lamentable relapse; nevertheless the drama is alive, and in the main is thriving.

Condition of the Drama and the Theatres.

In proof of this we have only to glance at the theatres, which assuredly indicate that the drama is not lacking in vitality. Half a century ago, the dozen or so of respectable theatres in London were always empty, or very nearly so; there are now more than thrice as many, and they are nearly always full. Actors were then, for the most part, little better than clowns; they are now artists. The best of them could then earn little more than a bare livelihood; now there are not a few, even of the second rank, who own both a house in town and a country seat. About 1834 a well-known author was glad to sell one of his best plays for \$350, with \$50 added for provincial rights. In 1884 a successful drama, which had not yet exhausted its

popularity, brought its author \$50,000 within a few months, and to this the United States contributed largely. Such remuneration should prove an incentive to the modern author; for if it cannot develop genius it should serve to encourage talent.

The more general study of literature has contributed much to overcome the Puritan prejudice against the theatre, and the latter, in turn, has come to recognize its possibilities even as a school of morals.

The first years of the nineteenth century saw a marked decadence in the higher class of dramatic composition. Scott attributed this to the wearing out of the French model, while the new impulse sought in the dramatic literature of Germany was derived from its worst rather than its noblest productions, from such writers as Kotzebue rather than from Schiller, Goethe and Lessing. But the change was in truth of a wider and deeper nature. England was constantly at war, engaged in a struggle for existence, and under such conditions the drama could not thrive, for art, like capital, demands security and a settled order of things. Moreover, as English literature threw aside the veil which had so long obscured the full glory of its past and the lofty capabilities of its future, it could not lend itself readily to a form which, like the drama, is bound by indissoluble bonds to the life of the age itself. The romances and poems of Scott and Byron, which had both satisfied and stimulated the imaginative demands of the public, diverted the attention of the cultured classes from a species of writing which was no longer at home in the land of romance. New themes, new

ideas, occupied the attention of a new generation of authors and readers, almost to the exclusion of the drama, which had formerly been the favorite and by far the most remunerative branch of authorship.

Tobin.

John Tobin is known as the author of *The Honeymoon*, a comedy of the old school, which is still a favorite. He may be taken as linking the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, having been born in 1770. His life was full of troubles. Trained for the law, his entire ambition was to be a great dramatist. He wrote many plays, several of which survive, but the managers did not care to produce them. Even *The Honeymoon* was shelved, if not rejected. Tobin fell into consumption and died in 1804, on the day he had intended to set sail for the West Indies. His comedy was produced a year later; if it had been given a hearing when first offered, doubtless its immediate success would have served to cheer and revive his drooping heart. The reason John Philip Kemble refused *The Honeymoon* was that it was too much like Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, but it will be seen by perusing it in this volume that while the theme is similar, its treatment is on original lines and it has received the approval of generations of playgoers.

Lord Byron.

In Byron's plays we have a series of dramatic attempts betraying a more or less willful ignorance of

the demands of dramatic composition. His beautiful *Manfred* and his powerful *Cain* are dramas only in form; his tragedies dealing with Italian historical subjects resemble the works of Alfieri, and his *Werner* is little more than a hastily dramatized sensational novel. While *Manfred* and *Werner* are still occasionally acted, they were never in favor on the stage, for Byron's dramas, like those of Tennyson, are best adapted for reading, while the genius of both is better fitted for the lyric than the dramatic muse. "Many people," said Byron, "think my talent essentially undramatic, and I am not clear that they are not in the right." Many people also went further than this, declaring that Byron could draw only one character, and that his own. This, however, is at best but half a truth. If his imagination did not enter freely into various forms of life, when he found a situation or a character which attracted him, his method was not to adapt it to his own experience, but to adapt himself to his subject, and to do this he labored at details with almost pre-Raphaelite minuteness. Yet a true dramatic genius is doing constantly, and, as it were, by the law of his nature, what Byron could only do rarely and within a limited range. He was not always drawing himself; for there was a decided interval between his principal characters; but we are more interested with what they have in common with their author than with their separate individualities. On the other hand, he shows a most scrupulous care for accuracy in contrast with his bold and dashing descriptions of character. In most of his tales and dramas there is an historical basis, which

is carefully ascertained, and he justly prides himself on the truth of his local colorings.

Coleridge.

Of Coleridge's contributions to dramatic literature, the most valuable is his fine translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, while the *Robbers*, to which Wordsworth is indebted for the *Borderers*—his only dramatic attempt—suggested the subject of Coleridge's tragedy of *Osorio*, afterward successfully produced under the title of *Remorse*. Superior to it however, is his later drama of *Zapolya*, gracefully woven together from the themes of two of Shakespeare's plays.

Landor and Shelley.

Sir Walter Scott added nothing to his reputation by his dramatic compositions. Walter Savage Landor cast into a dramatic mold studies of character, whose wealth and beauties of detail are far from being their only recommendations. Of these perhaps *Count Julian* is the finest, though showing little attempt at dramatic construction. In his *Imaginary Conversations* Landor displayed powers of observation and characterization, such as are given to few dramatists. Assuredly it was not for want of ability that he never produced anything for the stage. In his *Cenci* Shelley produced not only a poem of the greatest beauty, but a drama of true power, which, however revolting in theme, is singularly pure and delicate in treatment. But Shelley's genius

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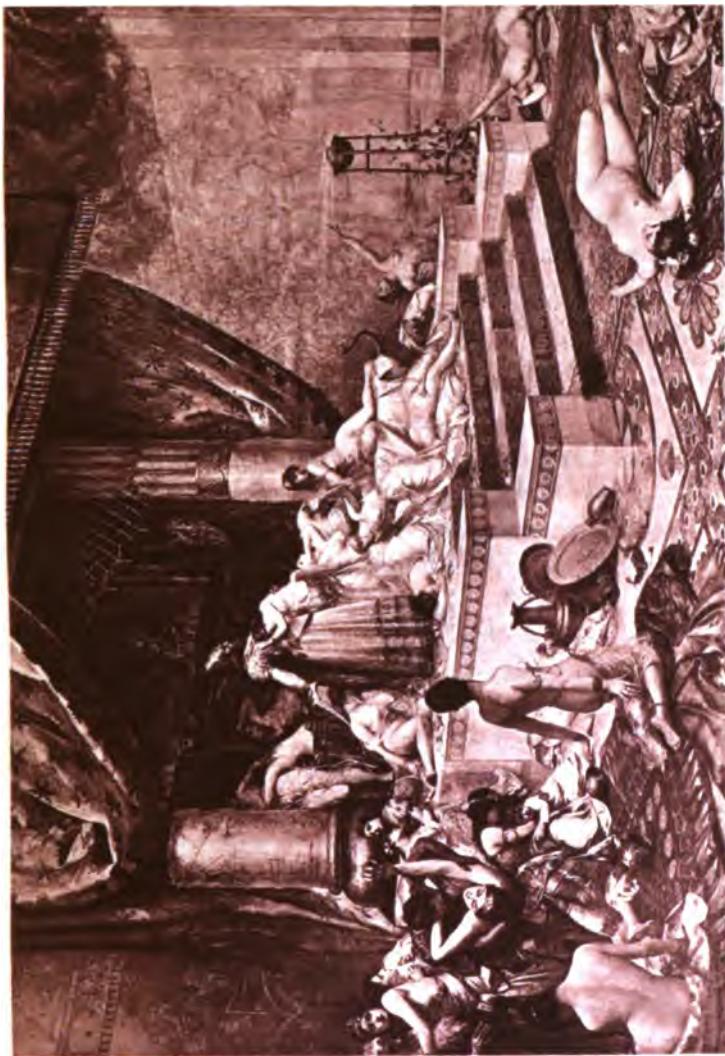
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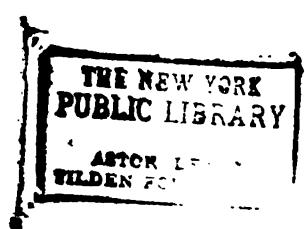
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was essentially lyrical. His fame rests on a few matchless poems, while the insane ravings of his longer works are charitably forgotten.

Maturin.

For the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Charles Robert Maturin, dramatist and novelist, perplexed the serious and served as a butt for light-minded critics. The bombastic extravagance of his language, the incoherence of his plots, the wild improbability of many of his incidents, and the inconsistency of his characters were obvious and undeniable, but there were so many passages of stirring eloquence, that, while some pronounced him insane, all agreed that his madness was closely allied to genius. Through the influence of Byron and Scott, his tragedy of *Bertram* was produced at Drury Lane, with Edmund Kean and Mrs. Kelly in the leading parts. Such acting, together with fine scenic situations, and the resemblance of Bertram to one of Byron's sombre heroes, made it an effective play; but this was his only success, two other tragedies proving lamentable failures. Maturin's romances were modelled on the exploded style of Mrs. Radcliffe, and this he promised to reform; but he could not change his nature, and was saved from further mortification by an early death.

Talfourd.

Judge Talfourd's *Ion*, after being privately printed, was produced at Covent Garden in 1836, and met with

a warm reception both in England and the United States. Though rather a poem than a drama, it is one of the best tragedies of the nineteenth century, and one of the very few which have survived; for it is still occasionally acted and widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. The verse is smooth and musical, rising at times into the soul-stirring flights of poetry. The character of the high-souled son of the Argive king is finely developed, and the reader or hearer is affected throughout by the same sense of the relentless working of destiny which is so strongly characteristic of the Greek drama. Two years later Talfourd's *Athenian Captive* was brought out at the Haymarket with fair success, followed by *Glencoe, or, the Fate of the Macdonalds*, which was a comparative failure, as was *The Castilian*. Talfourd is also remembered as the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb; but it is on his *Ion* that his position among men of letters chiefly rests.

Milman.

The *Fazio* of Henry Hart Milman, dean of St. Paul's, one of the foremost divines and scholars of his day, was first brought on the stage without his knowledge, under the title of *The Italian Wife*. It was afterward produced at Covent Garden, where its remarkable success was largely due to the fine acting of Miss O'Neill as Bianca. The diction of the play is florid and ornate, such merit as it possesses depending chiefly on one powerful situation; so that it has almost fallen into oblivion, except as a dramatic curiosity. The same re-

mark applies to Milman's *Anne Boleyn*, which is even a weaker performance. Yet that he had strong dramatic power is shown in his poems of the *Fall of Jerusalem* and the *Martyr of Antioch*. In the former the death struggle of an expiring nation, and in the latter the conflict of religious enthusiasm and earthly affection are portrayed with remarkable eloquence and insight into human nature. The author's defects are partly due to his inability to free himself from the influence of Byron, and his characters, instead of being real personages, become personified tendencies. In creative imagination he was deficient, but, as is shown in his historical works, he was richly gifted with the kind of imagination which calls up the past, and interprets actions and opinions by the power of sympathy.

Taylor.

Sir Henry Taylor approached nearer than any other poet of his age to the spirit of the Elizabethan drama. The son of a Durham squire, he began life as a midshipman, but at the age of twenty-three went to London to seek his fortune as a man of letters. Success came rapidly, without the usual disappointments that befall an unknown writer; but he was not compelled to live by his pen. He held a responsible position in the Colonial office, with an ample salary and a degree of influence seldom intrusted to so young a man, giving him a standing in society as well as in the affairs of state. He was active in the movement for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, helping to prepare

the act framed for this purpose in 1833. But his duties as a statesman did not prevent him from contributing freely to literature as a dramatist, a poet and an essayist.

Taylor's first play, *Isaac Comnenus*, published anonymously in 1827, was the most Elizabethan in tone of all his works. It was highly praised by Southey, but made little impression on the public, though it presents a lively picture of the Byzantine court and people. *Philip van Artevelde*, the subject of which was recommended by Southey, was the most successful of his dramas, its popularity aided by a favorable criticism from Lockhart. In the early love experience of Philip, the author reproduces and transfigures his own, making the hero in other respects the vehicle of his own ideas and feelings. The piece is lyrical in sentiment, though not in form, and the only fault to be found with this noble picture of a consummate leader and statesman is the absence of the shadow required for a tragic portrait. *Edwin the Fair* was less warmly received; but in the chief character, Dunstan, we have a fine study of the ecclesiastical statesman, and the play is full of historical, if not of dramatic interest. *The Virgin Widow* is an attempt to revive romantic comedy; but the speeches are too long, and it lacks the humor which might have made it a success.

Mitford.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford is best known by her charming sketches of English character in *Our Village*

and her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, but in the earlier part of her career she produced several historical plays, the most successful of which was *Rienzi*. Her *Charles the First* was prohibited by George Colman, the licenser, for its supposed revolutionary sentiments, but it was finally produced at the Coburg theatre in London, and was fairly received. The incident shows the foolish sensitiveness of the government at the time, thus to take offense at the declamation of a clever woman, ambitious of being thought a great poetess.

Joanna Baillie.

Joanna Baillie is entitled to remembrance in the annals of the stage as well as in those of literature, albeit her plays are best suited to the closet. Born on the banks of the Clyde, Miss Baillie removed at an early age to London, where, with her sister Agnes, she occupied the cottage at Hampstead, which became the centre of a brilliant literary society. Her first work was a volume entitled *Plays on the Passions*, the result of a careful study of dramatic poetry. The design was to illustrate each of the strongest passions of the human mind, as love, hate, jealousy and fear, by a tragedy and comedy exhibiting the actions of an individual under these passions. The book was well received; a second edition was called for, and other volumes followed. In 1804 the *Family Legend* was brought out at Edinburgh under the patronage of Sir Walter Scott, and met with a brilliant, though brief success. *De Montfort* enjoyed a brief run in London, mainly through the acting of

Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. *Henriquez, The Separation, Basil* and others never gained a foothold on the boards. The truth is that Miss Baillie's plays are unsuited for stage exhibition. Not only is there a flaw in the fundamental idea, that of an individual who is the embodiment of a single passion, but there is a want of incident and a narrowness, consequent upon the attention being too much directed on a single point. The plot, as a rule, is well constructed; but the very consciousness of the aim with which it is wrought out gives to the whole an unnatural aspect. There is little progress in the play, the whole is apparent from the outset, and the action never rouses the spectator's interest. It must be confessed that, through want of practical experience, Miss Baillie had no very adequate notion of what was required in a stage drama. Her lack of success is of itself a proof of the impracticability of the analytic or psychological method of which she is the exponent. Her plays, however, show acute observation, with remarkable power of analysis, and they are written in a pure and vigorous style, rising occasionally into strains of high poetic feeling.

Knoftes.

James Sheridan Knowles, who holds a very high place in the nineteenth century drama, was born at Cork in 1784, his father being cousin-german to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Not long after the removal of the family to London, in 1793, young Knowles began his dramatic career by composing a play which was

performed by himself and his juvenile companions. At the age of fourteen he published a ballad entitled *The Welsh Harper*, which was set to music and obtained great popularity; about the same time his precocious talents secured him the friendship of Hazlitt, through whom he also formed an intimacy with Lamb and Coleridge. Of his early career little is known, except that he made an unsuccessful attempt at acting.

In 1809 Knowles married Maria Charteris, an actress from the Edinburgh theatre, and from that time gave his serious attention to the drama. *Leo*, his first piece, was played at Waterford with great success by Edmund Kean; but, although another play, *Brian Boroihme*, which he wrote for the Belfast theatre, also drew crowded houses, his labors secured him so little pecuniary return that he found it advisable to become assistant to his father at the Belfast Academical institution. In 1817 he removed to Glasgow, where, besides conducting a flourishing school, he continued his dramatic authorship. His *Caius Gracchus*, produced at Belfast in 1815, was well received, and by his *Virginius*, written for Edmund Kean, and first performed in 1820, he at once attained to a foremost rank. Besides *William Tell*, in which Macready performed one of his most popular parts, his *Hunchback*, *Love* and *The Wife* were more or less successful. In some of his own pieces he acted with a just appreciation of the character and with considerable vigor and fire, but he failed in the power of personation. In his later years he forsook the stage for the pulpit, and as a Baptist preacher attracted large audiences at Exeter Hall and elsewhere.

Knowles lived until 1862, and was for some years in receipt of an annual pension of £200, bestowed by Sir Robert Peel.

Virginius.

Of the three surviving plays of Sheridan Knowles, *Virginius*, *The Hunchback* and *William Tell*, the first is by far the most popular, though it will not bear too close a criticism. It was through the favor of Macready, who was always on the lookout for new authors, that the work of the Irish schoolmaster was put in rehearsal at Covent Garden, Reynolds introducing the author in a carefully written prologue. In this the drama of the period is ridiculed as mere "stories"—

piled with dark and cumbrous fate,
And words that stagger under their own weight.

A return to truth and nature is promised, as was the fashion in all attempts at reforming the drama. In a certain sense *Virginius* might be accepted as a return to truth and nature; for it belonged to what was afterward called in France the school of common-sense. Like the plays of Shakespeare, it was partly in verse and partly in prose, though most of the verse was little better than metrical prose. The plot is well and clearly developed, and there is due observance of the probable and natural. But the heroine! For all the world she looks like a girl fresh from a convent or boarding-school, and her ideas of propriety might have been taken from Miss Edgeworth's novels. She occupies herself with her needle in working together her initials

and those of Icilius the tribune, the young man of her choice. It is this piece of embroidery which reveals her secret. "My father is angry with you," she says to her lover, who becomes so impassioned that she covers her face, as is perfectly correct at such a moment. "Leave me, leave!" she cries; but Icilius does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, after some high-sounding language, he seizes her in his arms.

In the scene with the client of Appius, Virginia is dumb. She is silent also in the great scene of the judgment, and she seems to have understood nothing of the import of either; for she asks her father when they are to return home. To the angels and furies of Shakespeare Virginia is doubtless a striking contrast; but we do not find in her a return to nature.

Virginia is an excellent father and a most respectable member of the middle class; but instead of a Roman citizen, he reminds us rather of the London business man, who returns from the city to his suburban home, to a substantial dinner and a post-prandial nap, from which he only awakens in time for a closing grog. When he returns from the camp to defend his daughter, he declares that he had never seen her look so like her mother.

It was her soul, her soul that played just then
About the features of her child, and lit them
Into the likeness of her own. When first
She placed thee in my arms—I recollect it
As a thing of yesterday—she wished, she said,
That it had been a man. I answered her,
It was the mother of a race of men;
And paid her for thee with a kiss.

2—Part IV, Vol. XVI.

This is unquestionably a most affecting and virile passage; but, unfortunately, there are not many such in the tragedy. Moreover, the emotion of Virginius is not in keeping with the heroic deed he is about to commit, and especially one cannot fail to remark the contrast between the events and the characters which are separated by the space of twenty centuries or more. The fifth act is the weakest part of the play. Virginia being dead, it remained only to punish Appius Claudius, and for that a few words had been enough. But custom required a fifth act, and Sheridan Knowles was compelled to write it without having anything to put into it. Hence the mad scene, where Virginius makes his way into the prison in which Appius lies—

How if I thrust my hand into your breast,
And tore your heart out, and confronted it
With your tongue. I'd like it. Shall we try it?

Then the old centurion plunges his hands into the robe of Appius, as though he expected to find Virginia in his pockets, and the decemvir, appalled at finding himself caged with a madman, appeals for help with all the strength of his lungs—"Keep down your hands. Help! Help!" It is hard to imagine how the spectators refrained from laughing at this point; probably they were spell-bound by the acting of Edmund Kean. The two men quit the scene fighting, and appear again in another room; for the prison has many apartments. After killing Appius the madman grows calm, and when Icilius calls him by name his reason returns. A

small urn is slipped into the hands of the centurion. "What is this?" asks Virginius. "That is Virginia." And the curtain falls.

The fifth act was afterward curtailed, and notwithstanding all its shortcomings, *Virginius*, with Macready as the hero, was esteemed for a quarter of a century as one of the masterpieces of the stage. Nor has it by any means lost its popularity at the present day, ranking in favor next to Shakespeare's plays in theatres where tragedy is tolerated.

Douglas Jerrold.

Between 1830 and 1840 the English drama was enriched by the works of Douglas Jerrold, well known as a dramatist, a satirist, and a wit. We need not here record how he battled against obscurity, against evil fortune, against the enemies of his country, against the oppressors of the poor, and above all against those whom he disliked. It may almost be said that he was born in the theatrical world, for he was the son of a provincial manager who had fallen upon evil times. As a lad he had served as midshipman in the wars against Napoleon. But his fame was won as a journalist, especially in the field of politics, and in this department he had no superior, though contemporary with Kit North and De Quincy. "Whatever," says one of his admirers, "may be said of his caustic and aggressive temperament, he belonged, every inch of him, to that noble generation which aspired so fervently after better things, which strove so strenu-

ously for what was right, which believed it could help humanity forward on the way to a progress without bounds. For forty years he vibrated with generous passions, and grew calm only in the presence of death, which he met like a stoic but with a simplicity not all the stoics knew." When his final sickness overtook him, after a long and well-ordered career, his last words were: "This is as it should be." To fight for justice and to accept the inevitable without fear, this was indeed the part of a man.

The Rent Day.

The Rent Day, one of Jerrold's best works, was first played on January 25, 1832, a year known in English annals as that of the Reform bill. Rents have become due and the tenants have brought their money. Amid drinking and laughing and singing heaps of silver are exchanged for receipts—for to be sober on rent day was accounted as a disgrace. The agent who acts as presiding officer has received a letter from the young 'squire: "Master Crumbs, use all dispatch and send me, on receipt of this, five hundred pounds. Cards have tricked me and the devil cogged the dice. Get the money at all costs and quickly. Robert Grantley." The agent must therefore have no pity, and when one of the farmers cannot pay, it is in vain that his brother, the schoolmaster, comes to plead for him.

Tody (the schoolmaster).—My goods and chattels are a volume of *Robinson Crusoe*, ditto *Pilgrim's Progress*, with Plutarch's

Morals, much like the morals of many other people—a good deal dog's-eared . . .

Crumbs.—Has your brother no one to speak for him?

Toby.—Now I think on't, yes. There are two.

Crumbs.—Where shall I find them?

Toby.—In the churchyard. Go to the graves of the old men, and these are the words the dead will say to you: "We lived sixty years in Holly Farm; in all that time we never begged an hour of the squire; we paid rent, tax and tithe; we earned our bread with our own hands, and owed no man a penny when laid down here. Well, then, will you be hard on young Heywood; will ye press upon our child, our poor Martin, when murrain has come upon his cattle and blight fallen upon his corn?" This is what they will say.

But the agent is obdurate and replies monotonously: "My accounts; I must settle my accounts!" Close at hand is the beadle whose function it is to execute evictions for the benefit of young 'squires who have lost at cards, and the conclusion of the first act is sufficiently realistic. There is the seizing of the peasant's bed and of all his furniture, down to the bird cage and the children's toys. Then come entreaties, curses, threats; then silence and desolation. Thus was the social question submitted, and so far there is promise of a vigorous comedy, but gradually we lapse into melodrama of a somewhat commonplace character, and one crowded, moreover, with absurdities and forced surprises.

A Prisoner of War.

Of Jerrold's light and realistic touch there is no better specimen than his *Prisoner of War*, the scene

of which is laid in France shortly after the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. "Soldiers," says one of the characters, "should die and civilians lie for their country." We find here the English prisoners living in ease and comfort in a French town, frequenting the café, and perusing the bulletins of the "Grande Armée," with no other obligation than that of answering the roll-call morning and evening. They must have been supplied with money, for the lodging-house keepers compete for their favor, and they pay French boys and girls to sing the patriotic songs of their country. It seems, if all accounts are to be believed, French prisoners were hardly so well off on the English hulks.

In *A Prisoner of War* is one really ingenious and moving scene, which has been thus described: It is evening. An old officer, a prisoner, has remained late over a game of cards with a comrade. Meantime his daughter Clary has a man in her bedroom, but it is her husband. A secret marriage is often introduced in English plays where a seduction is to be found in the French. Suddenly Clary is called for loudly by her father. She imagines herself found out, and arrives quite pallid. What has she been doing? her father asks. How was it she had a light still in her window? So she had been reading, eh? Still reading—always reading. And what had she been reading? Novels! As though there weren't enough real tears in the world—real, scalding, bitter tears from breaking hearts—but we must have a parcel of lying books to make people cry double! And what was this silly novel of hers? Clary doesn't know what to

answer, and begins telling her own story—the youth of no family and fortune, the moment of recklessness, the giving of her heart to him and then her hand. "Well, and how did it end?" asks the old officer. Clary had "not come to the end!" Ah, then, she had turned down the page when he had interrupted her? But he could tell her how it ended. The young couple went upon their knees, and the father swore a little, then took out his pocket handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and forgave them.

At this Clary's face lights up with hope. So that would be the ending, according to him. He could assure her of it! Yes, he replies, he could assure her of it. She is on the point of falling upon her knees. Behind the half-open door, behind which there glimmers the light of a candle, her lover waits, ready to rush forward upon a word from her. "Of course, in real life it would be quite another thing," proceeds her father. "If it were I, what would you do?" "I'd kill him like a dog. And as for you—— But there, it's too horrible to think of! Let's talk of something else." And he tells her he has found a husband for her. Naturally she protests. The old man goes off again into a fury. "These cursed novels are turning your head. I shall go and burn them this instant." And he steps toward the door, behind which Clary's lover stands trembling.

Of all the plays of Douglas Jerrold, none suited the public taste so well as *Black-Eyed Susan*, which held the stage so long that it seemed as if its popularity would never be exhausted, and yet, from a critical point of view, it is one of the worst of his productions.

To listen to the hero, who is a sailor, translating the simplest ideas into nautical phrase; to listen to the heroine, who is of the lowliest origin, rendering the most exalted sentiments into the most stilted language—such was the entertainment for which, night after night, for successive weeks and months, crowded audiences were willing to expend their money and their time. It is, indeed, almost incomprehensible that Jerrold, who had himself passed several years on the sea, could have written a drama in which there is neither the slightest touch of nature nor the smallest semblance of truth. Doubtless, however, he knew the popular taste, which delighted in nothing so much as the extravagant and absurd.

Decadence of the English Drama.

This was an era of decadence for the English drama, when even its privileged theatres could not live on their privilege; but in self-preservation were compelled to adopt the shameful policy of their competitors, which were everywhere springing up around them. Thus Shakespeare gave way to jugglers and mountebanks, to Chinese giants and Indian dancing women, while foremost of all attractions was a legless acrobat, suspended from a thread, who with outstretched wings sprang, like a monstrous fly, from floor to ceiling. Scenes from Shakespeare were, indeed, introduced as curtain-raisers or afterpieces, but in such mangled and distorted fashion as to be almost unrecognizable, and with such garniture of coarse and vulgar *mise en scène*

as would never have been tolerated in the Elizabethan age. There must be seven or eight acts for every performance, and so low was the rabble that witnessed them that few respectable men, and no respectable women, were seen within the walls of a theatre. A parliamentary commission, appointed in 1832, to inquire into the condition of the playhouses, did nothing to remedy the evil; for the members could not agree, and only after a dozen years of discussion were some feeble measures adopted.

Bulwer Lytton.

In this condition of affairs a single good dramatist and three good dramas relieved the gloom that was now enveloping, as with a funeral pall, the genius of dramatic art. The dramatist was Bulwer Lytton, and the dramas were *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu* and *Money*, which were produced in the order named, and have ever since found favor in all English-speaking countries. Bulwer was the central figure in the commission of 1832, and it was to support Macready, who at Covent Garden theatre was still preserving a spark of life in the legitimate drama, that six years later he brought out—at first anonymously—his *Lady of Lyons*.

Of Bulwer it should first of all be said that he borrowed much, taking from the Satanism of Byron all that he dared, and freely imitating and copying Victor Hugo, but always with secrecy and discretion. *The Lady of Lyons* has been aptly termed “a literary melo-

drama," but melodrama cannot be raised to the dignity of literature by a thin veneering of poetic language. Notwithstanding its many excellencies, the play has graver faults than this. In Claude Melnotte, as the hero, we have little more than a vulgar cheat. A peasant born, by posing as a prince, he entraps into marriage the daughter of a wealthy bourgeois. Within two years he rises from the ranks to become a general, and meanwhile makes his fortune, though as to how all this is accomplished we are kept entirely in the dark. As the heroine, Pauline is a somewhat feeble character, first allowing herself to be duped, and then setting forth in tragic verse the sublimity of her self-sacrifice, as that of an Imogene or a Griselda. Nevertheless the piece has many beautiful passages, with several fine situations, and is certainly a vast improvement on the variety shows, the horse shows and the pantomimes which then held possession of the stage.

Richelieu.

Next to the Shakespearean drama, no production has so long and persistently held the stage as Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*, which is too familiar to the reader to require other than the briefest mention. The character of the great cardinal is, indeed, drawn with a master hand; his qualities as a statesman are fully as great as those of Wolsey, though differing essentially in kind, and among the subordinate personages there is not one that fails to excite our interest. The language is always well sustained, sometimes rising to

eloquence, and with the vein of poetry running throughout that we find in all Bulwer's writings. For its striking situations, the author was doubtless indebted in part to Macready, who appeared in the title rôle, and whose knowledge of stagecraft seems to have been turned to excellent account.

Money.

In Bulwer's *Money* is depicted English society as it was in 1840, with due allowance for the element of exaggeration and caricature. With all its faults it remains a favorite example of its class, and has been represented by the foremost actors of England and America. As it is included in the plays given in this volume, it need not here be described.

After an interval of thirty years Bulwer again turned his attention to writing for the stage, recasting an old failure with a new title, *The Rightful Heir*, and following this with the new comedy of *Walpole*, neither of which was successful. Meanwhile, succeeding to his mother's estates and assuming her maiden name of Lytton, he had opened a new vein of romance with his *Caxtons*, *Zanoni* and *The Last of the Barons*, followed later by *My Novel*, *Pelham* and *What Will He Do With It*, showing also in *A Strange Story* his mastery over melodramatic and romantic mystery. Yet, in none of these, nor in other of his works, did Bulwer show the originality without which no writer is entitled to a foremost rank. He was not self-centred enough, and his style was heavily loaded with rhetoric. Yet, as

a novelist, if not a dramatist, his freshness of thought and gift of portraiture gave him a just title to popularity, and his nobility of sentiment made his influence as wholesome as it was widespread.

Boucicault.

Almost simultaneously with Bulwer's comedy *Money* appeared Boucicault's *London Assurance*. Dion L. Boucicault was not out of his teens when he wrote this sparkling satire on society as it was in 1841, which caused him to be hailed as the successor of Sheridan. From that date until the time of his death, in 1890, he was continually engaged in writing plays, most of them in the form of spectacular melodramas, of which the *Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah na Pogue* and the *Octoroon* are the favorites, these, with *Rip Van Winkle* and a few others, still retaining possession of the boards. As the titles show, he was especially fond of Irish subjects, and he greatly elevated the Irish character as seen on the stage. He sojourned long enough in the United States to become half an American, and he enriched the drama with some types and pictures of the New World, as acceptable as those of the Old. *London Assurance* is given elsewhere in this volume.

Opera.

The accession, in 1837, of the young queen whose reign outlived the nineteenth century, heralded one of those moods of puritanism which are chronic with Eng-

lish society. Young Men and Young Women's Christian associations multiplied apace, and in providing innocent and free amusements for the artisan, they competed with the theatre at the same time as they competed with the gin-palace. Among the higher classes music was becoming a formidable rival to the legitimate drama. As Lady Gay Spanker remarked, the English had for a long time known no music but the barking of the hounds; but now society began to pay extravagant prices to hear Grisi. Then came Jenny Lind, the attractions of these two singers, together with the burning of Her Majesty's theatre, leading to the invasion of the two great London play-houses by foreign singers and musicians.

Pantomime and Hippodrama.

The opera season lasted from the end of March until the end of July. The pantomime, at first as a humble and occasional spectacle, but growing stronger every year, began at Christmas and lasted almost throughout the winter. A short autumnal season was all that remained for the drama, or rather for the melodrama, and for what was worse than all, the hippodrama, as was entitled a new species in which horses held the principal rôles. "So low had the drama fallen," says an able French critic, "that in the fifties authors were glad to invent plots for these equine protagonists. Shakespeare, who in his own day had to take turns with lions and lion tamers, now vanished completely before the hippodrama, taking refuge at Sadler's Wells,

an obscure suburban theatre, which, under the management of Phelps, the pupil and successor of Macready, drew crowded houses for many years." Then came the rage for burlesque and the nude drama, and the degradation of dramatic art could go no further.

French Influence.

The public were still attracted, but play-goers were now only a small section of the public—a group apart, on whom lay a suspicion of immorality, together with the reputation of being un-English. Nor was this reproach altogether groundless. It would seem that, between 1850 and 1860, the theatres could not be kept open without aid from the French. Their plays were translated and adapted in every form. Their melodramas were translated bodily; their comedies were coarsened and exaggerated into farces, and even operas were turned into plays. Second-rate pieces received two or three successive adaptations, and dramas, which had lived a brief hour at some obscure Parisian theatre, were hailed in England as classics. There is a tradition that the director of the Princess' theatre kept a tame translator under lock and key, to turn French into English without respite, his chain never loosened nor his hunger satisfied until his task for the day was completed.

Shakespearean Revivals.

But presently the stage was dragged out of the mire by the Shakespearean revivals of Charles Kean, fol-

lowed by others, and culminating in the magnificent productions of Sir Henry Irving, received with the utmost enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic. It is, indeed, a question whether the resuscitation of Shakespeare has resulted in nothing but good; for it is doubtful whether he is the best of guides for a new generation of dramatic writers. Shakespeare can only be imitated by copying his turns of phrase, his complicated plots, his successions of changing scenes. He who attempts the task must also mingle prose with verse, must indulge in puns and *coups de théâtre*, and above all must assume certain mannerisms which bear the stamp of the great master. But having done all this, he will have given us none of the spirit of the great master. To come near him he must also reproduce the realism and the poetry of which these are but the outward signs. It is not the mere tricks of language, the turns of phrase, the puns and jests and *coups de théâtre* that are essential, but the power to divert and to move, which is quite another matter.

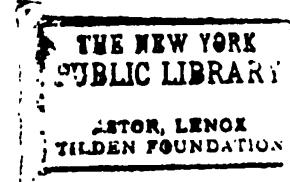
Shakespeare's spirit is not to be assimilated; this is impossible to a man of our time, even did he possess the necessary talent; one can but dress himself up in the cast-off garment which served as a covering to his genius. Such a garment does not suit us. It is either too long or too short or both together. One dresses up as Shakespeare for an hour, and resembles the great man about as much as a lawyer's clerk masquerading as one of Dumas' musketeers. Such a model as Shakespeare, all of whose aspects we cannot see because it goes beyond the orbit of our perspective, oppresses

and paralyzes our intelligence. Of course, the modern English dramatist should not omit to read his Shakespeare, for it is here that he will find the English character in all its length and breadth; he should absorb and steep himself in Shakespeare by all means; but let him then forget it and be of his own time, not walking our streets of to-day in the doublet and hose of 1600. The choice has to be made between Shakespeare and life; for in literature, as in morals, it is not possible to serve two masters. Thus it is possible that Shakespeare has been a great obstacle to the free development of a national drama.

Tennyson.

One name, which cannot be overlooked, stands forth prominently in a review of the recent drama—the name of Alfred Tennyson. Fortunate in his life as a poet, Tennyson was less so in his career as a dramatist. He wrote his plays too late and too early; too early for the public and too late for his talent. As a matter of fact he was sixty-six when he published *Queen Mary*, the first in date of the few pieces which constitute his dramatic output. That was many years ago, and the education of theatre-goers was far from being as advanced as now it is. It was not their fault if they brought to the works of the poet a taste vitiated by light comedies and nondescript musical farces.

The actors did their duty, and more than their duty, to the laureate; it was the critics who decided the fate of Tennyson's plays; if they did not exactly condemn him unheard, at least they listened to him under the





Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen a' sleep!
Yea, but how pale! What are they? flesh's blood!
Or come to take the king to fairy'land.

BY WILLIAM HENRY KNYSE.

THE DEAD ELAINE

After an original painting by E. Blair Leighton

sway of prejudice. As one of their number frankly confesses, they were prepared to be disappointed—it was for this they came. What right had this old man to start on a new career, and one requiring all the powers of youth? What induced him to believe that he had developed faculties at an age at which it is more usual to repeat and re-read oneself? Had a man any right to be a success in two trades at once? Was there not a law against this kind of pluralism, tacitly agreed upon by critics, and applied by them with remorseless rigor? For the confirmation of these methods of reasoning it was necessary that Tennyson should fail upon the stage. It is through his poems that Tennyson will be known to future generations; for his *Enoch Arden*, his *Maud*, and, above all, his *Elaine*—the very impersonation of purest womanhood—will live long after *Becket*, *Harold* and *Mary* are forgotten.

The Falcon.

As might be expected of Tennyson, his plays are rather dramatic poems than dramas in the proper sense of the word; for action, which is the essence of the drama, is found only in halting steps, and dialogue often loses itself in its setting of poetic and sometimes stilted phrase. Nevertheless his pieces contain many historical delineations of incidents remarkable in English history, enriched by vivid character-painting and exalted sentiment. The *Falcon* was the first piece set before the public, and this was in 1879, under the management of John Hare, and with all the

advantages of a poetic and yet realistic *mise en scène*. Federigo, an impoverished noble, is in love with Monna Giovanna, a rich and beautiful widow, but hopelessly as he thinks, until one day she pays him an unexpected visit, and without ceremony invites herself to lunch. Federigo's most valuable possession is a falcon which he has trained for hunting, and which is his sole means of subsistence; but this he orders to be killed and served up for the repast of his visitor. Now it chances that the lady has come to ask for the bird, in order to satisfy the fancy of a sick child, and Federigo is compelled to acknowledge the sacrifice to which love and hospitality have urged him, whereupon the widow is so deeply affected that she falls into his arms, and there remains indefinitely.

The *Falcon* reminds us strongly of a tale by Boccaccio, but is without any tinge of the grossness and indelicacy that mar the pages of the great Italian story-teller. So slender a piece could not, of course, hold the stage, notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, the excellence of the acting, and the musical rhythm of the verse. A few score spectators only, or at most a few hundred, enjoyed for a few nights this delicate trifle, and these belonged to the cultured classes; for cockneys and critics would have none of it.

The Promise of May.

Tennyson's *Promise of May* was from the start an utter failure, if, indeed, it can be said to have had a start; for the piece was instantly damned, and beyond

all hope of redemption, not for its own shortcomings, but for lack of perception on the part of the spectators. People believed, or pretended to believe, that the poet was expressing his own sentiments, when he made his hero denounce so bitterly the principles on which society is based. But when Harold declaims on the evils that religion has brought on the human race, Dora strives to make him sensible to its good influences; when he predicts the abolition of the marriage ceremony, she sets forth, with true womanly feeling, her idea of a real union between man and wife: "And yet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand-in-hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and ever."

The Cup.

Tennyson's first success on the stage—and that a partial one—was *The Cup*, a Græco-Roman tale founded on Plutarch, its subject having already been turned into tragedy by German, French and Italian dramatists. In this piece, perhaps without being conscious of it, the author has seemingly borrowed from his predecessors, and has given us less of himself than in his other works. The dialogue is much more effective; the characters do not indulge in poetic images,

and in their sentiments there is little that is complex and strange. Synorix is the strongest character, and it is partly the strength of this character that impaired the success of the play. He is half Roman, half barbarian, one whose intelligence has been sharpened, but whose passions have not been extinguished by civilisation.

The subject lies in the action of Camma, widow of the tetrarch of Galatia, whom Synorix, with the aid of the Romans, has killed and supplanted. Synorix loves her, and is anxious to make her his wife. Camma, seeing no escape from this odious marriage, pretends to assent to it. After the sacred rites, she has to put her lips to the same cup as Synorix before the altar of Diana. She gives him death to drink from it, and drinks death from it herself. That the *dénouement* should awaken no objections in our minds, it would be essential that we should have been brought to hate Synorix as Camma hates him. Tennyson seems to have done everything in his power to minimise the repulsiveness of the character. He has woven round him the fascination of a noble sadness, the palliation of a great love; has in some sort constrained him to kill his rival by importing into the action an element of justifiable self-defense. Not content with this, he depicts Camma's husband as an unintelligent brute, who ill deserves her regrets and her sacrifice.

It may be added that of the real drama—the conflict of emotion in Camma's soul—we know nothing until the last scene. A coup de théâtre does not make a play, and critics are doubtless right in placing the work of

Montanelli above that of Tennyson; but its defects, notwithstanding, *The Cup* is entitled to a high place in tragedy, for its dignity, its propriety, its seriousness, for the consistency in the characters and the continuity of tone and unity of action—qualities which undoubtedly give more pleasure than the most faithful imitation of the contrasts and inconsistencies of life.

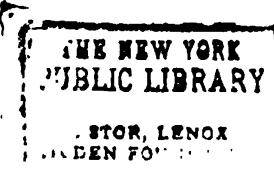
Had he written nothing but *The Falcon*, *The Cup* and *The Promise of May*, Tennyson would hold but a very low place among play-writers. If he is to live as a dramatist, it must be by his three historical plays, *Queen Mary*, *Harold* and *Becket*. These dramas, it has been declared, were bound to be inferior, even before they ever saw the light, to the historical dramas of the age of Elizabeth, whose aspect and character they recalled so completely; for whereas the histories of Shakespeare and his contemporaries were hewn out of the old Chronicles which preserve the vivacity of personal impressions, and something, as it were, of the warmth of life, Tennyson's dramas are taken from history, properly so called, and history may be likened to a serious scientific person who studies life by dissecting it, who is addicted to discussion rather than to the telling of tales, and who substitutes modern judgments for ancient passions. The objection is more plausible than real. First of all, this definition of history, though true enough of a Guizot, a Hallam or a Lecky, is quite inapplicable to a Carlyle, a Michelet or a Taine.

In reading Freeman and Froude, was Tennyson less in touch with the soul of the past than Shakespeare was in making his way through the cold and often tedious

pages of Holinshed? Moreover, even had Froude been as sententious and frigid as he was in reality picturesque and impassioned, Tennyson's own faculties would have made good these defects. It may be well at this point to allude to the delicacy and quite exceptional strength of Tennyson's sense of history. By this is meant not the critical faculty of the historian, but the gift, bestowed upon few, of living over again in imagination the emotions of a century long gone to dust. It was thus that Michelet was present at the doing to death of Joan of Arc; Macaulay at the flight of James II and at the trial of Warren Hastings; Carlyle at the taking of the Bastile, at the return from Varennes, and at the battle of Marston moor. Had the men and the scenes been really painted upon their retina the effect upon the brain could not have been stronger. Such an intellectual vision is worth a hundred times more than the actual physical vision of such men as Holinshed and Ayala.

This rare gift belonged to Tennyson, and displayed itself in that almost feminine acuteness which was in harmony with all his poetical faculties. As evidence, take the by-play in his historical dramas—that is to say, all that is not essential in them, the mere accessories, illustrations of manners, minute traits of character, scraps of history; for instance, the account of the marriage of Philip and Mary, of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, in *Queen Mary*, and in *Becket* the sarcasm directed against the Church of Rome by Walter Map, the precursor of the bitter and sombre Langland.

A Bulwer or a Tom Taylor may be able to cut out





*It is right and proper
Power and greatness are the same, O Lord.
Incomparable, O Lord, in greatness, O Lord.*

—Psalm 95:3, 5

DEATH OF THOMAS A' BECKET

After an original painting by A. Dauvaut

bits from the *Chronicles* and introduce historic utterances into their flabby and declamatory prose, but beyond and underneath these words, will they be able, like Tennyson, to set before us the workings of the heart and plunge us into the life of olden days? This, of course, is not everything; it avails but little, unless the poet possesses also the dramatic faculty. Is there in truth a real dramatic idea underlying *Becket*, *Queen Mary* and *Harold*? At least in the first of these plays it can hardly be said to exist.

Becket.

It is true that *Becket* achieved a startling success in the summer of 1892, but most of it was due to Irving. Those who have been long familiar with this intellectual actor know how hieratical, pontifical he is. Mediæval asceticism is one of the forms of life which his artistic personality fills and fits into most easily, so that there is not another man who could have represented Becket properly. Those who witnessed the first representation have declared that it was well worth while to travel far to be present at that symbolical game of chess, in which the struggle between the bishop and the king foreshadowed the whole piece; to hear that absorbing dialogue in which Becket recounts to his confidential friend his tragic career and his prophetic dreams, and that stormy discussion, too, at Northampton, when the archbishop puts his signature to the famous constitution and then cancels it; and to witness the scene of the murder. The last is a scene which fol-

lows history, step by step, and which, by the way, might have been carried through by dumb show without any words at all. Those who saw Irving, mitred and crozier in hand, totter under the blow and fall upon the altar steps while the chanting of the monks came in gusts from the church above, mingled with the cries of the people beating against the door, and the rumbling of the thunder shaking the great edifice to its foundation, experienced one of the strongest emotions ever produced on the stage.

And yet there is little drama in the piece, for a drama involves a situation which develops and changes, a plot which works out. The duel between the king and prelate in the play, no less than in books of history, is merely a succession of indecisive encounters. The metamorphosis of the courtier-soldier into the bishop-martyr is indicated hardly at all by the poet. And what is one to say of the love idyll appended to the historical drama, in spite of history, in spite of the drama itself? All Ellen Terry's tact did not suffice to save this insipid Rosamund. The complications surrounding the mysterious retreat of this young woman savor more of farce even than of melodrama, and as for the facetious details by which the episode is enlivened, they form so common and flat a piece of comic relief that one listens to them ashamed and ill at ease. Without wishing to cast ridicule on a man of genius, it is hard to refrain from protesting against the irreparable error which Tennyson committed in dragging Becket into this shady intrigue, in giving him the king's mistress to care for at the very time when he is holding the monarch in

check. Like all other of Tennyson's dramas, *Becket* is better adapted to the study than the stage; for his plays are lacking in action, which is the very essence of the drama. Yet this we could hardly expect in one so given to poetic reverie as was the author of the *Idylls of the King*.

Queen Mary.

Against *Queen Mary* and *Harold* there are not the same objections. In the former piece, the human psychological drama, which is half submerged in history, but not so as to be out of sight, is the development of the character and of the sad destiny of this unfortunate queen; the road, strewn first with flowers and then paved with sharp-edged stones and lined with thorns, along which she passed, in so brief a period, from a protracted youth to a premature old age, from irrepressible joyousness to agonising solitude, misfortune and despair. Here was a life thrice bankrupt. As queen she dreamed of the greatness of her country, and left it under the blow of a national humiliation, the loss of Calais. As a Catholic she strove to restore her religion, and, far from succeeding, dug a chasm between Rome and her people which the centuries have not sufficed to fill. As a woman she loved a man of marble, an animated stone, who crushed and broke her heart. She was to learn before her death the failure of all her projects; she read contempt and disgust in the eyes of the man she worshipped, the man to whom she had offered human sacrifices to win his favor. This is the

drama Tennyson sketched out, if he did not quite complete it, in *Queen Mary*.

Harold.

The subject of Harold stands out more clearly, in stronger relief. It is the struggle of religious faith against patriotism and ambition. All the feelings that are at variance are indicated with a power worthy of a great master in the successive scenes which take place at the court of William, when Harold is a prisoner. After the political aspect of affairs has been set forth by the old Norman lord, there comes the episode in which Wulfouth, Harold's young brother, describes to him the slow tortures of prison-life, the living death of the prisoner, deprived of all that he loves best, of the sight of the green fields, of the blue of sky and sea, as of the society of men; his name gone out of memory, eaten away by oblivion, as he, in his dungeon, is being eaten away by the loathsome vermin of the earth.

When Harold has yielded, it is moving to see him bow down with Edith in a spirit of Christian resignation, and sacrifice, as ransom of his violated oath, his personal happiness to his duty as a king. The dilemma changes, and its new aspects are personified by two women, whose rivalry has in it nothing of the vulgar outbursts of jealousy to which we are too often treated in the theatre. Edith gives up the hero to Aldwyth while he lives; dead, she reclaims him with a nobility and pride of tone that thrill the reader or the spectator.

These two dramas—we can hardly call them masterpieces—set in a framework of history, which in itself is infinitely precious, form the legacy left by the great lyrict to the theatre of his country. A pious hand to extricate them from the rest, and so let in air and light upon their essential lines; a great actor to understand and incarnate Harold; a great actress to throw herself into the character of Mary—and Tennyson would take his proper place among authors in the more serious branch of the drama.

Robert Browning.

Another great poet, contemporary with Tennyson, was much later in attaining general fame. The fault lay in his lack of lucidity, so that his poems became puzzles and needed interpretation. When groups of admirers began to appear, Browning societies were formed for mutual help in the study of this willfully obscure poet. And yet he had in some respects a greater dramatic gift than Tennyson. He had, as is shown in numerous poems, the power to transport himself into the person of another, to think and give utterance to the thoughts of that character, good or bad, ancient, mediæval or modern.

The actor Macready was attracted by one of Browning's early poems and asked the author to write a play for him. In compliance with the request *Strafford* was produced, and put on the stage in 1837, with Macready in the principal role.

Its success warranted his continuance in this line of

work. Other plays were *King Victor and King Charles*, and *The Return of the Druses*. In the latter the chief character is Djabal, a curious combination of sincerity and falsehood, noble humanity and offensive blasphemy. Yet Browning's wide-reaching charity was able to invest this charlatan with interest and sympathy, as he did afterward for many hypocrites and knaves. *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon* is still performed occasionally as a tribute to the increasing fame of the author. It has a clear plot and strong situations, but the long speeches tend to become elaborate analyses of motives and to tire the patience of the auditor, though they may be better appreciated by a reader. Its early performance unfortunately led to a quarrel, since Browning suspected Macready of some neglect in acting and desire to hinder its success. Some years later the breach was healed and Browning wrote *Colombe's Birthday* as a peace-offering. It did not attract the public, however. Browning retired to Italy and henceforth gave up play-writing, though many of his poems have a dramatic turn.

Marston and Swinburne.

The name of Westland Marston ranks with those who have made more than creditable efforts to revive the poetical drama. His *Patrician's Daughter*, *The Heart and the World* and *Strathmore* were produced with merited success. Algernon Charles Swinburne has written several plays, among them *Chastelard* and *Bothwell*, both showing power and poetical genius, but unsuited for representation.

11.

Influence of Stagecraft on the Modern Drama.

Reverting to what has been said in the previous chapter upon the development of stagecraft and its effects on dramatic literature, it may be interesting to glance back at the conditions under which the drama had to struggle.

The English actor was never under such disabilities as his brother in France, where, in the old days, priests refused Christian rites to Molière and others, burying them side by side with suicides and criminals. Only one such act of intolerance is reported in our time—the clerical refusal which did so much to endear the “little church around the corner” to the people of New York and the profession. Actors were not excluded from respectable society in Shakespeare’s time, their status then, as now, depending on their individual qualities. The occupation both of player and playwright was, in the Elizabethan age, one which, with the requisite ability and prudence, might be made a profitable pursuit, Shakespeare, for instance, accumulating what was then a moderate competence, though Ben Jonson, whose works were even more esteemed, never made as much

as a thousand dollars by his plays. The permanent establishment of two principal companies tended to give certainty of income and therewith the sense of security. Moreover, the stage was becoming the habitual resort of the young nobility and of the leaders of intellectual progress as well as of mere fashion. Criticism on the part of the audience was still in its infancy, but some healthy influences must have been derived from the more aristocratic spectators, as they sat upon the stage, with pages attending upon them with tobacco and pipes, and even from the much-abused tenants of the roofless and rush-strewn pit.

The Old Methods.

As to the externals of the stage, it will for the moment suffice to note only one or two circumstances, as directly bearing upon the composition of the Elizabethan plays. In the first place the construction and decorations were of such extreme simplicity that constant change of scene neither required any effort on the part of the manager, nor interfered with the enjoyment of the audience. It was effected chiefly by drawing up and down the curtain, which covered the inner part of the stage only. On the front portion it was requisite for all personages, dead or alive, to be removed before a change of scene could be supposed to occur; similarly none could be discovered there in the middle of an act. Hence it became necessary for the dramatists, in a very different degree from writers for the stage of later days, to make each situation com-

plete from beginning to end. On the other hand, the change of scene was not, as it would be to the modern spectator, a constant interruption to the progress of the action. As plays were acted in the afternoon, the performance had to be compressed into a short space of time. Shakespeare speaks of the "two hours' traffic of our stage," but probably a rather more liberal measure of time may have been ordinarily allowed. The fact that plays were performed at such hours of the day is likewise significant as indicating the composition of a theatrical audience; for the busy citizens could hardly have made a practice of deserting their shops, even if so inclined. Thus the regular frequenters of the theatre must have chiefly belonged to the idler sections of the population. To the time set apart for performances reference is made in the prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* and also in one of Davies' sonnets, where the man of fashion

first doth rise at ten, and at eleven
He goes to Gill's, where he doth eat till one,
Then sees a play till six and sups at seven;
And after supper straight to bed is gone,
And there till ten next day he doth remain,
And then he dines and sees a comedy,
And then he sups and goes to bed again;
Thus runs he round without variety.

But this, of course, must not be taken literally; for even the man of fashion could not afford to spend two hours at dinner and five at the play. Prices of admission were adapted to the means of habitual play-goers. That women's parts were acted by boys was due to a

sense of propriety, as also was the fact that women entered the auditorium with their faces masked. This may account, in part, for the unveiled indelicacy of much in the Elizabethan drama which offends modern susceptibility, albeit women nowadays look unblushingly on scenes more lightly veiled and on female figures barely veiled at all.

Dramatists and Actors.

Each company had its own dramatists, who wrote plays for its exclusive use; the Blackfriars and the Globe had incomparably the finest repertory; Shakespeare wrote only for those, and most of the masterpieces of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, Massinger, Middleton, Chapman, Cyril Torneur, Shirley and others were there produced. After the Blackfriars and Globe, the best plays were given at the Fortune, for which all the dramatists of the time wrote, except Shakespeare.

As to the actors, to judge from contemporary opinion, they were worthy of the verses set down for them. The Elizabethan dramatists wrote for the theatre-goer, not for the reader, and it is highly improbable that Shakespeare and his associates would have given to the theatre such gigantic conceptions as *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Volpone*, *Arbaces*, *Deflores*, *Vindice* and scores of others, unless the actors were capable of embodying them. And how thoroughly the art of acting was understood by these writers is proved by *Hamlet*'s speech to the players, which has ever since and ever

will be the text-book of the profession, so that succeeding generations have not added and cannot add a single word to it. We must therefore believe that the greatest of all dramatic ages was also one of the greatest of histrionic eras. Upon the acting of Richard Burbage and Edward Alleyn, the first interpreters of some of the greatest of the poets' creations, the most glowing eulogies have been written; indeed, all the principal actors of the time are highly praised, one of the poorest being Shakespeare himself. It would, indeed, be strange if these glorious dramas, fresh from the imagination of the authors, had not inspired a kindred genius in the souls of the players, many of whom were dramatists themselves, imparting to their interpretations a power, a freshness and an originality which, even in the greatest of their successors, could exist only as a borrowed light.

When we try to picture what the theatre in Shakespeare's time was like, it strikes us that it must have been difficult for the actors to keep up the illusion of the play, surrounded as they were by such distracting elements. We must figure to ourselves a crowd of fops, chattering like a flock of daws, carrying their stools in their hands, and settling around, and sometimes upon the stage itself, with as much noise as possible. To vindicate their importance in their own eyes, they kept up a constant jangling of petty, carping criticism on the actors and the play. In the intervals of repose which they allowed their tongues, they ogled the ladies in the boxes, and made a point of displaying the dignity of their intellects by being always most inattentive during

the pathetic portions of the play. In front of the house matters were little better; the orange-girls going to and fro among the audience, interchanging jokes—not of the most delicate character—with the young sparks and apprentices, the latter cracking nuts or howling down some unfortunate actor who had offended them, while sometimes the stage was almost obscured by tobacco smoke. Picture all this confusion, and add the fact that the female characters of the play were represented by shrill-voiced lads or half-shaven men; so that it is said, at a performance when James I was present, the manager begged his majesty's indulgence for a few moments, as the queen had not finished shaving. Imagine an actor having to invest such representatives with all the girlish passion of a Juliet, the womanly tenderness of a Desdemona or the pitiable anguish of a distraught Ophelia, and we cannot but realize how difficult under such circumstances great acting must have been.

Old Style Mounting.

The little that is known as to the adjuncts and mounting of the plays is chiefly derived from the plays themselves, and is somewhat scanty and indefinite. We learn, however, from certain entries in Henslowe's *Diary* that some of the pieces were dressed with a magnificence that is hardly surpassed at the present day. For two two-pile velvet cloaks £21 was paid; for another cloak, £19, and for the gown worn by the principal actress in *A Woman Killed With Kindness*, £6 13s., which was more than the author received for the

play. As money was then worth at least five times its present value, these sums must be increased in proportion. Moreover, the costumes referred to were for the Fortune, a public and inferior theatre. The Blackfriars was celebrated for its orchestra; but so far from being an expense, the musicians appear to have paid for the privilege of playing, probably because it brought them before the notice of wealthy patrons.

Scenery.

As to scenery, it is stated in the *Historia Histrionica*, published in 1699, that it was first introduced on the public stage by Sir William Davenant, in his *Siege of Rhodes*, played at the Duke's old theatre in Lincoln's Inn fields in 1662. In the preface the author remarks: "It has often been wished that our scenes had not been confined to about eleven feet in height and fifteen in depth, including the place of passage reserved for the music." Thus it would appear that the scenes in question were little more than screens. But this is only for the public stage. At the Blackfriars it is recorded that Ben Jonson's and Shirley's masks were illustrated by scenic effects devised by Inigo Jones, while the scenes used in Sir John Suckling's *Aglaura*, produced at that theatre in 1629, cost from £300 to £400.

Extremely rich and elaborate were the decorations used in Shirley's *Masque of Peace*, performed before Charles I at Whitehall in 1633, at an expense, as is said, of £20,000. The first scene represented a street

with sumptuous palaces, lodges, porticoes, trees and grounds; beyond, in a spacious plain, was the forum of Peace, and "over all was a clear sky with transparent clouds, which enlightened all the scene." This changed to a wooded landscape with bushes and byeways. "Then there appeared in the foremost part of the heavens, little by little, to break forth a whitish cloud, bearing a golden chariot, in which sat Peace; in another cloud, in a silver chariot, sat Law, and from a third descended Justice. After other transformations, the stage in the last scene represented a plain, above which was a dark sky with dark clouds, and the new moon shining through them, but with the faint light of approaching dawn. From a certain part of the grounds arose a great vapor, which, when it came to the middle of the scene, began to fall downward to the earth, and out of this rose another cloud of a strange shape and color, in which sat a young maiden, with a dim torch in her hands, costumed in dark blue, sprinkled with silver spangles, and with white buskins trimmed with gold upon her legs, to represent the dawn."

Contrasts.

The palmy days of the drama, so-called, are generally dated far back by those who like to indulge imagination at the cost of truth. The nineteenth century had its great dramatists, actors and managers, who brightened its opening years and whose fame endures, though adverse fate did its worst to take the heart out of ambition, and often the bread from their lips. Richard

Brinsley Sheridan was, and is, the pride of the stage and audience, and for a time he controlled the national theatre. If his business capacity had equalled his genius, Fanny Kemble would not have had to tell how his workpeople clamored in vain for "something this week," which did not always come, and for the reason, among others, that he appropriated the receipts of the theatre for his own use. Personal defects of character explain much in Sheridan's evil days, but others among his fraternity had bitter experiences in spite of their worth and talents. The dramatists of the latter years of the century were, and still are, rewarded with showers of gold. Every actor of merit, and not a few whose fame is greater than their merit, now receive an income which would seem fabulous, if the stage were revisited by the ghosts of the great masters.

Edmund Kean.

In February, 1809, Drury Lane theatre was burned down for the second time. It was rebuilt by the shareholders, who refused Sheridan's application for the management. In spite of honest efforts to present the best plays, encourage new dramatic writers, and after engaging a number of new actors, the house was on the verge of bankruptcy. One January night, in 1814, another player was tried, almost as a forlorn hope. There crept into the green-room an obscure country tragedian, named Edmund Kean, an ideal strolling player in appearance, shabby and almost shoeless, who at the afternoon rehearsal had been treated with uncon-

cealed contempt by the mediocrities who were to play with him.

The new actor appeared as Shylock before an indifferent and half-filled house, but when the curtain fell upon the fourth act, it was upon such a burst of enthusiasm as had not been heard since the night when Siddons first played Isabella. The next day all London was ringing with the fame of the new star. Richard was his next impersonation. "Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard," wrote Byron in his diary. "By Jove, he is a soul! Life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution." The receipts rose from £100 to £600 nightly. After his third appearance his weekly salary was raised from £8 to £20 a night. One week the committee presented him with £100, the next with £500, while splendid presents flowed in upon him from all sides; society fawned upon him, flattered him, courted him and made him the idol of the hour. For the sixty-eight nights during which Kean performed the receipts were £38,942. During six years Kean was the atlas that supported the burden of the huge theatre; rivals rose, but all paled before the splendor of his overwhelming genius.

Thus, at a single bound, did Edmund Kean emerge from obscurity into the meridian of fame, and with none to compete with him, except John Kemble, who belonged to an entirely different school, and whose merits were generously recognized by Kean himself. The world of London was wide enough for both and afforded to each a numerous following, though Kemble's acting was becoming somewhat stale and people

were tiring of the classical school, while Kean appeared at Drury Lane with his powers fully matured, and probably then at their best; but this was not until after a long and weary apprenticeship, after many years of the hardest toil and suffering, with misery and want as ever-present guests.

Kean's Career.

On November 4th, 1787, a young woman who had run away from home, when little more than a child, to join a company of strolling players, and who, when that occupation failed, earned a scanty living as a hawker in the streets of London, gave birth, in a wretched room near Gray's Inn, to an illegitimate child. This woman was Nancy Carey, the granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of "God Save the King." She was also the great-granddaughter of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, whose natural son Henry Carey was. A compassionate woman, Miss Tidswell—herself an actress—who knew the father of the child, Aaron Kean, gave her what assistance she could. Poor Nance was removed to her father's lodgings, near Gray's Inn, and there it was that Edmund Kean was born.

Three months after his birth, his mother deserted him, leaving him, without explanation or regret, to the care of the woman who had befriended her in her trouble. When but three years old he was brought, among a number of other children, to Michael Kelly, who was then bringing out the opera of *Cymon* at the house in the Haymarket, and, thanks to his personal

beauty, he was selected for the part of Cupid. Shortly afterward he found his way to Drury Lane, where the handsome baby—for he was little more—figured among the imps in the pantomime. Taught here the tricks of the acrobat, he had, at four years old, acquired such powers of contortion that he was fit to rank as an infant phenomenon. But the usual result followed; the little limbs became deformed and had to be put in irons, by means of which they regained the symmetry with which nature had at first endowed them. Three years afterward John Kemble was acting *Macbeth* at Drury Lane, and, in the cauldron scene he engaged some children to personate the supernatural beings summoned therefrom by the witches. Little Edmund, with his irons, was the cause of a ridiculous accident, and the attempt to embody the ghostly forms was abruptly abandoned. But the child seems to have been pardoned for his blunder, and for a short time was permitted to appear in one or two children's parts. Little did the dignified manager suppose that the child who was one of his cauldron of imps in *Macbeth* was to become, twenty years later, his formidable rival—formidable enough almost to oust the representative of the classical school from the supremacy he had hitherto enjoyed on the tragic stage.

In Orange court, Leicester square, where Holcroft, the author of *The Road to Ruin*, was born, Edmund Kean received his first education. Scanty enough it was, for it had hardly begun before his wretched mother stepped in and claimed him, and, after her reappearance, his education seems to have been of a most

spasmodic character. Hitherto the child's experience of life had been wretched enough. When only eight years of age he ran away to Portsmouth and shipped on board a vessel bound to Madeira. But he found his new life harder than that from which he had escaped, and, by feigning deafness and lameness, he succeeded in procuring his removal to a hospital at Madeira, whence, the doctors finding his case yielded to no remedies, the authorities kindly sent him back to England. He still insisted on being deaf and lame; indeed, so deaf that in a violent thunderstorm he remained perfectly unmoved, explaining his composure by declaring that he could not hear any noise at all. From Portsmouth he made his way on foot to London, and on presenting himself at the wretched lodgings where his mother lived, he found that she had joined Richardson's troupe, then playing in the provinces. Penniless and half starving, he suddenly thought of his uncle, Moses Kean, who lived in Leicester square, a queer character who gained a precarious living by giving entertainments as a mimic and ventriloquist. The uncle received his nephew warmly enough, and seems to have cultivated, to the best of his ability, the talent for acting which he recognized at once in the boy. Edmund again enjoyed a kind of desultory education, partly carried on at school and partly at his uncle's home, where he received instruction from his old friend, Miss Tidswell; from D'Egville, the dancing master; from Angelo, the fencing master, and from Incledon, the celebrated singer, who seems to have taken the greatest interest in him.

But the vagrant, half-gypsy disposition, inherited

from his mother, could never be subdued, and he was constantly disappearing from his uncle's house for weeks together, which he would pass in going from one roadside inn to another, amusing the guests with his acrobatic tricks, and his monkey-like imitations. In vain was he locked up in rooms, the height of which from the ground was such as seemed to render escape impossible. He contrived to get out somehow or other, even at the risk of his neck, and to make his escape to some fair, where he would earn a few pence by the exhibition of his varied accomplishments. During these periods of vagabondism he would live on a mere nothing, sleeping in barns or in the open air, and would faithfully bring back his gains to Uncle Moses. But his uncle could not be so easily appeased. He went so far, apparently with the concurrence of Miss Tidswell, as to place round the boy's neck a brass collar with the inscription, "This boy belongs to No. 9 Lisle street; please bring him home."

His wandering propensities being for a time subdued, we find the little Edmund again engaged at Drury Lane, and delighting the actors in the green-room by giving recitations from *Richard III*, probably in imitation of Cooke; among his audience, on one occasion, being Mrs. Charles Kemble. During this engagement he played Arthur to Kemble's King John and Mrs. Siddons' Constance, and appears to have made a success. Soon afterward his uncle Moses died suddenly, and young Kean was left to the guardianship of Miss Tidswell. We need not follow him through all the vicissitudes of his early career; for enough has

been said to afford a sufficient idea of what he must have suffered. When, years afterward, the passionate love of Shakespeare, which he showed almost from his cradle, had reaped its own reward in the wonderful triumph that he achieved, if we find him then averse to respectable conventionality, erratic, and even dissipated in his habits, we should remember the bitter suffering he passed through in his childhood, and should not judge him too harshly. He knew nothing of the softening influences of a home; to him the very name of mother, instead of recalling every tender and affectionate feeling, was but the symbol of a vague horror, the fountain of that degradation of his nature from which no subsequent prosperity could ever redeem it.

For many years after his boyhood his life was one of continual hardship. With that unsubdued conviction of his own powers, which often is the sole consolation of genius, he toiled on and bravely struggled through the sordid miseries of a strolling player's life. The road to success lies through many a thorny course, across many a dreary stretch of desert land, over many an obstacle, from which the fainting heart is often tempted to turn back. But hope, and the sense of power within, which no discouragement can subdue, inspire the struggling artist still to continue the conflict, till at last courage and perseverance meet with their just reward, and finally comes success. At this point the feeling to which the triumphant artist may be tempted is one of good-natured contempt for those who are so ready to applaud the merits which, in the

past, they were too blind to recognize. Edmund Kean was twenty-seven years old before his day of triumph came. Meanwhile, however, he had won a few minor victories. In 1807 he played leading parts at the Belfast theatre with Mrs. Siddons, who said that "he spoke his lines very well, very well indeed, but there was not enough of him to make a great actor." Next came an engagement with the Beverley troupe, which was cut short by his marriage to the leading actress, and for several years thereafter his prospects were so gloomy that, when contemplating his début in London, he would declare, "If I succeed, I shall go mad."

New Life in an Old Drama.

Without any preliminary puffs, without any flourish of trumpets, on the evening of the 26th of January, 1814, soaked through with the rain, Edmund Kean slunk rather than walked in at the stage-door of Drury Lane, uncheered by one word of encouragement and quite unnoticed. He found his way to the wretched dressing-room which he shared in common with three of four other actors; as quickly as possible he exchanged his dripping clothes for the garb of Shylock; and, to the horror of his companions, took from his bundle a black wig—the first proof of his daring rebellion against the law of conventionality, which had always condemned Shylock to red hair. Cheered by the kindness of Bannister and Oxberry, the latter of whom offered him a welcome glass of brandy and water, he descended to the stage dressed, and peeped through the curtain

to see a more than half-empty house. The boxes were vacant; there were about five hundred people in the pit, and a few others "thinly scattered to make up a show."

But Kean no sooner stepped upon the stage in the character of Shylock than the interest of the audience was excited. Nothing he did or spoke in the part was done or spoken in a conventional manner. The simple words, "I will be assured I may," were given with such effect that the audience burst into applause. When the act-drop fell, after the speech of Shylock to Antonio, his success was assured, and his fellow-actors, who had avoided him, now seemed disposed to congratulate him; but he shrunk from their approaches. The great scene with Tubal was a revelation of such originality and of such terrible force as had not probably been seen upon those boards before. "How so few of them could kick up such a row was something marvelous!" remarked Oxberry. At the end of the third act every one was ready to pay court to him, but again he held aloof. All his thoughts were concentrated on the great trial scene which was coming. In that scene the wonderful variety of his acting completed his triumph. Trembling with excitement, he resumed his half-dried clothes and, glad to escape, rushed home. He was at first in too great ecstasy to speak, but his face told his wife that he had realized his dream—that he had appeared on the stage of Drury Lane, and that his great powers had been acknowledged. Without a shadow of doubt as to his future, he exclaimed, "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage;" and taking his baby boy from

the cradle and kissing him, said, "and Charley, my boy, you shall go to Eton"—and he did.

Dramatic Interpretation.

The time when Edmund Kean made his first appearance in London was favorable for an actor of genius. For a long while the national theatre had been in a bad way, and nothing but failure had hitherto met the efforts of the committee of management. When the members of the committee, with a strange blindness to their own interests, proposed that for the present Kean's name should be removed from the bills, Byron interested himself in his behalf. "You have a great genius among you," he said, "and you do not know it." On Kean's second appearance the house was nearly doubled. Hazlitt's remarks had roused the whole body of critics, and they were all there to sit in judgment upon the new-comer, whose utter indifference to the audience won him their respect; so that, before the piece was half over, the sentence of the formidable tribunal was in his favor.

From that moment Kean held over his audiences a fascination which was probably never exercised by any other actor. Garrick was no doubt in some respects his superior; he was more polished, more vivacious—his manner more distinguished, and his versatility more striking. In such parts as Coriolanus or Rolla, John Kemble excelled him; but in Shylock, in Richard, in Iago, and, above all, in Othello, it may be doubted whether Edmund Kean ever had an equal. As far as

one can judge from the many criticisms extant, written by the most intellectual men, and from the accounts of those who saw him in his prime, he was—be it said without disparagement to other great actors—the greatest genius that the English stage has ever seen. Unequal he may have been, but there were moments in his acting which were, without exaggeration, moments of inspiration. Coleridge is reported to have said that to see Kean act was “like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning,” and this oft-quoted sentence embodies perhaps the main feature of his greatness as an actor; for, when he was impersonating the heroes of the poet he revealed their natures by an instant flash of light so searching that every minute feature, which by the ordinary light of day was hardly visible, stood bright and clear before us. The effect of such acting was, indeed, that of lightning—it appalled; the timid hid their eyes, and fashionable society shrank from such heart-piercing revelations of human passion. Persons who had schooled themselves to control their emotion till they had scarcely any emotion left, were repelled rather than attracted by Kean’s relentless anatomy of all the strongest feelings of our nature. In Sir Giles Overreach, a character almost devoid of poetry, he displayed, with such powerful and relentless truth, the depths of a cruel, avaricious nature, baffled in all its vilest schemes, that the effect was literally terrific. As no bird but the eagle can look without blinking on the sun, so none but those who had stood face to face with the mightiest storms of human passion could understand such a performance. Byron,

who had been almost forced into a quarrel with Kean by the actor's disregard of the ordinary courtesies of society, could not restrain himself, but rushed behind the scenes and grasped the hand of the man to whom he felt that he owed a wonderful revelation.

When we read of Kean, later in life, with mental and physical powers impaired, let us think of the description those gave of him who knew him best in his earlier years; how amidst all the wildness and half-savage bohemianism, for which the miseries of his life were responsible, he displayed, time after time, the most large-hearted generosity, the tenderest kindness of which human nature is capable. Think of him working with a concentrated energy for the one object which he sought, namely, to reach the highest distinction in his calling. Think of him as sparing no mental or physical labor to attain this end, an end which seemed ever fading further and further from his grasp. Think of the disappointments, the cruel mockeries of hope which, day after day, he had to encounter; and then we shall not be harsh as to those moral failings due to his misfortunes rather than to his faults. This genius, who had given the highest intellectual pleasure to thousands of human beings, was savagely hounded out of his native land; and though, two years afterward, a complete reaction took place, and his reappearance was greeted with every mark of welcome, the blow had been struck from which neither his mind nor his body ever recovered.

III.

The Later Nineteenth Century Drama.

In the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria the drama continued to flourish, as did every form of literature. The people rejoiced in peace and plenty and were grateful to those who purveyed to their pleasure. In the middle sixties a great change came over the dramatic world in London, which in these matters is England. Up to that time public opinion was to a remarkable degree swayed by the middle class, over whom the church and its ramifications exercised a power that had to be reckoned with in every social movement. Respectability had long held the theatre under a ban, though gentility dared to patronize the opera and a few select playhouses. Players, especially, actresses, were not then admitted into society. The death of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, in 1861 cast a gloom over the realm of aristocracy and its fringe, which kept the theatre, and all who lived upon its earnings, down to a bread and cheese subsistence. The Civil War in this country caused a prolonged famine in Lancashire, which added its heavy quota to the burden of troubles.

The Prince of Wales was beginning to take his place

as the leader of society and a patron of national movements. From his marriage in 1863 may be dated the renascence of the English theatre. Under his magical wand the country began to be more like the Merry England of old. New theatres sprang up on every side. It was no longer wicked, nor even questionable, to be seen at a stage-play. That greatly esteemed, if not actually great, actress, Helen Faucit, who became Lady Martin and a bosom friend of the queen, gave a special series of performances in the provinces about 1865. The daily newspapers printed many solemn and intolerant protests by "unco guid" Puritans against the conduct of certain clerics and prominent churchfolk in allowing themselves to be seen at her theatre. A furious controversy resulted, in the course of which an able minister—who was afterward for many years the most prominent London preacher—boldly proclaimed that he "would rather go to hell with Helen Faucit than to heaven with her sanctimonious and ignorant maligners."

The air was rapidly cleared of cant by the general discussion, and the opportunity was eagerly seized by the band of cultured young men, not a few of them coming out of the front social rank, who preferred to court fortune as dramatists and players, rather than enter the army or other professions.

Byron and Robertson.

Henry J. Byron was a purveyor of comedies of a farcical turn, of which *Our Boys* and *A Hundred*

Thousand Pounds are perhaps the best known, also of wildly funny burlesques, all puns and clever clowning. The success of his comedies was extraordinary, and *Our Boys*, which came several years after the period under notice, had a continuous run of fifteen hundred nights. The earlier ones were of very thin dramatic quality, but their homely subjects and simple treatment proved that this was a vein worth working on more scientific principles. Robertson, Tom Robertson as he was always called, was a typical good fellow, content to live on his wits, and if his pecuniary capital had equalled his mental equipment, he would not have had to serve an apprenticeship, as he and his sister Madge did, for many long years in a very humble capacity. Madge won her way to fortune as Mrs. Kendal, wife of William H. Kendal, whose private name is Grimston, a branch of a titled house. Robertson's *David Garrick* was a success, but the first of the series of "tea-cup and saucer" dramas was refused by the managers; this was *Society-Caste*, which followed it, is well-known by its frequent performances in this country, and has equal merits and suitability to the present time. *Society* is an exceptionally clever play, and the managers who rejected it in haste lived to regret it at leisure. As a new departure in the drama it required a new departure in histrionic art for a successful interpretation, and this it secured at the Prince of Wales' theatre in 1865, under the management of Sydney Bancroft and Marie Wilton, known in after years as Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft.

At Christmas of 1865 Miss Wilton appeared as Little Don Giovanni, her last burlesque part. Another com-

edy by Byron followed—and then, on September 15th, 1866, Robertson's second comedy, *Ours*, suggested by Millais' picture, *The Black Brunswicker*. In *Society* the Robertsonian method was in embryo, in *Ours*, its form was fully developed, but it was reserved for *Caste*, produced April 6th, 1869, to display its highest capabilities. The story was so human that it appealed to every kindly feeling of our nature, and was as sympathetic to the stalls as it was to the gallery. It was the Alpha and the Omega of the Robertsonian method; it contained all that had gone before, anticipated all that was to come.

The author, although a very bad actor, was a genius as a stage manager. After reading his comedies, people wonder what there was in the dialogue, at times so bald, to fascinate an audience, and draw them night after night to hang delightedly on every word. It was not exactly the play, it was the novelty of the representation and the skill with which it was rendered that constituted the charm. The style of acting was a surprise; nothing so perfectly realistic, so devoid of staginess, had ever yet been seen in an English theatre. But Robertson dominated all. "I don't want actors," he said; "I want people that will do just what I tell them;" and he certainly contrived to infuse the very soul of his creations into those who personated them. Looking back now, when the school has almost passed away, and a new order obtains in things theatrical, the glow of remembrance is almost as fervid as when those performances were the talk of every drawing-room.

It was in 1874 that W. S. Gilbert's delightful little

comediatta, *Sweethearts*, was produced; which we give as an example of a dramatic form that has established itself in popular favor; and it was as Jenny Northcote that Mrs. Bancroft's art was at its finest. It was the marvellous flow of animal spirits, the intense enjoyment of the actress in her own conception, which made the laughter as spontaneous as the tears, that carried the audience away with Polly Eccles; but a much higher art was revealed in the performance of Gilbert's heroine. Yet the *ars celare artem* was so perfect that every aspiring amateur thought she had only to ape the forward school-girl in the first act, and powder her hair and look lachrymose in the last, to emulate Mrs. Bancroft; in their silly self-conceit they never thought of the flashes, the subtle touches revealing the love and tenderness that palpitated beneath the *espièglerie* of the wayward Jenny, the exquisite bits of business, such as picking up the rose which she has cast away and furtively pressing it to her lips, though the touch was so delicate that it might have escaped an unobservant person. Even finer was the last act; the deep pathos that was veiled by that calm, placid face, the story of the blighted life that was read, not by any resort to conventional stage emotion, but by the mere drooping of an eyelid, the least quiver of the lip, the faltering on a syllable, were as perfect as anything the French stage could show.

Robertson's share in these triumphs at the Prince of Wales' was as brief as it was brilliant. Artistically, his vein was quickly exhausted; he had done his work; he had swept away old conventionalities; but had he

written many more pieces he would have established affectations even more objectionable than those he had displaced. The "tea-cup and saucer" school was very good in its way, in the hands of its original exponents, but was carried to an absurd extent by their imitators, and to be almost inaudible and utterly inanimate were beginning to be considered the acme of good acting. A rude shock to the school was experienced when *The Merchant of Venice* was subjected to its cult, though that error may be forgiven, because it first revealed the exceptional powers of Ellen Terry in the part of Portia.

Last Quarter of the Nineteenth Century

The last quarter of the nineteenth century was distinguished for the bewildering variety of its contributions to the literature of the drama. From the causes previously indicated the drama proper had to compete with the spectacular development of the stage. The more or less artificial popularity of opera militated against the higher interests of the play-writer's noble art. A blend of beautiful scenery and costume, fine music and dramatic story is potent over every class of theatre patrons, and when the element of humor, descending to inane buffoonery, is added, the standard of true taste is imperilled. The many-headed public wields a sceptre that has all but supreme control over those who cater for the public entertainment, but whose mission, however loftily conceived, is necessarily narrowed by the grim logic of commercial success. The latter-day stage for the "comic" has sadly watered the wit of dram-

artists and played into the hands of mechanic playwrights and second-hand music producers, who "fill the bill" but empty the program of the hearty quality and true ring which used to be the pride of the old masters and the delight of intelligent lovers of dramatic art. The wheel will turn, and some day we shall get back to works of real merit, executed by competent heads and hands. Nor is that day far distant, if we may judge from present indications, which point to an exaltation rather than to a debasement of the drama.

That so little destined to endure has been produced within the last twenty or thirty years is by no means due to lack of ability, but to the fact that so many dramatic authors of the present day write only to please the passing taste. If they wrote for fame they could not make their bread, and hence they never ask themselves whether their work will last, the only question being will it find favor with the manager and with the audience. If a vote could be taken as to who are the dramatic leaders of the English theatre, it would probably be given to Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and Sydney Grundy. All began about the same time, and all encountered the same difficulties. At first their progress was slow; for the commencement of their career was marked by vain efforts and misdirected labor. Whether it was that opportunity was lacking, or that they could not find their way, none of them gave evidence of their full capacity, or even of any special promise in their earlier efforts. For years they were mere imitators, without seeming to suspect that they could write better plays than those

they copied, and they were hardly aware of their originality until the public discovered it for them.

Sydney Grundy.

Grundy was the first of the trio, making his début as a dramatist in 1872; but it was only at long intervals that he succeeded in getting small pieces accepted, and then chiefly by provincial theatres. An affray with the censorship brought him into notice, and this was followed by his first real success, a three-act farce named *The Snowball*. Its merits consisted in introducing qualities that were new to this species of play—cleverness and ingenuity, wit, a few bits of comedy, and not a single pun—but it does not contain a single trait of English character or English manners. *The Snowball* was an adaptation from the French, and to similar work he gave the best days of his life, learning the technique and methods of his business from Sardou, Labiche and Scribe. In all such pieces, while the situation is old, the treatment is new, showing an individual note which stamps them with a special character that cannot be counterfeited. It is to Grundy the writer that Grundy the dramatist owes most of his success, and it is also the writer who has covered the retreat when the dramatist has entered the fray too rashly and been threatened with disaster. If he has never utilized all his gifts at once, never put his whole strength into one great work, he has at least shown that he possesses everything required for the purpose—sensibility, humor, individuality, knowledge of his profes-

sion and the favor of the public. A long step in advance was made in *The Greatest of These*, brought out by the Kendals near the close of 1895. In this play Grundy, for the first time, forgot his French models, and described English life and character with a freedom, fidelity and power suggestive of Ibsen, though he would never acknowledge that he owed anything to the great Norwegian dramatist. In *The Greatest of These* Grundy lays aside his wit for the sake of emotional effect, and there is not a weak spot or a trace of bad taste in the entire piece. Especially fine is the third act, whether regarded from a psychological, literary or purely dramatic standpoint.

Henry Arthur Jones.

Like Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones at first won only occasional recognition with short, light pieces, taking refuge in the provinces, so that Londoners hardly knew him until, in 1882, the critic, Archer, included him in his *Dramatists of To-day*. Then it was that people began to ask, "Who is this Mr. Jones?" A melodrama named *The Silver King* brought him into further prominence, for people found in it new types and coups de théâtre, with observation, gayety, freedom of handling, some moving touches, and occasional flashes of imagination and poetry. Having succeeded in pleasing the public, Jones now wrote a play to please himself, and this was his *Saints and Sinners*, which proved immensely popular. To perfect the actors in their parts it was first produced at a small theatre in

Margate, an obscure watering-place on the coast of Kent. Passing thence to the Vaudeville in London, it became the talk of the town, and held the stage for several months.

Saints and Sinners marks an epoch, not only in the career of Henry Arthur Jones, but in the history of the English drama. It denotes the revival of active hostility in that ancient controversy between the Puritans and the stage, which began in 1580 and seems destined to last as long as English literature and English civilization. The conflict had assumed a sluggish character in the nineteenth century, for the stage had not dared to assert itself; but now it suddenly took the offensive and carried the war into the enemy's camp. *Saints and Sinners* is only the first of a series of dramas in which the author has fearlessly attacked the hypocrisies of religion in their most characteristic form. He has, indeed, let fly some shafts which have sped even further, and which he has not shot at random. In his preface to *The Case of Rebellious Susan* he declares that the theatre is perhaps destined to succeed to the tottering pulpit, and teach morality to the professional moralist. Elsewhere he claims that the stage is one of the organs of the national life, and one of its essential organs; that one can no more imagine England without the theatre than England without the press and the platform. Jones resumed his campaign against Puritanism in the *Triumph of the Philistines*, meanwhile entering new fields in his *Judah* and *The Crusaders*, both character plays, though the latter deals with a social movement, the plot being a mere imbroglio attached

somewhat artificially to a satirical and ethical homily. Neither was a stage success, though of decided merit.

To the lessons of Shakespeare Jones has added those of Ibsen, and assuredly these are great masters; yet there comes a time in life when no one should have any master but himself. If Jones has not reached this point, he has played a great part in the resuscitation of the drama; he is the most English of living English dramatists, the one who expresses most sincerely and most brilliantly the mind of his generation, the average person of the period.

Pinero.

But to Arthur Pinero must be assigned the credit of writing the plays that approach nearest to perfection in recent dramatic literature. Like the others, he served a long apprenticeship, passing to the summit through slow but continuous ascents, delayed by many incidents, but always enlarging the horizon of his art. In early youth he had recognized his vocation and had written a play; but he knew nothing of the theatre. He determined to learn his profession by acting in the plays of others, as did Boucicault, Byron and Robertson. At nineteen he made his début at Edinburgh, and meeting with success, removed to London, where he became connected with the companies of Henry Irving and the Bancrofts. After some minor pieces, he produced *The Squire*, which, notwithstanding the crudeness of its plot, was well received on account of its idealized representation of rural life. Weak also in plot was his next effort, *Lords and Commons*, though

imbued with the romantic strangeness of the Swedish drama, by which it was inspired. In both the dénouement is feeble in the extreme, showing no trace of the power which afterward created *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. But Pinero had now discovered another vein, which he worked for some years with increasing success. This was a kind of hybrid production, which in plot belonged to farce and in ideas and dialogue to the comedy of manners—a kind of drama somewhat of the *Divorcées* type. To this class belongs *The Magistrate*, which, however, is thoroughly French in character. Much more national in type are *Dandy Dick* and *The Hobby-Horse*, both clever plays, and notwithstanding their deliberate exaggeration, containing some excellent sketches of provincial life, of clerical society, of the racing world and those who belong to it, including a species of female centaur—a woman jockey. In *The Times* and *The Cabinet Minister* there are also many brilliant features, with much ingenuity of invention. Yet in all these pieces their age is evident, for they seem to be aged even at their birth, and it is impossible to dress them up in the latest fashions.

But Pinero had not altogether renounced the serious drama, as appeared when, on the 24th of April, 1889, the Garrick theatre opened its doors with *The Profligate*. The critics, as well as the audience, were most enthusiastic. "At last," said Archer, "we have a real play; a play which has faults, but with a third act which has none. *The Profligate* is a melodrama in every aspect and in every part; but it is one of the most fanciful and romantic melodramas that have been written in

England for many years." While the play was still a favorite on the boards of London, provincial and foreign theatres, *Lady Bountiful* was produced on the 7th of March, 1891. Though a very unequal piece of work, and with no great interest, it showed at least that the author had found his way into the domain of psychological observation. Two years later appeared *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which was at once accepted as the masterpiece of Pinero and one of the masterpieces of the age, a drama still as popular in the United States and European cities as it is in England.

"The limitations of *Mrs. Tanqueray*," says one of its critics, "are really the limitations of the dramatic form." We might go further, and say that such a piece enlarges the province of the theatre. Minute details are here brought out by intelligent and careful acting, which would before have been regarded as too slight to have attracted attention on the stage, shades of meaning that, until then, the theatre had left to the novel. In common with *Lady Bountiful*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is an acted novel, but one superbly constructed. Its four acts are its four principal chapters, and the first two are chiefly analytical; yet emotion is introduced imperceptibly, and so skillfully that we step from psychology into drama without being conscious of it.

Pinero had done some excellent work for the St. James' in *The Money Spinners* and *The Squire*, but in *The Magistrate* he literally took the town by storm. Here was a new kind of farcical comedy without a suspicion of French or German origin, without risky situ-

ations or a flavor of double entendre, and yet as amusing as anything ever borrowed from Paris. One of the secrets of the success was its *probability*. Such pieces as *Pink Dominoes* and *Confusion* are utterly extravagant and impossible; but in *The Magistrate* one had only to grant the first premises, to admit the likelihood of an elderly gentleman placing himself in the hands of a boy for a benevolent purpose, which, as the author put it, was no great strain upon credulity, and every adventure that flowed therefrom was within the range of possibility, or even probability. Nor did the play, like previous three-act farces, rely upon situation alone; the dialogue was witty and even brilliant, and the literary merit of the work incontestable. The piece still lives, without present sign of inanition.

Wills and Merivale.

Among the recent writers of ability who have tried to galvanize the classical drama into new life were W. G. Wills and Herman Merivale. In *The White Pilgrim*, Merivale achieved some really beautiful passages, and Wills for a moment gave rise to hope, arousing false expectations as to the future of his career. He was, says Archer, "so strong and so weak, so manly and so puerile, so poetic and so commonplace, so careful and so slovenly." His Bohemian life, his impassioned character, his hasty methods of production, added to the illusion and gave him, in the distance, a look of genius. His *Charles the First* and *Claudian* had a passing popularity. Henry Arthur Jones and a few other writers attempted blank verse, which is not to be resuscitated,

unless by men of genius. Their melodramas have, however, been stage successes.

Stephen Phillips.

At the very close of the nineteenth century a young man who had attracted the attention of a few critics by his poems boldly presented a tragedy on a theme rendered immortal by the best known passage in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The story of Paolo and Francesca, as there told, seems too brief to furnish material for a three-act tragedy; yet Stephen Phillips attempted this almost impossible feat and, to a marvellous extent, succeeded. Again, he ventured to cast into a poetic drama a famous story originally related by Josephus, the Jewish historian. It had been used for the French stage by Voltaire, but had not thus been fully impressed on the memory of men. Voltaire's play is called *Mariamne*, but Phillips gives the title *Herod*. It exhibits the passionate love of King Herod the Edomite for Mariamne, descended from the heroic Maccabees; then the political turmoils at Jerusalem, complicated with the world-troubles in which Roman imperial power passes from Antony to Octavius; then the discovery by Mariamne that Herod had ordered the murder of her brother, whom some fanatics were conspiring to put on the throne, then the confusion in the palace, in which Herod, in a moment of frenzy, orders her execution. Before he is aware, she is slain. He loses his reason, deserts his throne, forgets his crime, and calls in vain for his beloved; nor can he be convinced that she is

dead until her embalmed body is solemnly brought before him. This thrilling tragedy is presented in almost purely classical style, in rich verse and poetry of the loftiest range, and yet with such power that it has won the approval of veteran play-goers, as well as of the severest critics of London.

Not content with these triumphs, the young playwright has, in the new century, attempted, in his *Ulysses*, another seeming impossibility—that of turning Homer's *Odyssey*, or rather the kernel of the epic, into dramatic form. Surely, when such exploits have been achieved with themes long regarded as worn out, or too sacred for modern handling, there is no reason to despair of new masterpieces in the English drama.

Future of the Drama.

The future of the drama is difficult to forecast. Many of the present writers keep near the confines of drama and melodrama, divided between literary ambition and the very natural wish to earn money. What will they do? Be artists, or artisans? There is scope for both and both will flourish; but beyond this what can be said? The invention, or importation from foreign lands, of the "problem play" is a passing phenomenon. Happily, the prevailing tendency follows the need of the people for recreative dramatic entertainment, for intellectual enjoyment that shall beguile the wearied worker into a brighter conception of life as it may be lived.

The democracy has enlarged its view of dramatic art. It asks for plays that shall set it thinking, but not to

the exclusion of plays that bring pleasure. We have seen that the trend has been in this direction. An American critic, free from prejudice, wrote, in 1888, "That there is evidence of improvement in the quality as well as in the quantity of the plays written in Great Britain I do not think any competent and candid observer would deny. . . . The authors of *Sweethearts*, *Forget-me-not* and *The Squire* are a little band of playwrights who have proved their possession of the power to write comedies as simple and as direct, as ingenious in construction and almost as brilliant in dialogue, as the comedies we go to see in Paris in the Gymnase and the Vaudeville." The latest experiments in dramatizing popular novels do not give promise of great or enduring results worth the labor. The success attained has been pecuniary rather than artistic, and but moderate at best.

The existing English drama is the issue of parents well on in years and in a time of gloom and trouble. It is delicate and calls for care; but at the same time it bears resemblance to those who gave it life. A race of heroes who are also buccaneers, a race of poets and shopkeepers, a race fearless of death and devoted to money, calculating but passionate, dreamers yet men of action, cannot possibly find its literary expression either in pure idealism or in realism undiluted. Melodrama awakes in it no appetite; art for art's sake leaves it wonderfully indifferent; of moralizing it is tired for the time being; it is passing through a stage of sensuous torpor which is not without charm, and it waits open-eyed and, as it were, hesitating before the labor of

creating society afresh, of building up a new civilization. It does not wish, and is not able, to forget those problems—that terrible to-morrow—by which we are everywhere threatened. Hence its sensuousness is tempered, refined, saddened by philosophy. In this mood, what it asks of the drama is not merely to be amused or to be excited, but to be made to think, to have set before it sentiments that shall stimulate equally devotion to noble ideals, practical sympathy and love for all that is uplifting. And now, without further comment, are presented to the reader some of the choicest specimens of the British drama that the nineteenth century has produced.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

BY THE

REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREEMAN.

LOVEL.

ROBERT.

THE DUKE'S SERVANT.

SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

LADY BAB'S MAID.

LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

CLOE, AND OTHER SERVANTS.

PRELUDE.

This capital two-act farce was first performed in Drury Lane in 1759. It has held the boards until our time, and its plot was adapted to the conditions of twentieth century society in a piece called *The Night of the Party*, which was played in London and New York in 1902. The strongest situation is where the servants, feasting and making merry in Lovel's house, are surprised by their master, who pretends to have gone for a trip into the country. He enters, armed with pistols, feigning to be drunk, and calls forth the ringleaders from the pantry, where they have taken refuge. He discharges the offenders and appoints honest servants in their place. The Rev. J. Townley was head master of the Merchant Tailors' school, London.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Freeman's house.

Enter Freeman and Lovel.

Freeman.—A country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lovel.—Some time. I am now convinced of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free.—Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel; I always told you that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James' than in your kitchen.

Lovel.—"Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Free-man, though I must own, my expenses often make me stare. Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks. If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free.—You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him: and for blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lovel.—Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free.—To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house. However, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lovel.—Let us have him.

Free.—You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of another. Who waits? Send Robert to me. And what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lovel.—This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it. (Gives the letter.)

Free.—I should know something of this hand. (Reads.) "To Peregrine Lovel, Esq. Please your honor, I take the liberty to acquaint your honor, that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honor will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof if I am, it may bring one into trouble. So no more from your honor's servant to command." Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take? (Returns the letter.)

Lovel.—My plan is this. I gave it out that I was going to my house in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with my servant in good form, and lay at Basingstoke.

Free.—Well?

Lovel.—I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town.

Fre.—How will you get in?

Lovel.—When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Fre.—They will certainly discover you.

Lovel.—Never fear; I'll be so countrified, that you shall not know me. As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they began to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them—

Fre.—Here is Robert.

Enter Robert.

Robert.—You ordered me to wait on you, sir.

Fre.—I did. Robert—Robert—

Robert.—Sir.

Fre.—Come here. You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.

Robert.—I have always endeavored that your honor should.

Fre.—Pray, have not you some acquaintance among Mr. Lovel's people?

Robert.—A little, please your honor.

Fre.—How do they behave? We have nobody but friends. You may speak out.

Lovel.—Ay, Robert, speak out.

Robert.—I hope your honors will not insist on my saying anything in an affair of this kind.

Lovel.—Oh, but we do insist—if you know anything.

Robert.—Sir, I am but a servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother servant.

Fre.—Pshaw! This is false honesty—speak out.

Robert.—Don't oblige me, good sir. Consider, sir, a servant's bread depends upon his character.

Lovel.—But if a servant uses me ill—

Robert.—Alas! sir; what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free.—You see they trim for one another.

Robert.—Service, sir, is no inheritance. A servant that is not approved in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Everybody must live, your honor.

Lovel.—Robert, I like your heartiness, as well as your canticion; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Robert.—The truth, sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free.—(Musing.) “Whereof if.” Pray, Mr. Lovel, let me see that letter again. (Lovel gives the letter.) Ay—it must be so—Robert?

Robert.—Sir.

Free.—Do you know anything of this letter?

Robert.—Letter, your honor?

Free.—Yes, letter.

Robert.—I have seen the hand before.

Free.—I ask you, if you were concerned in writing this letter? You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Robert.—Pray, your honor, don't ask me.

Free.—Did you write it? Answer me.

Robert.—I cannot deny it. (Bowing.)

Lovel.—What induced you to do it?

Robert.—I will tell the truth. I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lovel.—Go on.

Robert.—I am sorry to say it to your honor; but your honor is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants; especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Lovel.—Philip? An ungrateful dog! Well?

Robert.—I could not presume to speak to your honor; and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your honor a letter.

Lovel.—Robert, I am greatly indebted to you. Here—
(Offers money.)

Robert.—On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your honor's bounty; but now I beg to be excused.
(Refuses the money.)

Lovel.—Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you. Freeman, he must be in the secret. Wait your master's orders.

Robert.—I will, your honor. (Exit.)

Free.—Well, sir, are you convinced now?

Lovel.—Convinced? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night. You or Robert must contrive some other way to get me introduced to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free.—Ha, ha, ha! You'd make a fine figure.

Lovel.—They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole. My name shall be Jemmy—and I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good carackter. (Mimicking.)

Free.—But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lovel.—Discover myself and blow them all to the devil. Come along—(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

The Park.

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke.—What wretches are hordinary servants that go hon in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working and sleeping! But we who have the honor to serve the nobility, are of another speeches. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and hare as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ha! my dear Sir Harry—

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

How have you done these thousand years? (Shakes hands with fingers.)

Sir Harry.—My lord duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke.—Well, baronet, where have you been?

Sir H.—At Doncaster, my lord. We have had devilish fine sport.

Duke.—And a good appearance, I hear. The devil take it! I should have been there; but our hold duchess died, and we were hoblidged to keep 'ouse, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H.—I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke.—Pshaw! a trifie!

Sir H.—The viscount's people have been demnibly taken in this meeting.

Duke.—Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H.—I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke.—Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. (Offers his box.)

Sir H.—Rappee?

Duke.—Right, Strasburg, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H.—No! no!

Duke.—'Tis, I assure you!

Sir H.—Oh, no!

Duke.—(Bowing, and placing his hand on his heart.) Oh, upon my honor.

Sir H.—(Bowing, and taking off his hat.) Oh! oh!

Duke.—The fact is, the city people practise so much adultery, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so hindolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she look'd as pale as a penitent.

Sir H.—I have just had this card from Lovel's people. (Reads.): "Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments

to Sir Harry, and desire the honor of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper."

Duke.—I have the same hinvitation. Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H.—You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

Duke.—A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret—he's going to be married.

Sir H.—To whom?

Duke.—To Kitty.

Sir H.—No!

Duke.—Yes, he is; and I intend to be before him there.

Sir H.—Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke.—If our 'ouse breaks up in a tidderable time, I'll be with you. 'Ave you hanything for us?

Sir H.—Yes; a little bit of poetry. I must be at the club myself till eight.

Duke.—Heigh ho! I am quite out of spirits. I 'ad a demn'd debauch last night, baronet.

Sir H.—I advise your grace to take a wapour bath, or get shampoodled.

Duke.—Lord Francis, Bob the Bishop, and I, tipped off four bottles of Burgundy apiece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! faith—Lady Bab—aye, and Lady Charlotte. (Takes out his glass.)

Sir H.—We'll not join them.

Duke.—Oh, yes; Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are demn'd negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H.—My Charlotte!

Duke.—Aye, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H.—I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke.—How so?

Sir H.—Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke.—Oh, dem it! that's insufferable!

Sir H..—Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke.—I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it! I never save a shilling—indeed, I'm sure of a place in the exercise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H..—Why, when we do meet at a third place, we are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke.—A-la-mode, ha! Here they are.

Sir H..—Let us retire. (They retire up the stage.)

Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

Lady Bab.—Oh, fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste!

Lady Charlotte.—Well, I say it again, I love Cremorne.

Lady B..—O my stars! Why, there is nobody there but filthy caniles.

Lady B..—Ha, ha, ha!

Lady C..—When did you see the colonel, *Lady Bab*?

Lady B..—The colonel! I hates the feller. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C..—He is a pretty man, for all that. Soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B..—I despise him. How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C..—The baronet is a hass, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, *Lady Bab*?

Lady B..—Unless I alter my mind. I don't admire visiting these commoners, *Lady Charlotte*.

Lady C..—Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

Lady B..—She infects it.

Lady C..—The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B..—The duke might show his judgment much better.

Lady C..—There he is, and the baronet, too; take no notice of them; we'll rally them by and by.

Lady B.—Dull souls! Let's set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C.—Aye, let us be gone, for the common people do stare at us; we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both.—Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

(Exit, laughing loudly.)

(Duke and Sir Harry come forward.)

Duke.—They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us. I must follow.

Sir Harry.—No, no.

Duke.—I must; I must have a party of raillery with them—a bong mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Ajew! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye; there is a bill depending in our 'ouse, which the ministry make a point of our hattending; and so, you know, mum! We must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Ajew. (Exit.)

Sir H.—What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a hair dresser, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. O tempora, O mores!

Re-enter Duke's Servant.

Duke.—Sir Harry, pr'ythee, what are we to do at Lovel's, when we come there?

Sir H.—We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke.—The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—(makes a motion as if with the dice box.)

Sir H.—Fie, my lord duke!

Duke.—Look ye, baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! ha, ha, ha! well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H.—But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke.—Well, I won't be particular; I'll do as the rest do. Tol, tol, tol. O, curse the gout!

(Exit, singing and dancing.)

Sir H.—He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and get me to write his love letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman—who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter Philip.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Philip.—You are welcome to England, Sir Harry. I hope you received the card, and will do us the honor of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire. We'll have a roaring night.

Sir H.—I'll certainly wait on you.

Philip.—The girls will be with us.

Sir H.—Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Philip.—What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H.—The duke tells me so.

Philip.—The duke's a fool.

Sir H.—Take care what you say; his grace has science.

Philip.—I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you. Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch. I have such wine for you!

Sir H.—I am your man, Phil.

Philip.—Egad, the cellar shall bleed. I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord what d'ye call him with; but I told him it was all gone! Eh? Charity begins at home, eh? Oh, so here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one. Don't let us be seen together; he'll suspect something.

Sir H.—I am gone.

Philip.—Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H.—Right; long corks! eh, Phil! (Mimics the drawing of a cork.) Yours. (Exit.)

Philip.—Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary. Hem!

Enter Freeman.

Freeman.—Oh, Philip! how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Philip.—It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant.

Free.—Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Philip.—I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honor is away.

Free.—You are in the right, Philip.

Philip.—Servants at such times are apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free.—True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Philip.—It is so, sir; sir, your servant. (Going.)

Free.—Oh, Mr. Philip pray stay. You must do me a piece of service.

Philip.—You command me, sir. (Bows.)

Free.—I look upon you as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest (Philip bows) rascals in the world. (Aside.)

Philip.—Your honor is pleased to compliment.

Free.—There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man—poor fellow! he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em; a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Philip.—Let me have him, sir.

Free.—In truth, he is an unlicked cub.

Philip.—I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir. Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free.—I don't doubt it. (Aside.)

Philip.—Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James'; and for a table or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free.—What have you for entrance?

Philip.—I always leave that to the gentleman's generosity.

Free.—Here is a guinea. I beg he may be taken care of.

Philip.—That he shall, I promise you. (Aside.) Your honor knows me.

Free.—Thoroughly. (Aside.)

Philip.—When can I see him, sir?

Free.—Now; directly. Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Philip.—Sir, I will be with you in a minute; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages—umph!

Free.—How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant.

(Exit.)

Philip.—Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

The Servants' Hall in Lovel's House.

Kingston, a black footman, and *Coachman*, discovered drunk and sleepy; a knocking at door without.

Kingston.—Somebody knocks, Coachy; go to the door, Coachy—

Coachman.—I'll not go; do you go, you black dog.

King.—Devil shall fetch me if I go. (Knocking again.)

Coach.—Why, then, let 'em stay. I'll not go, damme. (Knocking.) Aye, knock the door down, and let yourself in. (Knocking.)

King.—Ay, ay; knock again; knock again.

Coach.—Master is gone into Devonshire. He can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King.—So will I. I'll go to sleep, too.

Coach.—You he, black devil; you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep. I am king of the kitchen.

Kings.—No, you are not king; but when you are drunk you are sulky as hell. Here is Cooky coming. She is king and queen, too. (Knocking.)

Enter Cook.

Cook.—Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, Coachman—Kingston—ye drunken bears! why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach.—You go, cook, you go.

Cook.—Hang me, if I go.

Kings.—Yes, yes, Cooky, go; Mollsy, Pollsy, go.

Cook.—Out, you black toad! It is none of my business, and go I will not.

(Sits down. Loud knocking, then a pause, and enter Philip with Lovel disguised.)

Philip.—I might have stayed at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook.—There is John, coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Philip.—Ah, ha! my lads, what, finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows! I suppose they have been drinking to their master's good journey; ha, ha, ha!

Lovel.—No doubt on't. (Aside.)

Philip.—Yo, ho! go to bed, yeu dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by and by. They are as fast as a church, Jemmy.

Lovel.—Anon.

Philip.—Do you love drinking?

Lovel.—Ees, I loves ale.

Philip.—You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lovel.—Burgundy! what be that?

Philip.—Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook.—It is impossible to wake them.

Lovel.—I think I might wake 'em, sir, if I might, heh?

Philip.—Do, Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lovel.—Hollo, Mr. Coachman! (Gives him a great slap on the back.)

Coach.—Oh! oh!—what? Zounds! oh!—damn you!

Lovel.—What, blackey! blackey! (Pulls him by the nose.)

Kings.—Oh! oh!—what now?—oh! oh!

Lovel.—He, he, he!

Philip.—Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook.—Marry, come up; not I, indeed.

Coach.—She shan't see us to bed—we'll see ourselves to bed.

Kings.—We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. (Exeunt Coachman and Kingston, reeling.)

Philip.—You see how we live, boy?

Lovel.—Ees, I sees how you live.

Philip.—Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook.—Who pays for it?

Philip.—Why, master, to be sure; who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope—ha, ha, ha!

Lovel.—(Aside.) Humph!

Philip.—Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lovel.—(Aside.) Soh!

Cook.—What boy is this, Philip?

Philip.—A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lovel.—Ees, I be 'Squire Freeman's boy.

Cook.—(Walking to Lovel and placing her arms akimbo.) Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so; he dines here three times a week, and I never seed the color of his money yet.

Lovel.—Ha, ha, ha! that is good. (Aside.) Freeman shall have it.

Cook.—(Goes to side and fetches a box.) I must step to the tallow chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites, and then I'll set about supper.

Philip.—Well said, cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook.—Cloe! Cloe! where are you, Cloe!

Enter Cloe, a black kitchen girl.

Cloe.—I's, missis.

Cook.—Take that box and follow me. (Exit.)

Cloe.—I's, missis. (Takes the box.) Who is dis? (Seeing Lovel.) Hee, hee, hee! Oh—dis is pretty boy—hee, hee, hee! Oh—dis is pretty red hair—hee, hee, hee! You shall be in love with me by and by—hee, hee, hee!

(Exit after chucking Lovel under the chin.)

Lovel.—Oh la! what a fine room this be! Be this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Philip.—No; our drinking room.

Lovel.—La, la! what a fine lady here be! this be madam, I suppose?

Enter Kitty.

Philip.—Where have you been, Kitty?

Kitty.—I have been disposing of some of master's shirts and other linen, which it is a shame his honor should wear any longer. Mrs. Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Philip.—I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kitty.—Who have we here? (Lovel bows.)

Philip.—A boy of Freeman's—a poor, silly fool.

Lovel.—(Aside.) Thank you.

Philip.—I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kitty.—I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Philip.—But I beg to see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kitty.—Don't be jealous, Phil. (Fawningly.)

Philip.—I intend before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you, and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family——

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Lovel.—A dog! (Aside.) Oh! la, la! what, have you got five hundred pounds?

Philip.—Peace, blockhead!

Kitty.—I tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Philip.—Aye, what shall I do?

Kitty.—You shall set up a boarding house, my dear.

Philip.—(Aside.) Yes; for the convenience of your coxcombs.

Kitty.—You know my education was a very genteel one—I was a half boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. (Awkwardly.) Comment vous portez vous, monsieur?

Philip.—Pshaw! pshaw!

Kitty.—One is nothing without French. I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lovel.—Anan.

Kitty.—(Mocking him.) Anan! Can you speak French?

Lovel.—Yees, French! He, he, he! (Laughing.)

Kitty.—O the fool! ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me new mould you a little; you must be a good boy, and wait on the gentlefolks to-night.

(Makes him kneel, then ties and powders his hair;

Philip fetches the dredging box.)

Lovel.—Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kitty.—His best! O the natural! This is a strange head of thine, boy; it is so coarse and so caroty.

Lovel.—(Rises.) All my brothers and sisters be red in the doll.

Philip and Kitty.—Ha, ha, ha! (Loud laugh.)

Kitty.—There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the "Servant's Guide."

Philip.—Come, sir, first, hold up your head; very well—turn out your toes, sir; very well—now call coach—

Lovel.—What is call coach?

Philip.—Thus, sir; coach, coach, coach! (Loud.)

Lovel.—Coach, coach, coach! (Imitating.)

Philip.—Admirable! the knave has a good ear.

Lovel.—I ha' gotten two ears.

Philip.—Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lovel.—O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Philip.—Then it is high time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kitty.—And stand in it. Now I'll lecture him. (Takes from her pocket a book.) This is "The Servant's Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants."

Philip.—Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains—and remember them well—come, *Kitty*, begin—

Kitty.—(Reads.) "Advice to the footman."

"Let it forever be your plan
To be the master, not the man,
And do as little as you can."

Lovel.—He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kitty.—"To the coachman."

"If your good master on you doats,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger."

Lovel.—Eat the manger! he, he, he!

Kitty.—I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Philip.—Ha, ha, ha! Very good. But now for business.

Kitty.—Right; I'll go and get one of the damask table cloths and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart. (Exit.)

Philip.—That it shall. Come, Jemmy.

(Exit.)

Lovel.—Soh!—soh!—it works well.

(Exit.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

The servants' hall, same as last scene, with the supper and sideboard set out; small table, with wine on it.

Enter Philip, Kitty and Lovel.

Kitty.—Well, Philip, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Philip.—"Tis all very well; but—

Kitty.—But what?

Philip.—Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kitty.—What is the matter with him?

Philip.—I don't know; he is a queer son of a—

Kitty.—Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Philip.—Here he is.

Enter Tom.

And why won't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's cook and coachman, and all of us.

Tom.—I tell you again, I will not make one.

Philip.—We shall have something that's good.

Tom.—And make your master pay for it.

Philip.—I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom.—A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kitty.—Hark'e you, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy.

Lovel.—(Aside.) This is worth listening to.

Tom.—What, madam, you are afraid; are you?

Kitty.—Afraid, sirrah! Afraid of what? (Goes up to Tom, and crosses behind to place again.)

Philip.—Aye, sir; afraid of what?

(Crossing to him and back.)

Lovel.—Aye, sir; afraid of what?

(Crossing to him and back again.)

Tom.—I value none of you; I know your tricks.

Philip.—What do you know, sirrah? (Crossing, as before.)

Kitty.—Ay, what do you know? (Crossing, as before.)

Lovel.—Ay, sir, what do you know? (Crossing to him.)

Tom.—I know that you are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hang'd! (Strikes *Lovel.*)

Philip.—What do you strike the boy for?

Lovel.—(Half crying.) Ah! what do you strike the boy for?

Tom.—I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kitty.—Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom.—Egad, madam! The gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honor's linen.

Kitty.—(Crosses to him, as before.) Well, sir; and did you never—ha?

Philip.—(Crossing to him, as before.) Well, and did you never—ha?

Lovel.—(Crossing to him, as before, but cautiously, and retreating quickly.) Ah! Did you never—ha?

Tom.—No, never; I have lived with his honor four years, and never took the value of that. (Snapping his fingers.) His honor is a prince; gives noble wages and keeps noble company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lovel.—(Aside.) The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house.

Kitty.—Out, you mealy mouth'd cur.

Philip.—Well, go, tell his honor; do. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom.—I scorn that; I won't be an informer! But yet, I hope his honor will find you two out, one day or other. That's all.

(Exit.)

Kitty.—This fellow must be taken care of.

Philip.—I'll do his business for him, when his honor comes to town.

Lovel.—(Aside.) You lie, you scoundrel! you will not. O, la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke.—Ah! Ma chére mademoiselle! Comment vous portez vous? (Salute.)

Kitty.—Fort bien je vous remercier, monsieur.

Philip.—Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke.—How do you do, Philip?

Philip.—Your grace's humble servant.

Duke.—But my dear Kitty. (Talks apart.)

Philip.—Jemmy—

Lovel.—Anan?

Philip.—Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the cellar.

Lovel.—Ees, I will; but won't you ask he to drink? (Pointing to Duke.)

Philip.—No, no; he will have his share bye-and-bye. Come along.

Lovel.—Ees.

(Exeunt Philip and Lovel.)

Kitty.—Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke.—'Pon honor, hour 'ouse is but this moment hup. You have a demn'd vile collection of pictures, I hobserve, habove stairs, Kitty. Your 'squire 'as no taste.

Kitty.—No taste! That's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke.—There is not a horiginal picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kitty.—He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke.—Donnez moi votre can de luce. My 'ead aches confoundedly. (She gives him a smelling bottle.) Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kitty.—Pardonnez moi, for that.

Duke.—If you 'ave a boy, I'll be father, faith.

Kitty.—My lud duke, fie!

Duke.—A lapsus linguae—godfather, I mean, 'pon my honor.

Kitty.—I am thinking, my lud, when I had the honor to see you first.

Duke.—At the play, mademoiselle.

Kitty.—Your grace loves a play?

Duke.—No; it is a dull, hold-fashioned entertainment. I 'ates it. I patronizes the hopera.

Kitty.—Well, give me a good tragedy. (Attempting to quote.) Oh, Romo! Romo! Wherefore art thou, Romo? Deny thy father and refuse thy mother, or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a cabbage net!

Duke.—Bravo! bravo! bravo! You are devilish handsome, Kate—kiss me. (Offers to kiss her.)

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

Sir Harry.—Oh, oh! are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well bye-and-bye. However, you'll never find me behind hand. (Offers to kiss her.)

Duke.—Stand off, you are a commoner. Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H..—You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke.—A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! A mighty honor, truly, to represent all the fools in the county!

Kitty.—O lud! This is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H..—Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honorable.

Kitty.—Well said, Harry, that is good morillity.

Duke.—I hope you make some difference between hereditary honors and the huzzey of a mob.

Kitty.—Very smart, my lord. Now, Sir Harry—

Sir H..—If you make use of your hereditary honors to screen you from debt—

Duke.—Zounds! Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kitty.—Hold, hold. I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here. Have done, Sir Harry—

Sir H..—Not I; why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke.—We have dignity.

Sir H..—What becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? (A knocking.)

Kitty.—Peace, peace. Here's Lady Bab.

Enter Lady Bab's Servant.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab.—(Curtseying to the ground.) Mrs. Kitty, your servant! How do you do? My lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry, too—yours.

Duke.—Your ledgyship's devoted.

Lady B..—I'm afraid I have truspassed in point of time. (Looks at her watch.) But I got into my favorite author.

Duke.—Yes; I found her ledgyship at her studies this morning. Some wicked poem.

Lady B..—Oh you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kitty.—What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B..—Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Sir H..—I never heard of it.

Kitty.—Shikspur! Shikspur! Who wrote it! No; I never read Shikspur.

Lady B..—Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Duke.—Shikspur! Who wrote it?

Sir H..—Who wrote it? Why, Ben Jonson.

Duke.—O, I remember, it was Kolly Kibber!

Kitty.—Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid.

Lady Charlotte.—Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reach'd your house! Such a fit of the cholic seiz'd me. Oh, Lady Bab! How long has your ladyship been here? My coachman was such a drone. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke.—(Bowing.) Oh, ma'am!—

Lady C.—And Sir Harry. Your servant, Sir Harry!

(He bows. She turns her back to him, as she curtsies formally. The others retire conversing.)

Sir H.—Madam, your servant; I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C.—You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the park. (Fanning herself.)

Sir H.—The park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C.—I want none of your explanations, sir. (Scornfully turning away.)

Sir H.—Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C.—No, sir; I have observ'd your coolness of late, and despises you—a trumpery baronet!

Sir H.—I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—that sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C.—None of your reflections, sir; the marquis is a person of honor, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H.—I—I—madam? I scorn such a thing! I only ask what wages you had. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—egad, I am confounded. My lord duke. What shall I say to her? Pray help me out. (Aside.)

Duke.—(Aside.) Ask her to show her thick legs. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Philip and Lovel, loaded with bottles.

Philip.—Here, my little peer—here is wine that will enoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lovel.—(Affecting to be drunk.) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kitty.—Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Philip.—I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lovel.—Ees, I be free—I be very free.

Philip.—He has had a smack of every, sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lovel.—Ees; I have been drinking kokay.

Kitty.—Go get some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by and by.

Lovel.—Thank you, mum. (Aside.) I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships, too. (Exit.)

Philip.—Well, ladies, what say you to a dance and then to supper? Come here. Where are all our people?

Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe and Servants.

Duke.—With submission, the country dances by and by.

(Servants seat themselves at a table.)

Lady C.—Ay, ay; French dances before supper and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke.—Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us.

Sir H.—Exqueese me!

All.—O, a minuet, a minuet!

Kitty.—(To the orchestra.) Play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

(A minuet by Duke and Kitty, awkward and conceited.)

Lady C.—Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Philip.—And my lord duke delightfully.

Sir H.—Well enough for a duke!

Philip.—Come now, to supper—a gentleman and a lady. (They sit down—the negroes at small table.)

Philip.—(At head of table.) Here is claret, burgundy and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle, if any gentleman chooses port.

Duke.—(At corner of table.) Port! 'tis only fit for a dram.

Kitty.—(Just above the Duke.) Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. (A pause.)

Duke.—Now, Mrs. Kitty, here's a very fine fowl. Shall I send you a walker or a flyer?

Sir H.—Why, my lord duke, your wit's on the wing.

Duke.—Yes, Sir Harry, and yours seems to have walke off—ha, ha, ha! But come, Lady Charlotte, "hob or nob?"

Lady C.—Done, my lord; in burgundy, if you please.

Duke.—Here's "you and I, and nobody by!" (A laugh. They drink. A pause.)

Philip.—Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round. I have a toast for you—"Here's to the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

All.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (Loud laugh. A pause.)

Duke.—No, no; let us have a song. But, first, preludio. (Kisses Kitty.) Pray, gentlemen, put it about. (Kissing round—Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H.—See how the black devils kiss.

Duke.—Now, Mrs. Kitty, will you honor Sir 'Arry's muse?

All.—A song, a song: ay, ay, Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song!

Sir H.—I've left the song in my 'at in the 'all; but I'll fetch it if the ladies will excuse me.

Ladies.—Oh, certainly, Sir Harry.

(Exit Sir Harry. A pause.)

Duke.—(Rising.) My lord—I beg parding, but we is so use to haddress the Ouse of Lords, that I—hem! Ladies and gentlemen and (turning to the Blacks) members of the 'Ouse of Commons—er—this hopportunity—er—we—er—cannot—er—as I said before—er—allow the hopportunity—er—Sir 'Arry's temporious—er—to—propoge with unan—er—unannenimous cheers, Sir 'Arry's 'ealth.

All.—Brayvo, brayvo! (They drink.)

Enter Sir Harry.

Philip.—Sir Harry, I have the pleasure of informing you, that your absence has given his grace an opportunity of eloquently proposing, and the company the pleasure of drinking your jolly good health.

Sir H..—Mr. Philip, Mrs. Kitty, Lady Bab, Lady Charlotte, and the rest of the nobs and gentry present, I do not possess the noble duke's horticultural powers of auricular oratory. I have not, like the illustrious duke, received a classified hedication; but still unable as I is to exasperate my sense of obligation you have done yourselves—that is, myself—in drinking your health—that is, my health. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—as Shakespeare says in his translation of Paradise Lost, "proper queer marrowbones umbie," which, for the benefit of our fair friends, may be translated, "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Now, them's my sentiments, and to hact up to them sentiments shall ever be my highest perspiration. Before I sits down on my seat, I begs to propoge a toast and sentimental sentiment: "May the tar wot has lost one leg in the service of his country, never live to see the want of tobacco with the other." (Sits.)

All.—Brayvo! brayvo!

Duke.—Now, Mrs. Kitty.

Kitty.—I am really hoarse; but Lady Bab will sing for me. (Sir Harry leads Lady Bab forward.)

Lady B..—Hem. This is a new song, entitled and called, "The Fellow Servant, or all in a Livery."

Song.

Come 'ere, fellow servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you 'ow those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Chorus.

Both 'igh and low in this do agree—
'Tis 'ere, fellow servant,
And there, fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Oo bows to the great, and, if they smile, is blest.
Wot is he, i' faith, but a servant at best?

Both 'igh and low in this do agree—
That 'tis 'ere, fellow servant,
And there, fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

All.—Brayvo! brayvo!

Duke.—Now, Mrs. Kitty, will you allow me to recommend
a glass of ho-de-wee, just to correct the assiduity of the stomach.

Kitty.—If your grace pleases. (Drinks.)

Philip.—How did you like the song, my lord duke?

Duke.—It is a demn'd vile composition.

Philip.—How so?

Duke.—O very low! very low, indeed!

Sir H.—Can you make a better?

Duke.—I hope so. I couldn't make a worser.

Sir H.—That is very conceited.

Duke.—What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H.—Scoundrel! You are a rascal. I'll pull you by
the nose. (All rise; Duke and Sir H. come forward.)

Duke.—Look ye, friend, don't give yourself hairs, and make
a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, behave as such; name your weapons.

Sir H.—Weapons? What you will. Pistols.

Duke.—Done! Behind Chalk Farm.

Sir H.—Done! With seconds.

Duke.—Done.

Sir H.—Loaded!

Duke.—With powder!

Sir H.—Done.

Duke.—And ball!

Sir H.—Damme, do you want to murder me?

Philip.—(Coming between them.) Oh, for shame, gentlemen! My lord duke! Sir Harry, the ladies: fie! (The females rush down screaming. *Kitty* pretends to faint in a chair. A violent knocking.) What the devil can that be, *Kitty*?

Kitty.—(Stops, and jumps up suddenly.) Who can it possibly be?

Philip.—Kingston, run up stairs and peep.

(Exit *Kingston*.)

It sounds like my master's rap. Pray heaven, it is not he.

Re-enter *Kingston*.

Well, *Kingston*, what is it?

Kingston.—(In a great fright.) It is master and Mr. Freeman.

Philip.—The devil! What can have brought him back?

Kitty.—No matter what. Away with the things!

Philip.—Away with the wine! Away with the plate! Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, *Kingston*, bear a hand. Out with the candles. Away, away! (They carry away the tables, etc.)

Visitors.—What shall we do? What shall we do? (They run about in confusion.)

Kitty.—Run up stairs, ladies.

Philip.—No, no, no. He'll see you, then.

Sir H..—What the devil had I to do here!

Duke.—(Coolly.) Let's face it out.

Sir H..—Oh, no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Philip.—I would not have him see any one of you for the world.

Lovel.—(Without.) Philip? Where's Philip?

Philip.—Oh, the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs. *Sir Harry*, run down into the cellar. My lord duke, get into the pantry. Away, away!

Kitty.—No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal hole.

Visitors.—Anywhere, anywhere; up the chimney, if you will.

Philip.—There; in with you. (They all go into the pantry.)

Lovel.—(Without.) Philip, Philip!

Philip.—Coming, sir. (Aloud.) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kitty.—Yes; here is one.

Philip.—'Egad, this is black Monday with us. Sit down. Seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper. (They sit down up stage.)

Enter *Lovel*, with pistols, affecting to be drunk, *Freeman* following.

Lovel.—Philip, the Son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Philip.—He is very drunk, indeed. (Aside.) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honor.

Free.—Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say; ha, ha, ha!

Lovel.—Come, sit down, *Freeman*. Lie you there. (Lays his pistols down on table.) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Philip.—A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lovel.—I have some accounts that I must settle—

Philip.—Accounts, sir! To-night.

Lovel.—Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see, I shall settle them in a twinkling.

Philip.—Your honor will go into the parlor?

Lovel.—No; I'll settle 'em all here.

Free.—Why not?

Kitty.—You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lovel.—(Aside.) What a damned lie that is!

Free.—You have just nicked them in the very minute. (Aside to *Lovel*.)

Lovel.—I find I have—Mum! (Aside to Freeman.) Get some wine, Philip—(Exit Philip.) though I must eat something before I drink. Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kitty.—in the pantry? Lord, your honor! We are at board wages.

Free.—I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lovel.—You shall have it. Here (rises), open the pantry door; I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kitty.—If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of anything in the world in the pantry. (Opposing him.)

Lovel.—Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. (Sits down again.)

Re-enter Philip, with wine. A sneeze heard in the pantry door.

Kitty.—(Aside.) We are undone—undone!

Philip.—(Aside.) Oh! that is the duke's damn'd rappee.

Lovel.—Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free.—Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lovel.—(Rises.) There are thieves in the house. I'll be among 'em. (Takes a pistol.)

Kitty.—Lack-a-day! sir, it was only the cat. They sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian. Here, Jack, Jack; he has got a cold, sir; puss, puss.

Lovel.—(Going towards a door.) A cold; then I'll cure him. Here, Jack, Jack; puss, puss.

Kitty.—Your honor won't be rash. Pray, your honor, don't. (Opposing.)

Lovel.—Stand off! Here, Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one—I hit the cat through the key hole of that pantry door.

Free.—Try, try; but I think it impossible.

Lovel.—I am a good marksman—dead shot. (Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry door.) Now for it! One,

two, three. (A violent shriek, and the door is thrown open; all is discovered.) Who the devil are all these? One, two, three, four. Why, Mrs. Kitty, your cat has kittens—two toms and two tabbies!

Philip.—They are particular friends of mine, sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighborhood.

Lovel.—I told you there were thieves in the house.

Fred.—Ha, ha, ha!

Philip.—I assure your honor they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kitty.—Yes, indeed, your honor, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lovel.—Take up that bottle. (Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, which has been left at the back, and is going off.) Bring it back. Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, monsieur?

Philip.—I, sir, treat with wine.

Lovel.—Oh, yes, "from humble port to imperial tokay," too. Ees, I loves kokay. (Mimicking.)

Philip.—How!—Jemmy, my master.

Kitty.—Jemmy! The devil!

Philip.—Your honor is at present in liquor; but in the morning, when your honor is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lovel.—(Changing his countenance.) We'll set all to rights now. There I am sober, at your service. What have you to say, Philip? (Philip starts.) You may well start. Go; get out of my sight.

Duke.—(Walking coolly up to Lovel.) Sir, I have not the honor to be known to you, but I have the honor to serve His Grace the Duke of—

Lovel.—And the impudent familiarity to assume his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door. And if you ever enter there again, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin. Begone! (Exit Duke.) I beg their ladyship's pardon; perhaps they cannot go without Sedan chairs. Ha, ha, ha! (Sir Harry steals off across, with

tablecloth hanging out of coat pocket. Lovel puts his foot on the end, which drags it out; several spoons fall with it on the stage.)

Lady C.—Fellers! Vulgar commoners! (Exit.)

Lady B.—Downright Hottenpots. (Exit.)

Philip and Kitty.—I hope your honor will not take away our bread.

Lovel.—Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate house—you'll shine in the bar, madam. I have been an eye witness of your roguery, extravagance and ingratitude.

Philip and Kitty.—Oh, sir—good sir!

Lovel.—You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—and there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you will read “night and morning, before you say your prayers.”

Kitty.—I am ruined and undone. (Exit.)

Lovel.—But you, sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out. Your keys, sir. (Philip gives the keys.)

Enter Tom.

Tom, I respect and value you. You are an honest servant and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house. (Points to Philip.) And then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom.—I thank your honor, but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow servant.

Lovel.—No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Philip.—What a damned fool have I been!

(*Exeunt Philip and Tom.*)

Free.—You have made Tom very happy.

Lovel.—And I intend to make your Robert so, too. Every honest servant should be made happy; and if persons of rank would truly act up to their station, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them; but, when they descend to what is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

THE HONEYMOON

A COMEDY

BY

JOHN TOBIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE ARANZA.

JAQUES.

LAMPEDO.

ROLANDO.

COUNT MONTALBAN.

BALTHAZAR.

LOPEZ.

CAMPILLO.

IULIANA.

VOLANTE.

ZAMORA.

HOSTESS.

Servants, Rustics, &c &c.

In this comedy is perhaps the most unique description of a honeymoon that was ever presented in dramatic form. Duke Aranza, instead of escorting his newly wedded bride Juliana to a palace, as he had promised, takes her to a cottage, which he pretends is his only domicile. At first she is up in arms, and tries to escape to her father; but after a month's discipline, accepts the duke for himself, and thereupon is raised to the exalted station which she had been led to expect. But the story of the author and his play is told on another page. It was first performed in London in 1805, and has held the stage ever since. In 1846 it was performed in New York by a distinguished company.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street in Madrid.

Enter Duke and Montalban, followed by a Servant.

Duke.—(Speaking to Servant.) This letter you will give my steward; this

To my old tenant, Lopez. Use dispatch, sir;

Your negligence may ruin an affair

Which I have much at heart. (Exit Servant.) Why, how now, count!

You look but dull upon my wedding-day,

Nor show the least reflection of that joy

Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

Count.—If I could set my features to my tongue,
I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend,
Whose expectation lags behind his hopes,
I wish you happy.

Duke.—You shall see me so—
Is not the lady I have chosen fair?

Count.—Nay, she is beautiful.

Duke.—Of a right age?

Count.—In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of womanhood.

Duke.—A well-proportion'd form, and noble presence?

Count.—True.

Duke.—Then her wit? Her wit is admirable!

Count.—There is a passing shrillness in her voice.

Duke.—Has she not wit?

Count.—A sharp-edged tongue, I own;
But uses it as bravoes do their swords—
Not for defense, but mischief. Then, her gentleness!
You had almost forgot to speak of that.

Duke.—Ay, there you touch me! Yet though she be prouder
Than the vex'd ocean at its topmost height,

And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,
I love her still the better. Some prefer
Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide;
Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,
And hear, amid the rending tackles' roar,
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.

What though a patient and enduring lover—
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,
Meets buffets and caresses—I have ta'en,
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn:
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel
I was not born to be a woman's slave!

Can you be secret?

Count.—You have found me so
In matters of some moment.

Duke.—Listen, then:

I have prepared a penance for her pride,
To which a cell and sackcloth, and the toils
Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.
As yet she knows me, as I truly am,

The Duke Aranza: in which character
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy
With the description of my states and fortunes,
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.
Now mark the contrast. In the very height
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,
I take her to a miserable hut
(All things are well digested for the purpose),
Where, throwing off the title of a duke,
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,
I will so lower her distempered blood,
And tame the devil in her, that, before
We have burnt out our happy honeymoon,
She, like a well-trained hawk, shall, at my whistle,
Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,
To wait my bidding.

Count.—Most excellent! A plot of rare invention.

Duke.—When, with a bold hand, I have weeded out
The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden
Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,
An unpruned wilderness. But to your business.
How thrives your suit with her fair sister, count?

Count.—The best advancement I can boast of in it
Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,
Which he that solved the sphinx's would die guessing.
If I but mention love, she starts away,
And wards the subject off with so much skill,
That whether she be hurt or tickled most,
Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think
She keeps me (as the plover from her nest
Fearful misleads the traveller) from the point
Where lie her warmest wishes, that are breathed
For me in secret.

Duke.—You've her father's voice?

Count.—Yes; and we have concerted that this evening,
Instead of Friar Dominick, her confessor,
Who from his pious office is disabled

By sudden sickness, I should visit her,
And, as her mind's physician, feel the pulse
Of her affection.

Duke.—You may quickly find
Her love to you the worst of her offenses!
For then her absolution will be certain.
Farewell! I see Rolando.
He is a common raller against women;
And, on my wedding-day, I will hear none
Blaspheme the sex. Besides, as once he failed
In the same suit that I have thriven in,
'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity
He follows them with such a settled spleen,
For he has noble qualities.

Count.—Most rare ones—
A happy wit and independent spirit.

Duke.—And he is brave, too.

Count.—Of as tried a courage
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats
Of a deep-ranged artillery, and planted,
'Mid fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,
The standard of his country.

Duke.—Farewell, count.

Count.—Success attend your schemes!

Duke.—Fortune crown yours!

(Exit.)

Enter Rolando.

Count.—Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

Rolando.—As an old cat in the mumps. I met three women—

I marvel much they suffer them to walk
Loose in the streets, while other untamed monsters
Are kept in cages—three loud-talking women!
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,
And their tongues went like—I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things resembles.

Count.—Have you found it?

Rol.—Umph! Not exactly—something like a smoke-jack,
For it goes ever without winding up;
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.

Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays;
Woman's tongue needs no reviving Sabbath.
And, besides,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist;
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.
Wasn't not the duke that left you?

Count.—"Twas.

Rol.—He saw me,
And hurried off!

Count.—Ay! 'Twas most wise in him
To shun the bitter flowing of your gall.
You know he's on the brink of matrimony.

Rol.—Why, now, in reason, what can he expect,
To marry such a woman?
A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,
She has no room for any thought of him.
Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,
But when she quarrell'd with her monkey. Then,
As he with nightly minstrelsy doled out
A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,
Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,
Sigh'd like a pavior, the kind lady, sir,
Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him,
And vanish like a shooting star; while he,
Like an astronomer in an eclipse,
Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed;
Then, stealing home, went supperless to bed,
And fed all night upon her apparition.
Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,
I'd wed a bear that never learned to dance,
Though her first hug were mortal.

Count.—Peace, Rolando!
You rail at women as priests cry down pleasure;
Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,
Give ample license to their appetites.

Come, come, however you may mask your nature,
I know the secret pulses of your heart
Beat toward them still. A woman-hater! Pshaw!
A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one—

Rol.—Go on.

Count.—Had I a sister, mother, nay, grandam,
I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee
Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

Rol.—Right! I should beat her. You are very right;
I have a sneaking kindness for the sex;
And could I meet a reasonable woman,
Fair without vanity, rich without pride,
Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble;
That has no ear for flattery, no tongue
For scandal; one who never reads romances;
Who loves to listen better than to talk,
And rather than be gadding would sit quiet,
I'd marry, certainly. You shall find two such,
And we'll both wed together.

Count.—You are merry—
Where shall we dine together?

Rol.—Not to-day.

Count.—Nay, I insist.

Rol.—Where shall I meet you, then?

Count.—Here at the Mermaid.

Rol.—I don't like the sign;
A mermaid is half woman.

Count.—Pshaw, Rolando!
You strain this humor beyond sense or measure.

Rol.—Well, on condition that we're very private,
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,
I'll waste some time with you.

Count.—Agreed.

Enter Zamora (disguised as Eugenio).

Rol.—Go on, then;
I will but give directions to my page,
And follow you.

Count.—A pretty, smooth-faced boy!

Rol.—The lad is handsome; and for one so young—
Save that his heart would flutter at a drum,
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—
He is the noblest youth in Christendom.
When before Tunis,
I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me.
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,
And almost nourishment, he waited on me,
Cheer'd the dull time by reading merry tales,
And when my festering body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sang to me,
That the soft cadence of his dying tones
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,
And breathed a healing influence throughout me—
But this is womanish! Order our dinner,
And I'll be with you presently.

Court.—I will not fail.

(Exit Count.)

(Zamora comes forward.)

Rol.—The wars are ended, boy.

Zamora.—I'm glad of that, sir.

Rol.—You should be sorry, if you love your master.

Zam.—Then I am very sorry.

Rol.—We must part, boy!

Zam.—Part?

Rol.—I am serious.

Zam.—Nay, you cannot mean it.

Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?
Saucy I'm sure I have not. If aught else,
It is my first fault: chide me gently for it—
Nay, heavily;—but do not say, we part!

Rol.—I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay;
Fit only now, with rusty swords and helmets,
To hang up in the armory, till the wars
New burnish me again; so poor, indeed,
I can but leanly cater for myself,
Much less provide for thee.

Zam.—Let not that

Divide us, sir; the thought of how I fared
 Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.
 Indeed, I never followed you for hire,
 But for the simple and the pure delight
 Of serving such a master. If we must part,
 Let me swear out my service by degrees;
 To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,
 Some dearer one to-morrow; slowly thus
 My nature may be wean'd from her delight:
 But suddenly to quit you, sir!—I cannot!—
 I should go broken-hearted.

Rol.—Pshaw, those tears!

Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.
 I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid:
 In the meantime, go and amuse yourself
 With what is worthiest note in this famed city.
 But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;
 You'll meet (for they are weeds of every soil)
 Abundance here of—women;—keep aloof!
 For they are like the smooth, but brittle, ice,
 That tempts th' unpractised urchin to his ruin.
 They are like comets, to be wondered at,
 But not approach'd:
 Go not within their reach!

(Exit.)

Zam.—Doubt me not, sir.

What a hard fate is mine! To follow thus
 With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,
 And swears no great or noble quality
 Ever yet lived in woman! When I read to him
 The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,
 Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin,
 Who, cross'd in love, has died—'mid peals of laughter,
 He praises the invention of the writer;
 Or, growing angry, bids me shut the book,
 Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.
 What opposition has a maid like me
 To turn the headstrong current of his spleen!
 For though he sets off with a lavish tongue
 My humble merits, thinking me a boy,

Yet, alhough I stand before his jaundiced sight
A woman, all that now is fair in me
Might turn to ugliness; all that is good
Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy;
Yet I must venture the discovery,
Though 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity
Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life;
I will, or lose him quite, or be his wife. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A room in Balthazar's house.

Enter Balthazar and Volante.

Balthazar.—Not yet apparell'd?

Volante.—"Tis her wedding day, sir:

On such occasions women claim some grace.

Bal.—How bears she

The coming of her greatness?

Vol.—Bravely, sir.

Instead of the high honors that await her,
I think that, were she now to be enthroned,
She would become her coronation:
For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,
Or fix'd, at last, some sparkling ornament,
She views her beauty with collected pride,
Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says,
"Look I not like an empress?"—but she comes.

Enter Juliana in her wedding dress.

Juliana.—Well, sir, what think you? Do I to the life
Appear a duchess, or will people say
She does but poorly play a part which nature
Never designed her for? But, where's the duke?

Bal.—Not come yet.

Jul.—How? not come?—the duke not come!

Vol.—Patience, sweet sister; oft without a murmur
It has been his delight to wait for you.

Jul.—It was his duty. Man was born to wait

On woman, and attend her sovereign pleasure!
This tardiness upon his wedding-day
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.

Bal.—Obedience, girl!

Jul.—Ay, sir, obedience!

Vol.—Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will make
The man you marry! I suppose, ere long,
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad
For recreation; fix his diet for him;
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions
He may put on his finest suit—

Jul.—Proceed.

Vol.—Keep all the keys, and, when he bids his friends,
Mete out a modicum of wine to each.
Had you not better put him in a livery
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,
Such as some school-girl, when the pie is made,
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,
Cut by a baby. Heavens preserve me ever
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

Jul.—And make you an obedient wife! A thing
For lordly man to vent his humors on;
A dull domestic drudge to be abused.
“If you think so, my dear:” and, “As you please:”
And “You know best:”—even when he nothing knows.
I have no patience—that a free-born woman
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound
Of frail mortality they call a man,
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!

Bal.—You talk it most heroically. Pride
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,
But, trust me, daughter, it will not hold a husband.

Jul.—Leave that to me—and what should I have caught
If I had fish'd with your humility?
Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen,
Who would have bought me; some poor gentleman,

Whose high patrician blood would have descended
To wed a painter's daughter and—her ducats—
I felt my value, and still kept aloof;
Nor stopp'd my eye till I had met the man,
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl;
And him I have so managed, that he feels
I have conferred an honor on his house,
By coyly condescending to be his.

Bal.—He comes.

(Knocking.)

Vol.—Smooth your brow, sister.

Jul.—For a man!

He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

Enter four attendants and the Duke.

Oh! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!
Is this your gallantry? at such a time, too?

Duke.—I do entreat your pardon; if you knew
The pressing cause—

Vol.—Let me entreat for him.

Bal.—Come, girl, be kind.

Jul.—Well, sir, you are forgiven.

Duke.—You are all goodness; let me on this hand—
(Taking her hand, which she withdraws.)

Jul.—Not yet, sir;—'tis a virgin hand as yet,
And my own property:—forbear awhile,
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

Duke.—Exquisite modesty! Come, let us on!
All things are waiting for the ceremony;
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch
Burns dim and sickly. Come, my Juliana.

(Duke offers Juliana his hand, she refuses. Balthazar, bowing to the Duke, passes him and leads Juliana off; Duke goes next, attendants follow. *Exeunt.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

A cottage interior.

Enter the Duke, leading in Juliana.

Duke.—(Brings a chair forward and sits down.) You are welcome home.

Juliana.—Home! You are merry; this retired spot Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke.—'Tis ours.

Jul.—Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke.—By heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

Jul.—This! You are not in earnest, though you bear it With such a sober brow. Come, come, you jest.

Duke.—Indeed, I jest not; were it ours in jest, We should have none, wife.

Jul.—Are you serious, sir?

Duke.—I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

Jul.—No duke?

Duke.—But of my own creation, lady.

Jul.—Am I betrayed? Nay, do not play the fool! It is too keen a joke.

Duke.—You'll find it true.

Jul.—You are no duke, then?

Duke.—None.

Jul.—Have I been cozened? (Aside.)
And have you no estate, sir?
No palaces, nor houses?

Duke.—None but this:

A small, snug dwelling, and in good repair.

Jul.—Nor money, nor effects?

Duke.—None that I know of.

Jul.—And the attendants who have waited on us—

Duke.—They were my friends; who, having done my business Are gone about their own.

Jul.—Why, then, 'tis clear. (Aside.)
That I was ever born! What are you, sir?

Duke.—(Rises.) I am an honest man—that may content you.
Young, nor ill-favor'd—should not that content you?
I am your husband, and that must content you.

Jul.—I will go home! (Going.)

Duke.—You are at home, already. (Staying her.)

Jul.—I'll not endure it! But remember this—
Duke or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!

Duke.—A duchess! You shall be a queen—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will call you so.

Jul.—And I will have attendance!

Duke.—So you shall,
When you have learned to wait upon yourself.

Jul.—To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!

Duke.—And if you should, 'twould grow again.
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife
(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me),
You were cut out by nature.

Jul.—You will find, then,
That education, sir, has spoiled me for it.
Why! do you think I'll work?

Duke.—I think 'twill happen, wife.

Jul.—What! Rub and scrub
Your noble palace clean?

Duke.—Those taper fingers
Will do it daintily.

Jul.—And dress your victuals
(If there be any)? Oh! I could go mad!

Duke.—And mend my hose and darn my night-caps neatly:
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

Jul.—Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?

Duke.—Or like a dial; for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

Jul.—To feed your poultry and your hogs! Oh, monstrous!
And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;
Or jolt with higgler's wives the market trot,
To sell your eggs and butter!

Duke.—Excellent!
How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

Jul.—A blessing!

Duke.—When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall no longer be remembered.
We shall be happy!

Jul.—Shall we?

Duke.—Wondrous happy!
Oh, you will make an admirable wife!

Jul.—I'll make a devil.

Duke.—What?

Jul.—A very devil.

Duke.—Oh, no! We'll have no devils.

Jul.—I'll not bear it!

I'll to my father's!

Duke.—Gently: you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.

Jul.—My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

Duke.—Softly!
You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.

Jul.—What, confine me?

Duke.—Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

Jul.—Am I a truant schoolboy?

Duke.—Nay, not so;
But you must keep your bounds.

Jul.—And if I break them
Perhaps you'll beat me.

Duke.—Beat you!
The man that lays his hand upon a woman,

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Gaston, Duke of Orleans and brother of Louis XIII., had formed a conspiracy to deprive Richelieu of his power. But the Cardinal learned that Orleans had already signed a despatch betraying the French army into the power of Spain. He ordered this despatch to be secured and shown to the king. Though Orleans used desperate efforts to recover the document, he failed, and Richelieu regained the king's favor.

RICHELIEU

After an original painting by E. Meissonier

Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward—
I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.

Jul.—Well, if I may not travel to my father
I may write to him, surely! And I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such un hoped-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.

Duke.—You will find them
In the next room. A word, before you go—
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and my bed.

Jul.—Your fortune!

Duke.—Peace! No fooling, idle woman!
Beneath th' attesting eye of heaven I've sworn
To love, to honor, cherish and protect you.
No human power can part us. What remains, then?
To fret, and worry, and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraiding and perpetual jars?
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labor for support),
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowness
With sweet consent and mutual fond endearment?
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please;
But pause before you stain the spotless paper
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

Jul.—Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

Duke.—I took you for a wife; and, ere I've done,
I'll know you for a good one.

Jul.—You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger;
Who feels her own prerogative and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge!

(Exit.)

Duke.—Why, let the flood rage on!

There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb. I've broke the ice, however.
Write to her father! She may write a folio—
But if she send it! 'Twill divert her spleen—
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.
Perchance she may have fits! They are seldom mortal,
Save when the doctor's sent for.
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honor is her safest guard,
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.

(Locks the door.)

So, thus begins our honeymoon. 'Tis well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine: and, when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.
Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy,
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And to the close of this frail life prolong
The pure delights of a well-governed marriage.

(Exit.)

SCENE II.

Balthazar's house.

Enter Balthazar, followed by the Count, disguised as a Friar.

Balthazar.—These things premised, you have my full consent
To try my daughter's humor;
But observe me, sir!
I will use no compulsion with my child:
If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,
I should not now have mourned a daughter lost!

Enter Volante.

Volante.—What is your pleasure?

Bal.—Know this holy man;

(Introducing the Count to her.)

It is the father confessor I spoke of.

Though he looks young, in all things which respect
His sacred function he is deeply learned.

Vol.—It is the Count!

(Aside.)

Bal.—I leave you to his guidance:

To his examination and free censure,
Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

Vol.—I shall observe, sir—

(Exit Balthazar.)

Nay, 'tis he, I'll swear!

(Aside.)

Count.—Pray heaven she don't suspect me! Well, young lady, you have heard your father's commands?

Vol.—Yes: and now he has left us alone, what are we to do?

Count.—I am to listen and you are to confess.

Vol.—What? And then you are to confess and I am to listen? Oh! I'll take care you shall do penance, though.

(Aside.)

Count.—Pshaw!

Vol.—Well, but what am I to confess?

Count.—Your sins, daughter; your sins.

Vol.—What! all of them?

Count.—Only the great ones.

Vol.—The great ones! Oh, you must learn those of my neighbors, whose business it is, like yours, to confess everybody's sins but their own. If now you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would owe them to you with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all the capital blunders of the work itself.

Count.—Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.

Vol.—In haste! Then suppose I confess my virtues? You shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

Count.—Nay, then, I must call your father.

Vol.—Why, then, to be serious:—if you will tell me of any very enormous offenses which I may lately have committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

Count.—It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love.

Vol.—So, so! Are you there! (Aside.) That I am in love?

Count.—With a man—

Vol.—Why, what should a woman be in love with?

Count.—You interrupt me, lady. A young man.

Vol.—I'm not in love with an old one, certainly. But is love a crime, father?

Count.—Heaven forbid!

Vol.—Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

Count.—Ay, but the concealing of it is a crime.

Vol.—Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

Count.—Of the first magnitude.

Vol.—Why, then, I confess—

Count.—Well, what?

Vol.—That the Count Mantalban—

Count.—Go on!

Vol.—Is—

Count.—Proceed!

Vol.—Desperately in love with me.

Count.—Pshaw! That's not the point!

Vol.—Well, well, I'm coming to it; and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

Count.—Discovered!

Vol.—Ha! ha! ha! You are but a young masquerader, or you wouldn't have left your visor at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass.

(Count takes off the friar's gown.)

Count.—Nay, Volante, hear me!

Vol.—Not a step nearer! The snake is still dangerous, though he has cast his skin. I believe you are the first lover

on record that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than ever my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

Count.—What then?

Vol.—Then I might have confessed what it's now impossible I can ever confess; and so farewell, my noble count confessor!

(Exit.)

Count.—Farewell!

And when I've hit upon the longitude,
And plumbed the yet unfathomed ocean,
I'll make another venture for thy love.
Here comes her father. I'll be fooled no longer.

Enter Balthazar.

Balthazar.—Well, sir, how thrive you?

Count.—E'en as I deserve:

Your daughter has discovered, mock'd at, and left me.

Bal.—Yet I've another scheme.

Count.—What is't?

Bal.—My daughter,

Being a lover of my art, of late
Has vehemently urged to see your portrait;
Which, now 'tis finish'd, I stand pledged she shall.
Go to the picture-room—and stand there conceal'd;
Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight;
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans tow'r'd you,
In some unguarded gesture, speech or action,
Her love will suddenly break out. Away!
I hear her coming.

Count.—There's some hope in this.

Bal.—It shall do wonders. Hence!

(Exit Count.)

Enter Volante.

Volante.—What, is he gone, sir?

Bal.—Gone! D'ye think the man is made of marble?

Yes, he is gone.

Vol.—Forever?

Bal.—Ay, forever.

Vol.—Alas, poor count! Or has he only left you
To study some new character? Pray tell me,
What will he next appear in?

Bal.—This is folly.

“Tis time to call your wanton spirits home.
You are too wild of speech.

Vol.—My thoughts are free, sir;
And those I utter—

Bal.—Far too quickly, girl;
Your shrewdness is a scarecrow to your beauty.

Vol.—It will fright none but fools, sir; men of sense must naturally admire in us the quality they most value in themselves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a woman because he cannot answer her drafts upon his understanding. But now we talk of the count, don't you remember your promise, sir?

Bal.—Umph! (Aside.) What promise, girl?

Vol.—That I should see your picture of him.

Bal.—So you shall, when you can treat the original with a little more respect.

Vol.—Nay, sir, a promise!

Bal.—Well, you'll find the door open. But, before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like the count, his person and understanding?

Vol.—Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like the youth in the fountain—nor yet so ugly as to be frightened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the count is very well worth any young woman's contemplation—when she has no better earthly thing to think about. (Runs off.)

Bal.—So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,

Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,

Flies to the limed bush, and there is caught.

I'll steal and watch their progress.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

The picture room. The Count discovered concealing himself behind his portrait.

Enter Volante.

Volante.—Confess that I love the count! A woman may do a more foolish thing than to fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. (Looks at the picture.) 'Tis very like him—the hair is a shade too dark—and rather too much complexion for a despairing inamorato. Confess that I love him! Now, there is only his picture; I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. (She advances in centre of the stage to speak the following. The Count comes from behind the picture and listens.) "Daughter, they tell me you're in love?" "Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth." "With the Count Montalban, daughter?" "Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjurer!" "They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage." "There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do." Then he should throw off his disguise—I should gaze at him with astonishment—he should open his arms, while I sank gently into them— (The Count catches her in his arms.) The count!

Enter Balthazar.

My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, count, while I am free to give it.

Enter Olmedo, with a letter.

Olmedo.—A letter, sir.

(Exit.)

Bal.—From Juliana.

(Opens the letter.)

Vol.—Well, what says she, sir?

Count.—(Aside.) This will spoil all.

Vol.—It bears untoward news:

Is she not well, sir?

Bal.—"Tis not that!

Vol.—What then, sir?
See how he knits his brow!

Bal.—Here must be throats cut.

Vol.—What moves you thus, sir?

Bal.—That would stir a statue!
Your friend's a villain, sir! (Crosses to the Count.)
Read, read it out—
And you, if I mistake not, are another!

Vol.—What can this mean?

Bal.—Peace! hear him read the letter.

Count.—(Reads.) “Dearest father! I am deceived, betrayed, insulted!
The man whom I have married is no duke!”

Vol.—No duke!

Bal.—I'll be revenged! Read, sir—read!

Count.—(Reads.) “He has neither fortune, family nor friends!”

Bal.—You must have known all this, sir—but proceed!

Count.—(Reads.) “He keeps me a prisoner here, in a miserable hovel, from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by your interference, you may never hear more of your forlorn, abused
“JULIANA.”

Bal.—What answer you to this, sir?

Count.—Nothing.

Vol.—How!

Bal.—“Tis plain you are a partner in the trick
That robb'd a doting father of his child.

Count.—Suspend your anger but a few short days,
And you shall find, though now a mystery
Involves my friend—

Bal.—A mystery! What mystery?
There are no mysteries in honest men.
What mystery, I say, can salve this conduct?
Is he a duke?

Count.—I cannot answer that.

Bal.—Then he's a villain!

Count.—Nay, upon my soul,
He means you fairly, honorably, nobly.

Bal.—I will away to-night—Olmedo! Perez!
Get my horses!
You have some mystery, too, sir! But ere I set
My sole surviving hope on such an hazard,
I'll look into your countship's pedigree;
And for your noble, honorable duke,
I'll travel night and day until I reach him!
And he shall find I am not yet so old
But that my blood will flame at such an insult,
And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me,
I will have full revenge!

Count.—You shall.

Bal.—I will, sir!
And speedily!

Count.—Proceed, them, on your journey.

With your good leave, I'll bear you company.
And as the traveller, perplex'd awhile
In the benighting mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,
And sees the sun shine glorious, so shall you, sir,
Behold a bright close, and a golden end,
To this now dark adventure.

Vol.—Go, my father!

Bal.—You speak in riddles, sir; yet you speak fair.

Count.—And if I speak not truly, may my hope
In this fair treasure be extinct forever!

Bal.—Then quickly meet us here, prepared for travel.
If, from the cloud that overhangs us now,
Such light shall break as you have boldly promised,
My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

Count.—Blest in that word, I quit you. (Exit.)

Bal.—Come, girl!
This shall be sifted thoroughly; till then,
You must remain a fresh, ungather'd flower.

Vol.—Well, sir, I am not yet so overblown,
But I may hang some time upon the tree,
And still be worth the plucking. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

The cottage.

Enter the Duke in a peasant's dress.

Duke.—She hath composed a letter, and, what's worse,
Contrived to send it by a village boy
That passed the window. Yet she now appears
Profoundly penitent. It cannot be;
'Tis a conversion too miraculous.
Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit;
Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—
Not by the gradual and kindly thaw
Of the resolving elements—give it air,
Will straight congeal again. She comes. I'll try her.

Enter Juliana in a peasant's dress.

*Why, what's the matter now?**Juliana.*—That foolish letter!*Duke.*—What! You repent of having written it?*Jul.*—I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers
For being partners in the act.*Duke.*—No matter;
You may indite one in a milder spirit
That shall pluck out its sting.*Jul.*—I can—*Duke.*—You must.*Jul.*—I can.*Duke.*—You shall.*Jul.*—I will, if 'tis your pleasure.*Duke.*—Well replied.

I now see plainly you have found your wits,
And are a sober, metamorphosed woman.

Jul.—I am, indeed.*Duke.*—I know it; I can read you.

There is a true contrition in your looks.

Yours is no penitence in masquerade—
You are not playing on me?

Jul.—Playing, sir!

Duke.—You have found out the vanity of those things
For which you lately sigh'd so deep?

Jul.—I have, sir.

Duke.—A dukedom! Pshaw! It is an idle thing.

Jul.—I have begun to think so.

Duke.—That's a lie!

(Aside.)

Is not this tranquil and retired spot
More rich in real pleasures than a palace?

Jul.—I like it infinitely.

Duke.—That's another!

(Aside.)

The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug.

Jul.—Exceeding snug!

Duke.—The furniture not splendid,
But, then, all useful!

Jul.—All exceeding useful!

There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes.

(Aside.)

Duke.—And, though we're seldom plagued by visitors,
We have the best of company—ourselves.
Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,
Need we loll in a carriage to provoke
A lazy circulation of the blood,

(Takes her arm and walks about.)

When walking is a nobler exercise.

Jul.—More wholesome, too.

Duke.—And far less dangerous.

Jul.—That's certain!

Duke.—Then for servants, all agree,
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

Jul.—No doubt on't!

Duke.—Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit

To be an habitation for the winds;
 Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
 See everybody, care for nobody;
 When they could live as we do?

Jul.—Who, indeed?

Duke.—Here we want nothing.

Jul.—Nothing! Yes, one thing.

Duke.—Indeed! What's that?

Jul.—You will be angry!

Duke.—Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

Jul.—What wants the bird, who, from his wiry prison,
 Sings to the passing travellers of air
 A wistful note—that she were with them, sir!

Duke.—Umph! What, your liberty? I see it now. (Aside.)

Jul.—Twere a pity in such a paradise
 I should be caged!

Duke.—Why, whither would you, wife?

Jul.—Only to taste the freshness of the air,
 That breathes a wholesome spirit from without;
 And weave a chaplet for you, of those flowers
 That throw their perfume through my window bars,
 And then I will return, sir.

Duke.—You are free;

But use your freedom wisely.

Jul.—Doubt me not, sir!

I'll use it quickly, too.

(Aside and Exit.)

Duke.—But I do doubt you.

There is a lurking devil in her eye,
 That plays at boopeep there, in spite of her.
 Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out—
 And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.
 You have your liberty—
 But I shall watch you closely, lady,
 And see that you abuse it not.

(Exit.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

An inn.

Rolando, sitting at a table, with wine.

Rolando.—Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman!
Here is the count, now, who, in other matters,
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,
And woman, like a wildfire, runs throughout him.
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,
And wine and women are the battledores
That keep him going! What! Eugenio!

Enter *Zamora* (as *Eugenio*).*Zamora*.—Your pleasure, sir?*Rol.*—I am alone and wish you to finish the story you began,
It is mournful, yet 'tis pleasing!*Zam.*—It was, indeed, a melancholy tale
From which I learned it.*Rol.*—Lives it with you still!*Zam.*—Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream, sir:
Yet so far I remember—now my heart— (Aside.)
'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,
Of a brave spirit; and his outward form
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,
Who, out of pure affection and true love,
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.*Rol.*—Why, this
Is our own history.*Zam.*—So far, indeed,
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.
For in the sequel (so, sir, the story ran)—
Turn'd out to be a woman.*Rol.*—How! a woman?*Zam.*—Yes, sir, a woman.

Rol.—Live with him a twelvemonth,
And he not find the secret out!

Zam.—'Twas strange!

Rol.—Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first blush,
A palpable and most transparent lie!
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,
She had herself betray'd it!

Zam.—Yes, 'tis said,

She kept it to her death;—that oft as love
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,
Shame set a seal upon them; thus long time
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,
Till, in the sight of him her soul most cherished—
Like flow'rs, that on a river's margin fading
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream—
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath
Reveal'd her story.

Rol.—You have told it well, boy!

Zam.—I feel it deeply, sir; I knew the lady.

Rol.—Knew her! You don't believe it?

Zam.—What regards

Her death I will not vouch for: but the rest—
Her hopeless love, her silent patience,
The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—
I was a witness to. Indeed, her story
Is a most true one.

Rol.—She should not have died!

A wench like this were worth a soldier's love,
And were she living now—

Enter the Count.

Zam.—(Aside.) 'Tis well! (Rolando crosses to Count.)

Count.—Strange things have happen'd since we parted, captain!
I must away to-night.

Rol.—To-night, and whither?

Count.—'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall know,
If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company
You shall see—

Role.—What?

Count.—A woman tamed.

Role.—No more!

I'll go a hundred! Do I know the lady?

Count.—What think you of our new-made duchess?

Role.—She?

What mortal man has undertaken her?

Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow

That puts his head into the lion's mouth,

Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob!

Count.—Who, but her husband?

Role.—With what weapons?

Count.—Words.

Role.—With words? Why, then, he must invent a language

Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.

Fasting and fustigation may do something;

I've heard that death will quiet some of them;

But words!—mere words! cool'd by the breath of man!

He may preach tame a howling wilderness;

Silence a full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls;

Quench fire with oil; with his repelling breath

Puff back the northern blast; whistle 'gainst thunder:

These things are feasible. But still a woman

With the nine parts of speech!

Count.—You know him not.

Role.—I know the lady.

Count.—Yet I tell you

He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,

And yet not spoil her beauty.

Role.—Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,

More languages than Babel sent abroad,

The simple rhetoric of her mother tongue

Would pose him presently; for woman's voice

Sounda like a fiddle in a concert, always

The shrillest, if not the loudest, instrument.

But we shall see. (Exeunt Count and Rolando.)

Zem.—He was touch'd, surely, with the piteous tale

Which I deliver'd; and but that the count

Prevented him, would have broken freely out
 Into a full confession of his feeling
 Toward such a woman as I painted to him.
 Why, then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!
 Henceforth, my woman's gear—I'll trust you. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Campillo, the Duke's steward, and Pedro.

Pedro.—But can no one tell the meaning of this fancy?

Campillo.—No: 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's enough for us. You shall hear his own words:

"For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jaquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative; you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from

(Signed) ARANZA."

Ped.—Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears Jaquez his new dignity?

Cam.—Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats against long-established habit. (Laughing without.)

Ped.—By their merriment, this should be he.

Cam.—Stand aside and let us note him. (Exit Pedro.)

Enter Jaquez, dressed as the Duke, followed by six attendants, who in vain endeavor to restrain their laughter.

Jaquez.—Why, you ragamuffins! What d'ye titter at? Am I the first great man that has been made off-hand by a tailor! Show your grinders again and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armor, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility. And now, villains! don't let me see you tip the wink to each other as I do the honors of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to show

that you have heard it before:—take care that you don't call me by my Christian name and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be transportation, at least:—and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are of the number.

Enter Pedro.

Well, sir?

Pedro.—There is a lady without presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

Jaq.—A lady?

Ped.—Yes, your highness.

Jaq.—Is she young?

Ped.—Very, your grace!

Jaq.—Handsome?

Ped.—Beautiful, your highness!

Jaq.—Send her in. (Exit Pedro.) You may retire. (The attendants retire up the stage a little.) I'll finish my instructions bye-and-bye. Young and handsome! I'll attend to her business in propria persona. Your old and ugly ones I shall dispatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then soothe her with my condescension. I must appear important, big as a country pedagogue when he enters the school-room with—ahem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind, and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple-woman. Bring my chair of state! Hush!

Enter Pedro and Juliana. Pedro goes to the other attendants.

Juliana.—I come, great duke, for justice!

Jaq.—You shall have it.

Of what do you complain?

Jul.—My husband, sir!

Jaq.—I'll hang him instantly! What's his offense?

Jul.—He has deceived me.

Jaq.—A very common case; few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

Jul.—He has abused your grace—

Jaq.—Indeed? If he has done that, he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how?

Jul.—Shortly thus, sir:

Being no better than a low-born peasant,
He has assumed your character and person—

Enter the Duke.

Oh! you are here? This is he, my lord.

Jaq.—Indeed! (Aside.) Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an alehouse, that you enter with such a swagger? Know you where you are, sir?

Duke.—The rogue reproves me well. I had forgot—

(Aside.)

Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon
For this unusher'd visit; but the fear
Of what this wayward woman might allege
Beyond the truth—

Jul.—I have spoken naught but truth.

Duke.—Has made me thus unmannerly.

Jaq.—'Tis well! You might have used more ceremony.

Proceed.

(To Juliana.)

Jul.—This man, my lord, as I was saying,
Passing himself upon my experience
For the right ownership of this sumptuous palace,
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife,
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,
Me of my hopes, my father of his child.

Jaq.—Why, this is swindling; obtaining another man's goods under false pretenses—that is, if a woman be a good—that will make a very intricate point for the judges. Well, sir, what have you to say in your defense?

Duke.—I do confess I put this trick upon her;
And for my transient usurpation
Of your most noble person, with contrition
I bow me to the rigor of the law.
But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

Jul.—How, not complain? To be thus vilely cozen'd,
And not complain!

Jaq.—Peace, woman! Though justice be blind, she is not
deaf.

Duke.—He does it to the life! (Aside.)
Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,
She might have seen the diff'rence, at a glance,
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

Jaq.—She might have seen that, certainly. Proceed.

Duke.—Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it,
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

Jaq.—Yet you deceived her?

Jul.—Let him answer that.

Duke.—I did; most men in something cheat their wives,
Wives gull their husbands; 'tis the course of wooing.
Now, bating that my title and my fortune
Were evanescent, in all other things
I acted like a plain and honest suitor.
I told her she was fair, but very proud;
That she had taste in music, but no voice;
That she danced well, still might borrow grace
From such or such a lady. To be brief,
I praised her for no quality she had not,
Nor overprized the talents she possess'd.
Now, save in what I have before confess'd,
I challenge her worst spite to answer me,
Whether, in all attentions which a woman—
A gentle and a reasonable woman—
Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd,
If not outgone, her expectations?

Jaq.—Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were
married—

Duke.—I dare her to the proof on't.

Jaq.—Is it so, woman? (To Juliana.)

Jul.—I don't complain of what has happened since;
The man has made a tolerable husband;
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me
I claim to be divorced.

Jaq.—It cannot be!

Jul.—Cannot! my lord?

Jaq.—No. You must live with him.

Jul.—Never!

Duke.—Or, if your grace will give me leave—
We have been wedded yet a few short days—
Let us wear out a month as man and wife;
If at the end on't, with uplifted hands,
Morning and ev'ning, and sometimes at noon,
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly
Than e'er she prayed 'gainst stale virginity.
To keep me for her husband—

Jul.—If I do!—

Duke.—Then let her will be done, that seeks to part us!

Jul.—I do implore your grace to let it stand
Upon that footing!

Jaq.—Humph! Well, it shall be so! With this proviso—
that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the
meantime. (Rises.)

(The attendants remove the chair and *exeunt*.)

Duke.—We thank your providence. Come, Juliana—

Jul.—Well, there's my hand—a month's soon past, and
then—

I am your humble servant, sir.

Duke.—Forever.

Jul.—Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

Duke.—That may do as well.
Come, you'll think better on't!

Jul.—By all—

Duke.—No swearing.

Jul.—No, no—no swearing.

Duke.—We humbly take our leave.

(*Exeunt Duke and Juliana.*)

Jaq.—I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and the
steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly intended
for a great man; for what more does it require to be a great

man than boldly to put on the appearance of it? How many sage politicians are there who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap; valiant generals who wouldn't attack a bullrush unless the wind were in their favor; profound lawyers who would make excellent wig-blocks; and skillful physicians whose knowledge extends no farther than writing death warrants in Latin, and are shining examples that a man will never want gold in his pocket who carries plenty of brass in his face! It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month; but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out—as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

An inn.

Enter Balthazar as having fallen from his horse, supported by Volante and the Count, and preceded by the Hostess.

Hostess.—This way, this way, if you please. Alas, poor gentleman! (Brings a chair.) How do you feel now, sir?

(They set him down.)

Balthazar.—I almost think my brains are where they should be—

Confound the jade! Though they dance merrily
To their own music.

Count.—Is the surgeon sent for?

Hostess.—Here he comes, sir.

Enter Lampedo.

Lampedo.—Is this the gentleman?

(Advances toward Balthazar.)

Bal.—I want no surgeon; all my bones are whole.

Volante.—Pray take advice!

Bal.—Well!—doctor, I have doubts
Whether my soul be shaken from my body—
Else am I whole.

Lam.—Then you are safe, depend on't;
Your soul and body are not yet divorced—
Though if they were, we have a remedy.
Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound;
Yet very feverish! I begin to fear
Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse!
We must phlebotomize!

Bal.—You won't! Already
There is too little blood in these old veins
To do my cause full justice.

Lam.—Quick and feverish!
He must lie down a little; for as yet
His blood and spirits being all in motion,
There is too great confusion in the symptoms
To judge discreetly from.

Bal.—I'll not lie down!

Vol.—Nay, for an hour or so?

Bal.—Well, be it so.

Hostess.—I'll show you to a chamber; this way, this way, if you
please. (Exeunt all but Lampedo.)

Lam.—'Tis the first patient, save the miller's mare,
And an old lady's cat, that had the phthisic,
That I have touch'd these six weeks. Well, good hostess!

Re-enter Hostess.

How fares your guest?

Hostess.—He must not go to-night!

Lam.—No, nor to-morrow—

Hostess.—Nor the next day, neither!

Lam.—Leave that to me.

Hostess.—He has no hurt, I fear?

Lam.—None; but, as you are his cook, and I'm his doctor,
Such things may happen. You must make him ill,
And I must keep him so—for, to say truth,
'Tis the first biped customer I've handled
This many a day: they fall but slowly in—
Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

Hostess.—Hard times, indeed! No business stirring my way.

Lam.—So I should guess, from your appearance, hostess.

You look as if, for lack of company,

You were obliged to eat up your whole larder.

Hostess.—Alas! 'Tis so—

Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

Lam.—Yes, and your flesh, too. Look at me!

Hostess.—Why, truly,

You look half starved.

Lam.—Half starved! I wish you'd tell me

Which half of me is fed. I show more points

Than an old horse that has been three weeks pounded—

Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness.

Have I not in the jaws of bankruptcy,

And to the desolation of my purse,

Painted my shop that it looks like a rainbow?

New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,

That some, at a distance, take it for the sun?

And blazed in flaming letters o'er my door,

Each one a glorious constellation,

Surgeon, Apothecary, Accoucher

(For midwife is grown vulgar)? Yet they all not.

Phials and gallipots still keep their ranks,

As if there was no cordial virtue in them.

The healing chime of pulverizing drugs

They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.

I never give a dose or set a limb!

But come, we must devise, we must devise

How to make much of this same guest, sweet hostess.

Hostess.—You know I always make the most of them.

Lam.—Spoke like an ancient tapstress! Come, let's in—

And, whilst I soothe my bowels with an omelette

(For like a nest of new-waked rooklings, hostess,

They caw for provender) and take a glass

Of thy Falernian—we will think of means.

For though to cure men be beyond our skill,

'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

The cottage, a table and three chairs.

Enter the Duke, bringing in Juliana.

Duke.—Nay, no resistance! For a month, at least,
I am your husband.

Juliana.—True! And what's a husband?

Duke.—Why, as some wives would metamorphose him,
A very miserable ass, indeed!
Mere fullers' earth, to bleach their spotted credit:
A blotting paper to drink up their stains!

Jul.—True, there are many such.

Duke.—And there are men,
Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,
Or the loud rattle of a woman's tongue—
Or what's more hard to parry, the warm close
Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man
Plucks out his stern resolves—can move one jot
From the determined purpose of his soul,
Or stir an inch from his prerogative.
Hre it be long, you'll dream of such a man.

Jul.—Where, waking, shall I see him?

Duke.—Look on me!
Come, to your chamber!

Jul.—I won't be confined!

Duke.—Won't! Say you so?

Jul.—Well, then, I do request
You won't confine me.

Duke.—You'll leave me?

Jul.—No, indeed!
As there is truth in language, on my soul
I will not leave you!

Duke.—You've deceived me once—

Jul.—And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted,
I do confess it:—but, by all that's sacred,

Give me my liberty and I will be
A patient, drudging, most obedient wife!

Duke.—Yes: but a grumbling one?

Jul.—No; on my honor,
I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

Duke.—And with no secret murmur of your spirit?

Jul.—With none, believe me!

Duke.—Have a care!

For if I catch you on the wing again,
I'll clip you closer than a garden hawk,
And put you in a cage, where daylight comes not;
Where you may fret your pride against the bars,
Until your heart break. (Knocking at the door.) See
who's at the door! (She opens it.)

Enter Lopez.

My neighbor Lopez! Welcome, sir; my wife—
(Introducing her.)

A chair! (To Juliana. She brings a chair to Lopez and
throws it down.) Your pardon—you'll excuse her,
sir—

A little awkward, but exceedingly willing.
One for your husband.

(She brings another chair, and is going to throw
it down as before; but the Duke looking steadily
at her, she desists, and places it gently
by him.)

Pray, be seated, neighbor!
Now you may serve yourself.

Jul.—I thank you, sir,
I'd rather stand.

Duke.—I'd rather you should sit.

Jul.—If you will have it so. 'Would I were dead. (Aside.)
(She brings a chair and sits down.)

Duke.—Though now I think again, 'tis fit you stand,
That you may be more free to serve our guest.

Jul.—Even as you command!

(Rises.)

Duke.—You will eat something?

(To Lopez.)

Lopez.—Not a morsel, thank ye.

Duke.—Then you will drink? A glass of wine, at least?

Lopez.—Well, I am warm with walking, and care not if I do taste liquor.

Duke.—You have some wine, wife?

Jul.—I must e'en submit!

(Exit.)

Duke.—This visit, sir, is kind and neighborly.

Lopez.—I came to ask a favor of you. We have to-day a sort of merry-making on the green hard by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

Duke.—Your patience for a moment.

Re-enter Juliana with a horn of liquor.

Duke.—(Taking it.) What have we here?

Jul.—'Tis wine—you called for wine!

Duke.—And did I bid you bring it in a nutshell?

Lopez.—Nay, there is plenty!

Duke.—I can't suffer it.

You must excuse me. (To Lopez.) When friends drink with us,

'Tis usual love, to bring it in a jug,

Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.

Jul.—I shall remember.

(Exit.)

Lopez.—I am ashamed to give so much trouble.

Duke.—No trouble; she must learn her duty, sir;

I'm sorry you should be kept waiting.

But you were speaking—

Lopez.—As I was saying, it being the conclusion of our vintage, we have assembled the lads and lasses of the village—

Re-enter Juliana.

Duke.—Now we shall do!

Why, what the devil's this?

Jul.—Wine, sir.

Duke.—This wine? 'Tis foul as ditch-water!

Did you shake the cask?

Jul.—What shall I say? (Aside.) Yes, sir.

Duke.—You did?

Jul.—I did.

Duke.—I thought so!

Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physic,
That must be shook before 'tis swallowed?

Come, try again!

Jul.—I'll go no more!

Duke.— (Puts down the wine on the ground.) You won't?

Jul.—I won't.

Duke.—You won't?

You had forgot yourself, my love.

Jul.—Well, I obey. (Takes up the wine and exit.)

Duke.—Was ever man so plagued!

You have a wife, no doubt, of more experience,

Who would not by her awkwardness disgrace

Her husband thus? This 'tis to marry

An inexperienced girl!

I'm ashamed to try your patience, sir;

But women, like watches, must be set

With care to make them go well.

Re-enter Juliana.

Ay, this looks well!

(Pouring it out.)

Jul.—The heavens be praised!

Duke.—Come, sir, your judgment?

Lopez.—'Tis excellent! But, as I was saying, to-day we have some country pastime on the green. Will it please you both to join our simple recreations?

Duke.—We will attend you. Come, renew your draught, sir!

Lopez.—We shall expect you presently; till then, good-even, sir!

Duke.—Good-even, neighbor. (Exit Lopez.) Go and make you ready.

Jul.—I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

Duke.—Then you shall go to please your husband. Hold! I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you, To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder, And make men stare upon a piece of earth As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers To wave as streamers to your vanity— Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound Make proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely— The truest mirror that an honest wife Can see her beauty in!

Jul.—I shall observe, sir.

Duke.—I should like to see you in the dress I last presented you.

Jul.—The blue one, sir?

Duke.—No, love, the white. Thus modestly attired, A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair, With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of, No deeper rubies than compose thy lips, Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them, With the pure red and white, which that same hand Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks: This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter), In graceful motion to harmonious sounds, And thy free tresses dancing in the wind: Thou'l fix as much observance as chaste dames Can meet without a blush. (Exit *Juliana*.) I'll trust her with these bumpkins. There no coxcomb Shall buzz his fulsome praises in her ear, And swear she has in all things, save myself, A most especial taste. No meddling gossip (Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage The thing misnamed a husband, privately Instructs less daring spirits to revolt) Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her When lordly man can best be made a fool of. Ye that would have obedient wives, beware Of meddling woman's kind officious care. (Exit.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The inn.

Enter Lampedo and Hostess.

Hostess.—Nay, nay, another fortnight.*Lampedo*.—It can't be.

The man's as well as I am:—have some mercy!

He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Hostess.—Well, then, a week?*Lam*.—We may detain him a week.

Enter Balthazar, in his night-gown, with a drawn sword.

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,

That sometimes has a reck'ning—with her conscience.

Hostess.—He still believes he has an inward bruise.*Lam*.—I would to heaven he had! Or that he'd slipt

His shoulder blade, or broke a leg or two

(Not that I bear his person any malice),

Or lux'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ankle!

Hostess.—Ay, broken anything except his neck.*Lam*.—However, for a week I'll manage him,

Though he has the constitution of a horse—

A farrier should prescribe for him!

Balthazar.—A farrier!

(Aside.)

Lam.—To-morrow we phlebotomize again;

Next day my new-invented patent draught:

Then I have some pills prepared.

On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Bal.—Well, sir, on Friday?—what on Friday? come,

Proceed—

Lam.—Discovered!*Hostess*.—Mercy, noble sir! (They fall on their knees.)*Lam*.—We crave your mercy.*Bal*.—On your knees? 'tis well!

Pray, for your time is short.

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Hostess.—Nay, do not kill us!

Bal.—You have been tried, condemned, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with?

Lam.—The lady, by all means, sir!

Bal.—Come, prepare.

(To the *Hostess*.)

Hostess.—Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

Bal.—Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it! (To *Lampedo*, who is endeavoring to
make off.) You have cooked up for me?

Hostess.—None, as I hope for mercy!

Bal.—Is not thy wine a poison?

Hostess.—No, indeed, sir!

‘Tis not, I own, of the first quality:

But—

Bal.—What?

Hostess.—I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Bal.—Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you!

Hostess.—Mercy, sir!

Bal.—Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Hostess.—Your commands, sir?

Bal.—If in five minutes all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess.—It shall be done in less.

Bal.—Away, thou lump-fish!

(Exit *Hostess*.)

Lam.—So, now comes my turn!—‘tis all over with me!
There's dagger, rope and ratsbane in his looks!

Bal.—And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of death on famine! Thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard!

Lam.—I do confess my leanness. I am spare!
And therefore spare me!

Bal.—Why, wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through?

Lam.—Man, you know, must live!

Bal.—Yes; he must die, too.

Lam.—For my patients' sake!

Bal.—I'll send you to the major part of them—
The window, sir, is open; come, prepare—

Lam.—Pray consider!

I may hurt some one in the street.

Bal.—Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder;
For thou must sup with Pluto. So, make ready!
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out—for blood thou hast none—
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

Lam.—Consider my poor wife!

Bal.—Thy wife!

Lam.—My wife, sir!

Bal.—Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!

Lam.—I took a wife because I wanted flesh.

I have a wife and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well-nigh fatherless!

Bal.—Well, well! Your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come, the pills! Where are the pills? Produce
them!

Lam.—Here is the box.

Bal.—Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lam.—What, all?

Bal.—Ay, all; and quickly, too? Come, sir, begin!
(Lampedo takes one.) That's well; another.

Lam.—One's a dose!

Bal.—Proceed, sir!

Lam.—What will become of me?

Let me go home and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency!

Bal.—Away! And thank thy lucky star I have not
Brayed thee in thy own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lam.—Would I were one, for they can feed on air!

Bal.—Home, sir! And be more honest.

Lam.—If I am not,

I'll be more wise, at least!

(*Exeunt, Balthazar threatening him.*)

SCENE II.

A wood.

Enter Zamora, in woman's apparel, veiled.

Zamora.—Now all good spirits that delight to prosper
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me!
Yonder he comes; I'll rest upon this bank.
If I can move his curiosity,
The rest may follow.

(She reclines on the bank, pretending to sleep.)

Enter Rolando.

Rolando.—What ho, Eugenio!

He is so little apt to play the truant,
I fear some mischief has befallen him. (Sees Zamora.)
What have we here? A woman! By this light,
Or rather by this darkness, 'tis a woman!
Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it!
It is the stillest, most inviting spot!
We are alone! If, without waking her,
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—
Hold, hold, Rolando! Art thou not forsworn,
If thou but touchest even the finger's end
Of fickle woman? I have sworn an oath,
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke me;
That is, in towns or cities; I remember
There was a special clause—or should have been—

Touching a woman sleeping in a wood;
For though to the strict letter of the law
We bind our neighbors, yet, in our own cause,
We give liberal and a large construction
To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

(She stirs as if awaking.)

Hush! She prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,
That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers!
But for the interruption I have caused,
You see me ready as a gentleman
To make you all amends.

Zem.—To a stranger

You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

Rol.—What shall I say? Not so; you are no
Stranger—

Zem.—Do you, then, know me? Heaven forbid! (Aside.)

Rol.—Too well.

Zem.—How, sir?

Rol.—I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth,
And, from report, loved you an age before!
Why, is it possible you never heard
Of my sad passion?

Zem.—Never.

Rol.—You amaze me!

Zem.—What can he mean?

(Aside.)

Rol.—The sonnets I have written to your beauty
Have kept a paper mill in full employ;
And then the letters I have given by dozens
Unto your chambermaid! But I begin,
By this unlooked-for strangeness you put on,
Almost to think she ne'er delivered them.

Zem.—Indeed she never did. He does but jest. (Aside.)
I'll try. (Aside.) Perhaps you misdirected them.
What superscription did you put upon them?

Rol.—What superscription? None!

Zem.—None!

Rol.—Not a tittle!

Think ye, fair lady, I have no discretion?

I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,
Or lost, you know—

Zam.—And in your sonnets, sir,
What title was I honored by?

Rol.—An hundred!—
All but your real one.

Zam.—What is that? (Quickly.)

Rol.—She has me!

Faith, lady, you have run me to a stand.
I know you not—never before beheld you—
Yet I'm in love with you extempore;
And though by a tremendous oath I'm bound
Never to hold communion with your sex,
Yet has your beauty, and your modesty—
Come, let me see your face—

Zam.—Nay, that would prove
I had no modesty, perhaps, nor beauty.
Besides, I too have taken a rash oath
Never to love but one man.

Rol.—At a time?

Zam.—One at all times.

Rol.—You're right—I am the man.

Zam.—You are, indeed, sir!

Rol.—How? Now you are jesting!

Zam.—No, on my soul! I have sent up to heaven
A sacred and irrevocable vow;
And if, as some believe, there does exist
A spirit in the waving of the woods,
Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills
And seated rocks a contemplating soul
Brooding on all things round them, to all nature
I here renew the solemn covenant—
Never to love but you!

Rol.—And who are you?

Zam.—In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman;
And, but I know the high pitch of your mind
From such low thoughts maintains a towering distance.

I would add, rich; yet is it no misfortune.
Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape
Your eyes are your informers. For my face,
I cannot think of that so very meanly,
For you have often praised it.

Rol.—I! Unveil, then,
That I may praise it once again.

Enter Volante.

Zem.—Not now, sir,
We are observed.

Rol.—(Seeing Volante.) Confusion! This she-devil—
'Tis time, then, to redeem my character.
I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken;
I tell you, 'tis not I. (Aloud.) Here, on this spot

(Aside.)

Zem.—I humbly beg your pardon.

Rol.—Well, you have it.
Remember.

Zem.—Trust me! (Exit.)

Rol.—A most strange adventure! Pray, lady, do you know
who that importunate woman is that just left us?

Volante.—No, signor.

(They walk by each other, he whistling and she hum-
ming a tune.)

Rol.—Have you any business with me?

Vol.—I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are
the valiant captain that has turned woman-hater, as the boy
left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

Rol.—Would I were in a freemason's lodge!

Vol.—Why there?

Rol.—They never admit women.

Vol.—It must be a dull place.

Rol.—Exceedingly quiet. How shall I shake off this gad-
fly! Did you ever see a man mad?

Vol.—Never.

Rol.—I shall be mad presently.

Vol.—I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an hour or so.

Rol.—I tell you I shall be mad!

Vol.—Will it be of the merry sort?

Rol.—Stark, staring, maliciously, mischievously mad!

Vol.—Nay, then I can't think of leaving you, for you'll want a keeper.

Rol.—I would thou hadst one! If I were valiant, now, to beat a woman——

Vol.—Well! Why don't you begin? Pahaw! you have none of the right symptoms. You don't stare with your eyes, nor foam at the mouth. Mad, indeed! You're as much in your sober senses as I am.

Rol.—Then I am mad incurably! Will you go forward?

Vol.—No.

Rol.—Backward?

Vol.—No.

Rol.—Will you stay where you are?

Vol.—No. Rank and file, captain: I mean to be one of your company.

Rol.—Impossible! You're not tall enough for anything but a drummer; and then, the noise of your tongue would drown the stoutest sheepskin in Christendom.

Vol.—Can you find no employment for me?

Rol.—No; you are fit for nothing but to beat hemp in a workhouse, to the tuneful accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

Vol.—I would be content to be so employed, if I was sure you would reap the full benefit of my labor.

Vol.—Nay, then, I'll go to work another way with you. What ho, Eugenio! Sergeant! Corporal!

Vol.—Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper; he's bringing his whole regiment on me!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A rural scene.

Music. A dance of rustics. Lopez seeing the Duke and Juliana approach.

Lopez.—Hold! Our new guests.

Enter Duke and Juliana.

Neighbors, you are kindly welcome.
Will't please you to join the dance, or be mere gazers?

Duke.—I am for motion, if this lady, here,
Would trip it with me.

Lop.—My wife, sir—at your service;
If it be no offense, I'll take a turn with yours.

Duke.—By all means. Lady, by your leave—
(Salutes Lopez' wife.)

Lop.—A good example—

(Attempts to salute Juliana; she boxes his ears.)

Juliana.—Badly followed, sir!

Lop.—Zounds! What a tingler!

Duke.—Are you not ashamed?

My wife is young, sir; she'll know better soon
Than to return a courtesy so tartly.

Yours has been better tutor'd! (Salutes her.)

Lop.—Tutored! Zounds!

I only meant to ape your husband, lady!
He kisses where he pleases.

Jul.—So do I, sir;
Not where I have no pleasure.

Duke.—Excellent! (Aside.)

Jul.—My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir.

Lop.—Free! I'll be sworn it is!

Jul.—Will't please you take it?

Duke.—Excuse her rustic breeding: she is young;
But you will find her nimble in the dance.

Lop.—Come, then; let's have a stirring roundelay.

(Music. They dance, Juliana at first perversely, but afterward entering into the spirit of it; and then go off with their partners.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

The cottage.

Juliana sitting at her needle; the Duke steals in behind.

Duke.—Come, no more work to-night! (Sits by her.) It is the last

That we shall spend beneath this humble roof:
Our fleeting month of trial being past,
To-morrow you are free.

Juliana.—Nay, now you mock me,

And turn my thoughts upon my former follies.
You know, that, to be mistress of the world,
I would not leave you.

Duke.—No!

Jul.—No, on my honor.

Duke.—I think you like me better than you did!
And yet 'tis natural: come, come, be honest;
You have a sort of hankering—no wild wish
Or vehement desire, yet a slight longing,
A simple preference—if you had your choice—
To be a duchess rather than the wife
Of a low peasant?

Jul.—No; indeed, you wrong me!

Duke.—I marked you closely at the palace, wife.
In the full tempest of your speech, your eye
Would glance to take the room's dimensions,
And pause upon each ornament; and then
There would break from you a half-smothered sigh
Which spoke distinctly, "These should have been mine;"
And therefore, though with a well-tempered spirit,
You have some secret swellings of the heart
When these things rise to your imagination.

Jul.—No, indeed; sometimes in my dreams, I own—
You know we cannot help our dreams!

Duke.—What then!

Jul.—Why, I confess, that sometimes, in my dreams,
A noble house and splendid equipage,
Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture,
Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me;
And then I am apt to rise a little feverish.
But never do my sober waking thoughts—
As I'm a woman worthy of belief—
Wander to such forbidden vanities.
Yet, after all, it was a scurvy trick—
Your palace and your pictures, and your plate;
Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,
That were a second Paradise—for fools.
And then your grotto, so divinely cool;
Your Gothic summer-house, and Roman temple—
'Twould puzzle much an antiquarian
To find out their remains.

Duke.—No more of that!

Jul.—You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too;
Alas! the grapes are sour. And, above all,
The Barbary courser that was breaking for me.

Duke.—Nay, you shall ride him yet.

Jul.—Indeed!

Duke.—Believe me,
We must forget these things.

Jul.—They are forgot;
And, by this kiss, we'll think of them no more,
But when we want a theme to make us merry.

Duke.—It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul;
And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath
Which joined to give it sweetness—

Enter Balthazar.

Jul.—How! My father!

Duke.—Signor Balthazar! You are welcome, sir,
To our poor habitation.

Balthazar.—Welcome! Villain,
I come to call your dukeship to account,
And to reclaim my daughter.

Duke.—(Aside.) You will find her
Reclaimed already, or I have lost my pains.

Bal.—Let me come at him!

Jul.—Patience, my dear father!

Duke.—Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, sir—
"Tis the worst argument a man can use,
So let it be the last! As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife!

Bal.—Lawful! His lawful wife!
I shall go mad! Did not you basely steal her,
Under a vile pretense?

Duke.—What I have done
I'll answer to the law.
Of what do you complain?

Bal.—Why, are you not
A most notorious, self-confessed impostor?

Duke.—True! I am somewhat dwindled from the state
In which you lately knew me; nor alone
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder—
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

Bal.—How, Juliana?

Jul.—'Tis, indeed, most true.
I left you, sir, a froward, foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all;
But I have learned this truth indelibly—
That modesty, in deed, in word and thought,
Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,
More than by frowning looks and saucy speeches,
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,
Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

Bal.—Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis
Exceeds his own! What spells, what cunning witchcraft
Has he employed?

Jul.—None: he has simply taught me
To look into myself: his powerful rhetoric
Hath with strong influence impressed my heart,
And made me see at length the thing I have been,
And what I am, sir.

Bal.—Are you, then, content
To live with him?

Jul.—Content? I am most happy!

Bal.—Can you forget your crying wrongs?

Jul.—Not quite, sir;
They sometimes serve to make us merry with.

Bal.—How like a villain he abused your father!

Jul.—You will forgive him that, for my sake.

Bal.—Never!

Duke.—Why, then 'tis plain you seek your own revenge,
And not your daughter's happiness.

Bal.—No matter.
I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,
Follow me!

Duke.—On a wife's obedience,
I charge you, stir not!

Jul.—You, sir, are my father;
At the bare mention of that hallowed name
A thousand recollections rise within me,
To witness you have ever been a kind one.
This is my husband, sir!

Bal.—Thy husband; well—

Jul.—'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means
He used—I am irrevocably his;
And when he plucked me from my parent tree,
To graft me on himself, he gathered with me
My love, my duty, my obedience;
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly
To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours.

Duke.—(Aside.) Most excellent!

Bal.—Yet I will be revenged!

Duke.—(To Balthazar.) You would have justice?

Bal.—I will.

Duke.—Then forthwith meet me at the duke's.

Bal.—What pledge have I for your appearance there?

Duke.—Your daughter, sir. Nay, go, my Juliana!

'Tis my request. Within an hour, at farthest,
I shall expect to see you at the palace.

Bal.—Come, Juliana. You shall find me there, sir.

Duke.—Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana;
All will run smooth yet.

Bal.—Come!

Jul.—Heaven grant it may!

Duke.—The duke shall right us all, without delay. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A wood.

Enter Volante and four of the Count's servants, masked.

Volante.—That's he, stealing down the pathway yonder.

Put on your visors—and remember, not a word!

(They retire.)

Enter Rolando.

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating. (Exit.)

Rolando.—Here am I come to be a woman's toy,

And, spite of sober reason, play the fool.

'Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood

Will ever thwart his noble resolution,

And make him deaf to other argument.

Than the quick beating of his pulse. (They come forward and surround him.) Hey-day!

Why, what are these? If it be no offense,

May I inquire your business?

(They hold a pistol to each side of his head.)

Now I can guess it. Pray reserve your fire!

(They proceed to bind him.)

What can this mean? Mute, gentlemen—all mute?
Pray, were ye born of woman? Still ye are mute!
Why, then perhaps you mean to strangle me.
(They bind him to a tree and go off.)
How! Gone? Why, what the devil can this mean?
It is the oddest end to an amour!

Enter Volante and three other women.

Volante.—This is the gentleman we're looking for.

Rol.—Looking for me! You are mistaken, ladies.
What can you want with such a man as I am?
I am poor, ladies, miserably poor;
I am old, too, though I look young; quite old;
The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me!
I would for you I were a porcupine,
And every quill a death!

Vol.—By my faith, he rails gallantly, and has a valiant sword, too, if he could draw it! Was ever poor gentleman so near a rope without being able to hang himself!

Rol.—I could bear to be bound in every limb,
So ye were tongue-tied.
That I could cast out devils to torment you!
Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.

Vol.—Come, come. (They pinch and tickle him.)

Rol.—Nay, ladies, have some mercy; drive me not
To desperation—though, like a bear,
I'm fixed to the stake, and must endure the baiting.
(They make a circle, and dance round him. Rolando, after repeated struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword and cuts the ropes that bind him.)

Vol.—The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time to run, then.

(The women run off; he extricates himself and comes forward.)

Rol.—So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils that worried St. Anthony were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all that's mischievous, I'll carbo-

nado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why, I'll marry her.
Here's one already!

Enter Zamora, veiled.

Zamora.—I've kept my word, sir.

Rol.—So much the worse! For I must keep my oath.
Are you prepared to die?

Zam.—Not by your hand.

I hardly think, when you have seen my face,
You'll be my executioner.

Rol.—Thy face!

What, are you handsome? Don't depend on that!
If those rosy fingers, like Aurora's
Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth
Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;
Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;
An alabaster forehead, hung with locks
That glitter like Hyperion's, and a cheek
Where the live crimson steals upon the white,
You have no hope of mercy!

Zam.—(Unveiling.) Now, then, strike!

Rol.—Eugenio?

Zam.—Your poor boy, sir!

Rol.—How, a woman?

A real woman?

What a dull ass have I been! Nay, 'tis so.

Zam.—You see the sister of that scornful lady
Who, with such fixed disdain, refused your love,
Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,
Glancing from her impenetrable heart,
Struck deep in mine: in a romantic hour,
Unknown to all, I left my father's house,
And followed you to the wars. What has since happened
It better may become you to remember
Than me to utter.

Rol.—I am caught at last!

Caught by a woman, excellently caught,
Hampered beyond redemption! Why, thou witch!
That, in a brace of minutes, hast produced

A greater revolution in my soul
Than thy whole sex could compass! Thou enchantress,
Prepare! For I must kill thee certainly!

(Throws away his sword.)
But it shall be with kindness. My poor boy!

(They embrace.)

I'll marry thee to-night. Yet have a care!
For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

Zam.—And as a wife should you grow weary of me,
I'll be your page again.

Rol.—We'll to your father!

Zam.—Alas! I fear I have offended him
Beyond the reach of pardon.

Rol.—Think not so!

In the full flood of joy at your return,
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.
What will they say to me? Why, they may say,
And truly, that I made a silly vow,
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Balthazar and Julian, the Count and Volante, preceded
by Pedro.

Balthazar.—You'll tell his highness I am waiting for him.

Pedro.—What name?

Bal.—No matter; tell him an old man
Who has been basely plundered of his child,
And has performed a weary pilgrimage
In search of justice, hopes to find it here.

Ped.—I will deliver this. (Exit Pedro.)

Bal.—And he shall right me,
Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud
With my great wrongs, that—

Julian.—Pray be patient, sir.

Bal.—Where is your husband?

Jul.—He will come, no doubt.

Count.—I'll pawn my life for his appearance quickly!

Enter Pedro.

Bal.—What news, sir?

Pedro.—The duke will see you presently.

Bal.—'Tis well!

Has there been a man here to seek him lately?

Ped.—None, sir.

Bal.—A tall, well-looking man enough,

Though a rank knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb?

Ped.—There has been no such person.

Bal.—No, nor will be!

It was a trick to steal off quietly,

And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,

Ere this, the nearest seaport, or inhabits

One of his air-built castles.

(Trumpets and kettle-drums.)

Ped.—Stand aside!

Enter the Duke, superbly dressed, preceded by Jaquez and followed by attendants and six ladies.

Duke.—Now, sir, your business with me?

Bal.—How?

Jul.—Amazement!

Duke.—I hear you would have audience.

Jaquez.—Exactly my manner!

Bal.—Of the duke, sir!

Duke.—I am the duke.

Bal.—The jest is somewhat stale, sir.

Duke.—You'll find it true.

Bal.—Indeed!

Jaq.—Nobody doubted my authority.

Jul.—(Aside.) Be still, my heart!

Bal.—I think you would not trifle with me now?

Duke.—I am the Duke Aranza.

Count.—(To Balthazar.) 'Tis e'en so.

Duke.—And, what's my greater pride, this lady's husband;
(Crosses to Juliana and takes her hand.)

Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,
I thus take back again. You now must see
The drift of what I have been lately acting,
And what I am. And though, being a woman
Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,
The domineering spirit of her sex
I have rebuked too sharply; yet 'twas done,
As skillful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
To make the cure complete.

Bal.—You have done most wisely,
And all my anger dies in speechless wonder.

Jaq.—So does all my greatness!

Duke.—What says my Juliana?

Jul.—I am lost, too,
In admiration, sir; my fearful thoughts
Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height
Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth.
Yet, since your goodness for the second time
Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch
Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,
I will endeavor so to bear myself
That in the world's eye, and my friends' observance—
And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment—
I may not shame your dukedom.

Duke.—Bravely spoken!

Why, now you shall have rank and equipage—
Servants, for you can now command yourself—
Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,
But to give lustre to your modesty.
All pleasures, all delights that noble dames
Warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance
Shall flow upon you; and it shall go hard
But you shall ride the Barbary courser, too.
Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

Count.—Your grace has reason; for, in keeping that,
I well-nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,
I now may claim her, sir. (To Balthazar.)

Bal.—What says my girl?

Volante.—Well, since my time is come, sir—

Bal.—Take her, then.

Duke.—But who comes yonder?

Count.—'Sdeath! Why, 'tis Rolando.

Duke.—But that there hangs a woman on his arm,
I'd swear 'twas he!

Vol.—Nay, 'tis the gentleman.

Duke.—Then have the poles met!

Vol.—Oh, no; only two of the planets have jostled each other.
Venus has had too much attraction for Mars.

Enter Rolando with Zamora, veiled. (All laugh.)

Count.—Why, captain!

Duke.—Sigfiar Rolando!

Rolando.—(After they have laughed some time.) Nay, 'tis a
woman!

And one that has a soul, too, I'll be bound for't.

Vol.—He must be condemned to her for some offense as a truant
horse is tied to a log, or a great schoolboy carries his
own rod to the place of execution. (All laugh.)

Rol.—Laugh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman still.

Count.—I'll not believe it till I see her face.

Vol.—It is some boy dress'd up to cozen us!

Rol.—'Twas a boy dress'd up to cozen me!

Suffice it, sirs, that being well convinced—
In what I lately was a stubborn skeptic—
That women may be reasonable creatures;
And finding that your grace, in one fair instance,
Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them,
I am resolved to marry—for 'tis odds. (They all laugh.)
(Our joint endeavors lab'ring to that end)
That, in another century or two,

They may become endurable. What say you?
(To the Duke.) Have I your free consent?

Duke.—Most certainly.

Rol.—(To the Count.) Yours, sir?

Count.—Most readily.

Rol.—(To Balthazar.) And yours?

Bal.—Most heartily.

Jaq.—He does not ask mine!

Rol.—Add but your blessing, sir, and we are happy!
What think you of my page?

(Zamora unveils and kneels to Balthazar.)

Vol.—How!

Bal.—Zamora!

Zamora.—Your daughter, sir; who, trembling at your feet—
(Crosses to Balthazar.)

Bal.—Come to my heart!

You knew how deeply you were rooted there,
Or scarce had ventured such a frolic.

Zam.—That, sir,

Should have prevented me!

Bal.—There; she is yours, sir—
If you are still determined.

Rol.—Fix'd as fate!

Nor in so doing do I change my mind;
I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

Vol.—Ay, so are all women before marriage; and that's the
reason their husbands so soon wish them in heaven after-
wards.

Duke.—Those who are tartly tongued; but our example
This truth shall manifest: A gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.

Tobin's *Honeymoon* has been familiar to the reading
and play-going public for an entire century, as one of

the best society comedies that his age produced, and it would almost seem that from it Bulwer Lytton borrowed a portion of the plot for his still more famous play, *The Lady of Lyons*. Nor is this any disparagement to the latter, who, like Shakespeare and Molière, confessed to taking his materials wherever he could find them; and as all the three improved on what they appropriated, there are none who will care to take them to task for an offense—if such it be—that is common to all dramatic writers in greater or less degree. Very spirited, and in excellent taste, is Tobin's description of the three love affairs of which the comedy chiefly consists. Among them may be included that of the duke and his wife; for Juliana does not really give her heart to her husband, until he wins it by his firm but kindly treatment while they are inmates of the cottage to which he takes her in guise of a yeoman, asserting that an honest farmer and a plain farm-house are better than all the splendors that had been promised her. To this she finally consents, not verbally as at first, but with all her heart and soul. Then comes her exaltation, for which she is now fully prepared. An excellent situation is the one where Rolando, the woman-hater, as he deems himself, is bound to a tree and tormented by Volante and her fellow mischief-makers, while Zamora in her page's dress reminds us of Imogen, one of the most chaste and lovable of Shakespeare's heroines.

M O N E Y

A COMEDY

BY

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER
(LORD LYTTON).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALFRED EVELYN.

SIR JOHN VESEY.

LORD GLOSSMORE.

SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

STOUT.

GRAVES.

SHARP.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.

TRADESMEN.

CLARA DOUGLAS.

LADY FRANKLIN

GEORGINA.

PRELUDE.

This piece was originally produced in London in 1840, and received its first performance in New York in 1841.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A drawing-room in Sir John Vesey's house; folding doors which open on another drawing-room.

Sir John and Georgina discovered.

Sir John.—(Reading a letter edged with black.) Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as, since the death of my sainted Maria"—hum!—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

Georgina.—Well, as since her death?—

Sir J.—(Reading.) "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely.—Henry Graves."

Geor.—And you really think I shall be uncle Mordaunt's heiress? And that the fortune he made in India is half a million?

Sir J.—Ay! I have no doubt you will be the richest heiress in England. But sit down, my dear Georgy—my dear girl. Upon this happy—I mean melancholy—occasion, I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners; every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

Geor.—And are you not, papa?

Sir J.—Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! There are two rules in life: First, men are not valued for what they are, but what they seem to be. Secondly, if you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of £400 a year; on the strength of £400 a year I took credit for £800; on the strength of £800 a year I married your mother with £10,000; on the strength of £10,000 I took credit for £40,000, and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack!"

Geor.—Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

Sir J.—But a valuable reputation. When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why, he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of £2,000 a year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear—all humbug, upon my soul!

Geor.—I must say that you—

Sir J.—Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune—as I spend more than my income, I can have nothing to leave you; yet, even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." Apropos of a husband; you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

Geor.—Ah, papa, he is charming.

Sir J.—Hem! He was so, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress such as you will be should look out for a duke. Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning? (Rises, puts back the chair, goes to table, marks the letter and puts it in his pocket.)

Geor.—I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

Sir J.—A humorist—a cynic! One never knows how to take him. My private secretary—a poor cousin, has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

Geor.—But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

Sir J.—There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent; prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. Besides, he is our cousin—he has no salary; kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and benevolence is a useful virtue—particularly when you can have it for nothing. With our other cousin, Clara, it was different; her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless encumbrance; so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

Geor.—How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be? (Takes up paper, reads until she speaks to Evelyn.)

Sir J.—I don't know, my dear; the longer the better—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes!

Enter Lady Franklin and Clara.

My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how's this—not in mourning?

Lady Franklin.—Why should I go in mourning for a man I never saw?

Sir J.—Still, there may be a legacy.

Lady F.—Then there'll be less cause for affliction! Ha, ha! my dear Sir John, I'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretenses.

Sir J.—(Aside.) Very silly woman! (Aloud.) But, Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum; yet you are very, very, very distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think?

Clara.—Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

Sir J.—(Aside.) Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

Lady F.—So Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black, always lamenting his ill-fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

Sir J.—The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

Lady F.—Ha! ha! we shall see. (Aside.) Poor Graves, I always liked him; he made an excellent husband.

Enter Evelyn; seats himself and takes up a book unobserved.

Sir J.—What a crowd of relations this will brings to light! Mr. Stout, the political economist—Lord Glossmore—

Lady F.—Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, parvenu and plebeian.

Sir J.—Sir Frederick Blount—

Lady F.—Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter "r" as being too wough, and therefore dwops its acquaintance; one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, intrench themselves in the dignity of a ladylike languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what harm it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin, the scholar—(Clara touches Lady Franklin, and points to Evelyn. All turn and look at him.) Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are! (Resumes her seat.)

Sir J.—(Going up to Evelyn.) Evelyn—the very person I wanted; where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—

Latin, you 'know?—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the customs?—and —oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

Geor.—And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last H. B. and the Comic Annual?

Lady F.—(Rises and goes to Evelyn.) And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse?—did you get me the opera box?—did you buy my little Charley his peg top?

Evelyn.—(Always reading.) Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus— (Looking up.) Ma'am—sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me? Paley observes that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings. No apologies—I am quite at your service. (Shuts the book and comes forward.)

Sir J.—Now he's in one of his humors!

Lady F.—You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

Eve.—You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else. I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

Lady F.—I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it! (Retires.)

Eve.—I could not do your commissions to-day; I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor—very—sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

Sir J.—You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse— (Aside.) Some people's nurses are always ill! (Aloud.) There are so many impostors about! We'll talk of it to-morrow. (Evelyn goes to the table.) This mournful occasion takes up all of my attention. (Looking at his watch.) Bless me! so late! I've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended! (Exit.)

Geor.—(Taking out her purse.) I think I will give it to him—and yet, if I don't get the fortune, after all! Papa allows me so little! Then I must have those earrings. (Puts up the purse.) Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Eve.—(Writes and gives it. Aside.) She has a good heart, with all her foibles! (Aloud.) Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn would not have been this beggar to your father.

Geor.—(Reading.) “Mrs. Staunton, 14 Amos street, Pentonville.”

(Clara, at the table, writes down the address as she hears Georgina read it.)

Geor.—I will certainly attend to it—(aside) if I get the fortune. (Evelyn goes up.)

Sir J.—(Calling, without.) Georgy, I say!

Geor.—Yes, papa!

(Exit.)

(Evelyn has seated himself again at the table—to the right—and leans his face on his hands.)

Clara.—His noble spirit bowed to this! Ah, at least here I may give him comfort. (Sits down to write.) But he will recognize my hand.

Re-enter Lady Franklin.

Lady Franklin.—What bill are you paying, Clara—putting up a bank note?

Clara.—Hush! Oh, Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings! This is for a poor person—I would not have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it! Would you — No, no; he knows her handwriting also!

Lady F.—Will I what?—give the money myself? With pleasure! Poor Clara—why, this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

Clara.—Nay, I would wish to do all myself! It is a pride—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But hush!—this way. (They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.)

Eve.—(Seated.) And thus must I grind out my life forever! I am ambitious, and poverty drags me down; I have learning, and poverty makes me the drudge of fools! I love, and poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But no, no—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter?

(Lady Franklin and Clara advance.)

Clara.—But you must be sure that Evelyn never knows that I sent this money to his nurse.

Lady F.—(To Clara.) Never fear; I will get my maid to copy and direct this—she writes well, and her hand will never be discovered. I will have it done and sent instantly. (Exit.)

(Clara advances and seats herself; Evelyn reading.)

Enter Sir Frederick Blount.

Blount.—No one in the woom! Oh, Miss Douglas! Pway don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina? (Taking Clara's chair as she rises.)

Eve.—(Looking up, gives Clara a chair, and reseats himself. Aside.) Incolement puppy!

Clara.—Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

Blount.—Not for the world. Vewy pwetty girl, this companion!

Clara.—What did you think of the panorama the other day, Cousin Evelyn?

Eve.—(Reading.)

“I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!”

Rather good lines, these.

Blount.—Sir!

Eve.—(Offering the book.) Don't you think so?—Cowper.

Blount.—(Declining the book.) Cowper!

Eve.—Cowper.

Blount.—(Shrugging his shoulders, to Clara.) Stwange person, Mr. Evelyn!—quite a chawacter! Indeed, the panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there evewy second year—I'm vewy fond of twaveling. You'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inns, but vewy fine wuins—gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Eve.—(Reading.)

“How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!”

Blount.—Sir!

Eve.—Cowper.

Blount.—(Aside.) That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things! Humph! it is beneath me to quawwel. (Aloud.) It will not take long to wead the will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt! I am his nearest male welation. He was vewy eccentric. (Draws his chair nearer.) By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cuwicle? It is bwinging cuwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you will allow me to dwive you out. Nay—nay—I should, upon my word. (Trying to take her hand.)

Eve.—(Starting up.) A wasp! a wasp!—just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

Blount.—A wasp—where?—don't bwing it this way! Some people don't mind them. I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnable!

Eve.—I beg pardon—it's only a gadfly.

Enter Page.

Page.—Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. (Exit Page.)

Blount.—Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina; but if this one would take a fancy to me— (Thoughtfully.) Well, I don't see what harm it could do me! *Au plaisir?* (Exit.)

Eve.—Clara!

Clara.—Cousin!

Eve.—And you, too, are a dependent?

Clara.—But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

Eve.—Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcomtry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you, now: robe beauty in silk and cashmere; hand virtue into her chariot; lackey their caprices; wrap them from the winds; fence them round with a golden circle—and virtue and beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts; see beauty and virtue poor, dependent, solitary, walking the world defenseless! Oh, then the devotion changes its character! The

same crowd gather eagerly around—fools, fops, libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

Clara.—My cousin, you are cruel! I can smile at the point-less insolence.

Eve.—Smile—and he took your hand! Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you—young, fair, rich, the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. (Clara about to speak.) No—speak not—my heart has broken its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread purchased by toils that should have led me to loftier ends; yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand, that if others slighted, from one, at least, you might receive the luxury of respect. For this—for this I have lingered, suffered and forborne. Oh, Clara! we are orphans both—friendless both; you are all in the world to me (she turns away); turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I love you! (Kneels.)

Clara.—No—Evelyn—Alfred—no! Say it not; think it not! It were madness.

Eve.—Madness! Nay, hear me yet. I am poor, dependent—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True! But I have a heart of iron. I have knowledge—patience—health—and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved you. With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—this hand—shall it not be mine?

Clara.—Ah, Evelyn! Never—never!

Eve.—Never? (Rises.)

Clara.—Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

Eve.—(Bitterly.) Because I am poor!

Clara.—And I, too! A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! Never return to this again.

Eve.—Enough—you are obeyed. I deceived myself—ha, ha! I fancied that I, too, was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil—whose mind is soured—whom nobody can love—who ought to have loved no one!

Clara.—(Aside.) And if it were only I to suffer, or perhaps to starve! Oh, what shall I say? (Aloud.) Evelyn—cousin!

Eve.—Madam.

Clara.—Alfred—I—I—

Eve.—Reject me?

Clara.—Yes. It is past!

(Exit.)

Eve.—Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well, courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquette's contempt can break. (Retires up to the table.)

Enter Lord Glossmore, preceded by Page.

Page.—I will tell Sir John, my lord. (Exit. Evelyn takes up the newspaper.)

Glossmore.—The secretary—hum! Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Eve.—Yes—all the wise men have gone back there!

Servant announces Mr. Stout.

Gloss.—Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

Enter Stout.

Stout.—Good-morning, Glossmore.

Gloss.—Glossmore!—the parvenu!

Stout.—Afraid I might be late—been detained at the vestry—astonishing how ignorant the English poor are! Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow with nine children that to allow her three shillings a week was against all rules of public morality. (Evelyn rises and comes down.)

Eve.—Excellent—admirable—your hand, sir!

Gloss.—What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

Eve.—Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my lord, to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation!

Stout.—A very superior person, that!

Gloss.—Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times, when it was the duty of the rich to succor the distressed.

Eve.—On second thoughts, you are right, my lord. I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall she, too, perish?

Gloss.—Perish! horrible—in a Christian country! Perish! Heaven forbid!

Eve.—(Holding out his hand.) What, then, will you give her?

Gloss.—Ahem! Sir, the parish ought to give.

Stout.—By no means!

Gloss.—By all means!

Stout.—No!—no!—no! Certainly not! (With great vehemence.)

Gloss.—No! no! But I say, yes! yes! And if the parish refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor on the parish by never giving them a farthing one's self.

Stout.—No!—no!—no!

Gloss.—Yes!—yes!—yes!

Eve.—Gentlemen!—gentlemen!—perhaps Sir John will decide. (Pointing to Sir John as he enters, and retires to table, takes up a book, reads.)

Enter Sir John, Lady Franklin, Georgina, Blount, Page. Page goes off. Lady Franklin goes to table and sits.

Sir John.—How d'ye do? Ah! how d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased! what a man he was!

Blount.—I was christened Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

Sir J..—And Georgina his own niece—next of kin! an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him twice a year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

Stout.—And I, too, sent him the parliamentary debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus; never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

Eve.—He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

Lady Franklin.—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J..—Hush! hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

Enter Page.

Page.—Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

Sir J..—Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp, the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

Enter Mr. Graves and Mr. Sharp, who goes immediately to table and prepares his papers.

Chorus of Sir J., Gloss., Blount, Stout.—Ah, sir—ah, Mr. Graves! (Georgina holds her handkerchief to her eyes.)

Sir J..—A sad occasion.

Graves.—But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey! True, you have lost an uncle; but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the second cousin of the defunct!

Enter Servants.

Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh. (Servants hand round wine and cake.)

Sir J..—Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

Graves.—Thank you!—Very fine sherry! Ah, my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was her wine! everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! you knew her. Nothing in

life can charm me now. (Aside.) A monstrous fine woman, that!

Sir J.—And now to business. (They each take a chair.) Evelyn, you may retire. (All sit. Servants retire. Evelyn rises.)

Sharp.—(Looking at his notes.) Evelyn—any relation to Alfred Evelyn? (To Evelyn, who is going.)

Eve.—The same.

Sharp.—Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling; all the relations, however distant, should be present. (Evelyn reluctantly resumes his seat.)

Lady F.—Then Clara is related—I will go for her. (Exit.)

Georgina.—Ah, Mr. Evelyn! I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

Sir J.—Silence! Hush! Wugh! Ugh! Attention!

While the lawyer opens the will, re-enter Lady Franklin and Clara.

Sharp.—The will is very short—being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

Sir J.—I wish there were more like him! (Groans and shakes his head.)

Sharp.—(Reading.) "I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date, of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath—imprimis, to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London— (Stout puts a large silk handkerchief to his eyes. Chorus exhibit lively emotion.) Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of £14 2s. 4d." (Stout removes the handkerchief; chorus breathe more freely.)

Stout.—Eh, what?—£14? Oh, hang the old miser!

Sir J.—Decency—decency! Proceed, sir. Go on, sir, go on.

Sharp.—"Item. To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my dearest male relative—" (Chorus exhibit lively emotion.)

Blount.—Poor old boy! (Georgina puts her arm over Blount's chair.)

Sharp.—“Being, as I am informed, the best-dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500 to buy a dressing-case.” (Chorus breathe more freely; Georgina catches her father's eye and removes her arm.)

Blount.—(Laughing confusedly.) Ha! ha! ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

Sir J.—Silence, now, will you? Go on, sir, go on.

Sharp.—“Item. To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John.” (Chorus as before.)

Gloss.—Butterflies! Pedigree! I disown the plebeian!

Sir J.—(Angrily.) Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency! Go on, sir, go on.

Sharp.—“Item. To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F. R. S., F. S. A., etc.” (Chorus as before.)

Sir J.—Hush! Now it is really interesting!

Sharp.—“Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death, I bequeath—the empty bottles.”

Sir J.—Why, the ungrateful, rascally old—

Lady Franklin.—Decency, Sir John—decency!

Chorus.—Decency, Sir John—decency!

Sharp.—“Item. To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany—” (Chorus as before.)

Graves.—Pooh! gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear.

Sharp.—“The sum of £5,000 in the three per centa.”

Lady F.—I wish you joy!

Graves.—Joy—pooh! Three per centa! Funds sure to go! Had it been land, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

Sharp.—“Item. To my niece, Georgina Vesey—” (Chorus as before.)

Sir J.—Ah, now it comes!

Sharp.—“The sum of £10,000 India stock, being, with her father’s reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.”

Sir J.—And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

Chorus.—Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

Sharp.—“And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stock, bonds, exchequer bills, three per cent. consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.), to—Alfred Evelyn, now, or formerly, of Trinity College, Cambridge— (All turn to Evelyn; universal excitement. Evelyn starts up, closes his book and casts it upon the table.) Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth.” (All rise. Evelyn advances, as if in a dream.) And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important. (Gives letter to Evelyn.)

Eve.—(Aside.) Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

Clara.—(Turning away.) And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us forever! (All crowd round to congratulate Evelyn.)

Sir J.—(Aside to Georgina.) Go, child, put a good face on it—he’s an immense match! (Aloud.) My dear fellow, I wish you joy; you are a great man, now—a very great man! I wish you joy. (Shakes his hand very warmly.)

Eve.—(Aside.) And her voice alone is silent!

Gloss.—If I can be of any use to you—

Stout.—Or I, sir—

Blount.—Or I! Shall I put you up at the clubs?

Sharp.—You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt’s affairs.

Sir J.—Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home here—always looked upon him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

Eve.—Nothing! Then lend me £10 for my old nurse. (Chorus put their hands in their pockets.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

An anteroom in Evelyn's new house; Mr. Sharp writing at a desk, books and parchments before him—Mr. Crimson, the portrait painter; Mr. Grabb, the publisher; Mr. MacStucco, the architect; Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer; Mr. MacFinch, the silversmith; Mr. Patent, the coachmaker; Mr. Kite, the horse-dealer, and Mr. Frantz, the tailor.

Patent.—(To Frantz, showing him a drawing.) Yea, sir; this is the Evelyn vis-à-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz.—But de tailleur, de schneider make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James', who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

MacStucco.—He's a mon o' teeste, Mr. Evelyn. He taulks o' buying a veela (villa), just to pool down and build oop again. Ah, Mr. MacFinch! a design for a piece of pleete, eh?

MacFinch.—(Showing the drawing.) Yees, sir; the shield o' Alexander the Great, to hold ices and lemonade! It will coost two thousand poon'!

MacStucco.—And it's dirt cheap—ye're Scotch, arn't ye?

MacFinch.—Aberdounshire!—scratches me and I'll scratch you!

Enter Evelyn.

Evelyn.—A levee, as usual. Good-day. Ah, Tabouret. (Tabouret presents a drawing.) Your designs for the draperies; very well. (Exit Tabouret.) And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crimson.—Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Everyone says you're the finest judge of paintings.

Eve.—Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crim.—Oh, sir, didn't you buy the great Corregio for £4,000?

Eve.—True—I see. So £4,000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson—good-day. (Exit Crimson. Evelyn turns to the rest who surround him.)

Kite.—Thirty young horses from Yorkshire, sir!

Patent.—(Showing drawing.) The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

MacFinch.—(Showing drawing.) The Evelyn salver!

Frantz.—(Opening his bundle, and with dignity.) Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

Eve.—Oh, go to—that is, go home. Make me as celebrated for a vis-à-vis, salvers, furniture and coats as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go! (Exeunt MacFinch, Patent, etc.)

Enter Stout; he places his hat on table.

Eve.—Stout, you look heated!

Stout.—I hear that you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Eve.—It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout.—Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead—your interests will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment. (Turns and sees Glossmore.) By all that is bigoted, here comes Glossmore! (Stands aside and listens.)

Enter Glossmore. Evelyn crosses to meet him.

Glossmore.—So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer,

is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlike!). Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the Constitution depends on his return! Vote for Cipher.

Stout.—Popkins is your man!

Eve.—(Musingly.) Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I am puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout.—Your property's known there!

Eve.—But purity of election—independence of votes—

Stout.—To be sure; Cipher bribes abominably. Frustate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Eve.—Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except our liberty! That is liberty!

Gloss.—Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a year will be affected by the motion.

Eve.—Right! for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That is law!

Stout.—Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker £5,000 a year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

Gloss.—Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout.—And too much sense for a bigot.

Gloss.—Bigot, sir?

Stout.—Yes, sir, bigot!

Eve.—Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all! Did you ever play at battledore?

Both.—Battledore!

Eve.—Battledore!—that is a contest between two parties; both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it!

Stout.—(Aside.) Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

Gloss.—(Aside.) Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

Stout.—Then you don't go against us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow. (Goes to table, gets his hat.)

Gloss.—Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you!

Stout.—I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history! (Exit.)

Gloss.—I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone.

(Exit.)

Eve.—Both sides alike! Money versus Man!—poor man!—Sharp, come here—(Sharp advances) let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what is honesty? where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp.—In the heart, I suppose, sir?

Eve.—Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches-pocket! (Goes to table.) Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul, too, for that coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor, I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it! Fools—knaves—hypocrites!—By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burned down yesterday. (Sharp goes to his desk.)

Enter Graves.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend, what a world this is!

Graves.—It is an atrocious world! But astronomers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day—and that's some comfort!

Eve.—Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for? Have you no bowels? Why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? (To Sharp. Exit Sharp.) Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

Graves.—(Groaning.) Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Eve.—(Sighs.) Because I am miserable myself.

Graves.—You! Pshaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife. (Graves places his hat on table.)

Eve.—But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one! Sit down and listen. (They seat themselves.) I want a confidant! Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves!

Graves.—A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Eve.—On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman; in knowledge he is a scholar; and he crawls about, amid gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah! a thing—to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted!

That is the difference between rich and poor; it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I loved at the first sight.

Graves.—And were you loved again?

Eve.—I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Graves.—Perfectly! what were the contents?

Eve.—After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!) it proceeded—but I'll read it to you: “Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment I could wish to suggest your choice; my two nearest female relations and my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die.” My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide; you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me.

Graves.—But now she would accept you!

Eve.—And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Graves.—But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you ought to do so.

Eve.—Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life. Oh! such a marriage would be a hell, the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

Graves.—Ah, it is a comfort to think, my dear friend, as you are sure to be miserable, when you are married, that we can mingle our groans together. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.

Eve.—You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter in a strange or disguised hand, signed, "From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn," and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

Graves.—Why not assure yourself?

Eve.—Because I have not dared. For, sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara. (Taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.) No, I can't recognize the hand. Graves, I detest that girl.

Graves.—Who? Georgina?

Eve.—No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven, taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. (Whispers.) I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

Graves.—And didn't it?

Eve.—Not a farthing. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it—owes it to me—me, whom she rejected—me, the poor scholar! Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

Graves.—You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter after all?

Eve.—Do you think so—I'll go to the house this instant!

Graves.—Eh! Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman. If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

Eve.—No, no; don't think any such thing, women are even worse than men.

Graves.—True; to love is a boy's madness!

Eve.—To feel is to suffer.

Graves.—To hope is to be deceived.

Eve.—I have done with romance!

Graves.—Mine is buried with Maria!

Eve.—If Clara did but write this—

Graves.—Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out! (Evelyn catches his eye; he changes his tone.) A vale of tears—a vale of tears!

Eve.—A vale of tears, indeed!

(*Exeunt.*)

Re-enter Graves for his hat.

Graves.—And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck. If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into this world without heads. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

Drawing-rooms at Sir John Vesey's, as in Act I, Scene I.

Lady Franklin and Clara.

Lady Franklin.—Ha! ha! ha! talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

Clara.—Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

Lady F.—For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

Clara.—But why does he regret her?

Lady F.—Why? Because he has everything to make him happy—easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And

since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest—it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent—pale—unhappy—tears, too?

Clara.—No—no—not tears. No!

Lady F.—Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you £20,000 every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

Clara.—(With disdain.) Sir Frederick!

Lady F.—Ah, Clara, be comforted! I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

Clara.—If he did, it is past now. You alone know the true reason why I rejected him. You know that if ever he should learn that reason, he will acquit me of the selfish motive he now imputes to me.

Enter Sir John, and turns over the books, etc., on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.

Lady F.—Let me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

Clara.—He would have guessed it had his love been like mine.

Lady F.—Guessed it—nonsense! The hand-writing unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

Sir John.—(Aside, at table.) Hum! Came from Georgina.

Lady F.—Come, let me tell him this. I know the effect it will have upon his choice.

Clara.—Choice! oh, that humiliating word. No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

Lady F.—But—

Clara.—No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly.

Lady F.—Well, I promise.

Clara.—I—I—forgive me—I am not well. (Exit.)

Lady F.—What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

Sir J.—Have you seen "The Times" newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find "The Times" newspaper.

Lady F.—I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

Sir J.—My dear sister—you're the best creature. Do?

(Exit *Lady Franklin*.)

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this letter be? Ah! I recollect something.

Enter *Georgina*.

Georgina.—Papa, I want—

Sir J.—Yes, I know what you want well enough! Tell me!—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

Geor.—No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if—

Sir J.—Gave you the address?—that's lucky! Hush!

Enter *Page*.

Page.—(Announces.) Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn. (Exit.)

Enter *Graves* and *Evelyn*. *Evelyn*, when he enters, goes to *Sir John*, then converses with *Georgina*.

Lady F.—(Returning.) Here is the newspaper.

Graves.—Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Pentonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the general virtue and health of the nation?—Turn to the leading articles—and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half of the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last,

final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution. And that's a newspaper!

Lady F.—Ha! ha! your usual vein; always so amusing and good-humored!

Graves.—(Frowning and very angry.) Ma'am—good-humored!

Lady F.—Ah, you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger—so much handsomer—when you smile!

Graves.—(Softened.) Ma'am—(Aside.) A charming creature, upon my word!

Lady F.—You have not seen that last *Punch*? It is excellent. I think it might make you laugh. But, by the bye, I don't think you can laugh.

Graves.—Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma—

Lady F.—Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—but you'll be angry?

Graves.—Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because—

Lady F.—You have lost your front teeth.

Graves.—Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! (Laughing from ear to ear.)

Lady F.—Ha! ha! ha!

(*Exeunt Lady Franklin and Graves.*)

Evelyn.—(Aside.) Of course Clara will not appear! avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing!

Sir J.—(To Georgina.) Yes—yes—leave me to manage; you took his portrait, as I told you?

Geor.—Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

Sir J.—That girl's always in the way. (Page announces Captain Dudley Smooth.)

Enter Captain Dudley Smooth.

Smooth.—Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night.

Eve.—(Examining him curiously while Smooth is talking to Georgina.) And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

Sir J..—More commonly called Deadly Smooth—the finest player at whist, écarte, billiards, chess and picquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play at cards with him!

Eve.—He does not cheat, I suppose?

Sir J..—Hist! No!—but he always wins! He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

Eve.—Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf we cry down the knavery—when a man diverts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness! And every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth?

Sir J..—Why, who could offend him?—the best-bred, civil-est creature—and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

Eve.—A study—a study!—let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world. (Rises.)

Smooth.—(Passing his arm caressingly over Sir John's shoulder.) My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

Eve.—Sir, it's an honor I've long ardently desired. (Crosses to him—they bow and shake hands. Page announces Sir Frederick Blount.)

Enter Sir Frederick Blount.

Blount.—How dy'e do, Sir John? Ah, Evelyn—I wished so much to see you. (Takes Evelyn's arm.)

Eve.—'Tis my misfortune to be visible!

Blount.—A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my adwesses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy,

eccentric will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a prior attachment—(Aside) which I know to be false.

Eve.—(Seeing Clara.) A prior attachment!—Ha! Clara! Well, another time, my dear Blount.

Enter Clara. She seats herself.

Blount.—Stay a moment. Why are you in such a howwid huwwy? I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas.

Eve.—Miss Douglas!

Blount.—It is whispered about that you mean to propose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her prior attachment!

Eve.—Indeed!

Blount.—Yes. Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me!

Eve.—'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like—they understand you—you're of their own level. Pshaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

Blount.—My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy evewything before you—you're so confoundedly wic!

Eve.—You really think so, and you wish me to say a word for you to Miss Douglas? (He takes Blount's arm and walks him to Clara.) Miss Douglas, what do you think of Sir Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed—young—tolerably handsome—(Blount bowing.) Bows with an air—has plenty of small talk—everything to captivate. Yet he thinks that, if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer. What say you? Is love an auction—and do women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

Clara.—Their hearts—no!

Eve.—But their hands—yes! (She turns away.) You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question! (Blount crosses to Clara; Smooth and Sir John go up the stage; Evelyn goes to Georgina.)

Blount.—I wish you would take my opewa-box next Saturday—'tis the best in the house. I'm not wicb, but I spend what I have on myself. I make it a wule to have everything of the best in a quiet way. Best opewa-box—best dogs—best horses—best house in town of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife.

Clara.—Oh, that will come in time.

Geor.—(Aside.) Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. (Aloud.) You are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn—you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction—you, whom every one admires—so witty, such taste, such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish.

Sir J..—(Clapping Evelyn on the shoulder.) You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She's wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

Geor.—No, papa! No, pray, no! Nay, don't!

Sir J..—Nonsense, child—it's very odd, but she's more afraid of you than of any one! (Goes to the folio stand.)

Smooth.—(Aside.) He's an excellent father, our dear John! and supplies the place of a mother to her. (Lounges off.)

Clara.—(Aside.) So, so—he loves her! Misery—misery! But he shall not perceive it. No, no! (Aloud.) Ha, ha! Sir Frederick—excellent! excellent! You are so entertaining. (Sir John brings a portfolio and places it on the table; Evelyn and Georgina look over the drawing; Sir John leans over them; Sir Frederick converses with Clara; Evelyn watching them.)

Eve.—Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. (Death—she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there a little fault in that coloring? (She positively blushes.) But this Jupiter is superb. (What a d—d coxcomb it is!) (Rising.) Oh, she certainly loves him—I, too, can be loved elsewhere—I, too, can see smiles and blushes on the face of another.

Geor.—Are you not well? (Going to him.)

Eve.—I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved. Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey? (Retires with her to the table; taking up a portrait.) Why, what is this?—my own—

Geor.—You must not look at that—you must not, indeed. I did not know it was there.

Sir J.—Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child, I was not aware you took likenesses—that's something new. Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

Geor.—Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it. (Aside.) That odious Sir Frederick!

Eve.—Nay, you shall not. (Clara looks at him reproachfully, then talks with Sir Frederick.) But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoise shell? It is nearly a year since you set your heart on it, and I don't see it yet.

Sir J.—(Taking him aside, confidentially.) The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me.

Eve.—Letter—money! What was the name of the person she relieved—not Stanton?

Sir J.—I don't remember, indeed.

Eve.—(Taking out letter.) This is not her hand!

Sir J.—No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to be known, and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address?

Eve.—I gave it to her, Sir John.

Clara.—(At the distance.) Yes, I'll go to the opera, if Lady Franklin will—on Saturday, then, Sir Frederick. (Blount bows to Clara and goes off.)

Eve.—Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of uncontentious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. A good heart—a tender disposition—a charity that shuns the day—a modesty that blushes at its own excellence—an impulse toward something more divine than Mammon; such are the true accomplishments which preserve beauty forever young. Such I have sought in the partner I would take for life—such have I found—alas! not where I had dreamed! Miss

Vesey, I will be honest. (Miss Vesey advances.) I say then, frankly. (Raising his voice, as Clara approaches, and looking fixedly at her.) I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—vainly! I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image; if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence. (During this speech Georgina has advanced; Clara to a chair, she sits motionless, clasping her hands.)

Sir J.—The happiest day of my life. (Clara falls back in her chair.)

Eve.—(Darting forward, aside.) She is pale; she faints. What have I done? Oh, heaven! (Aloud.) Clara!

Clara.—(Rising with a smile.) Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn! (She sinks again into the chair, overcome by emotion; the rest form a picture of consternation and selfish joy.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

The drawing-rooms in Sir John Vesey's house, as before. The furniture arranged for the change to the next scene.

Sir John and Georgina.

Sir John.—And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

Georgina.—No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

Sir J.—But Evelyn is fifty times as rich.

Geor.—But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter?

Sir J.—No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy. You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince. His

house in London is a palace, and he has bought a great estate in the country. Look how he lives. Balls—banquets—fine arts—fiddlers—charities—and the devil to pay!

Geor.—But if he can afford it—

Sir J.—Oh! so long as he stopped there I had no apprehension; but since he proposed for you he is more extravagant than ever. They say he has taken to gambling; and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth! If he gets into a scrape he may fall off from the settlements. We must press the marriage at once.

Geor.—Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is really attached to Clara?

Sir J.—Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

Geor.—The jewels—yes—the drive will do me good.

Sir J.—Tell Clara to come to me. (Exit Georgina.) Yes. I must press on this marriage. Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. This match will make me a man of prodigious importance! I suspect he'll give me up her ten thousand pounds. I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son—and I look on his money as my own.

Enter Clara.

Sir J.—Clara, my love!

Clara.—Sir—

Sir J.—My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness. To the point, then; my poor child, I am aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn—

Clara.—Sir! my attachment?

Sir J.—It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed. (Clara weeps.) My dear Clara, don't take on so; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment—

Clara.—Every one? Oh, torture!

Sir J.—That it preys on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! In a word, I fear these little jealousies and suspicions will tend to embitter their future union. I'm a father—forgive me.

Clara.—What would you have me do, sir?

Sir J.—Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. You are your own mistress. Mra. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

Clara.—It is the very favor I would ask of you. (Aside.) I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. (Aloud.) When does she go?

Sir J.—In five days—next Monday.—You forgive me?

Clara.—Sir, I thank you.

Sir J.—Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

Takes Clara to table as the Page enters.

Page.—The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

Sir J.—Very well, James. If Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall; if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come (MacFinch who duns me three times a week), say I've hurried off to Galaway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. (Exit servant.) One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul!

Clara.—(Folding the letter.) There, it is decided! A few days and we are parted forever!—a few weeks and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I embitter their lot! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive, as I do—I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayer for thee!

Eve.—(Without.) Miss Vesey just gone! Well, I will write a line.

Enter Evelyn preceded by Page, who exits immediately.

Eve.—(Aside.) So—Clara! (She rises.) Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglas.

Clara.—(Going.) Nay, I have done.

Eve.—I see that my presence is always odious to you; it is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, madam; I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country—till—till—in short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter. (He places his hat on table.)

Clara.—(Aside.) The last time!—and we shall then meet no more! And to thus part forever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it! (Approaches him.) Alfred, my cousin, it is true, this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

Eve.—To quit England?

Clara.—But before I go let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

Eve.—(Mechanically.) To quit England?

Clara.—Yes, and now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—something of our old friendship may at least return to us. And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

Eve.—(Moved.) Miss Douglas—Clara—if there is aught that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice, or poverty despair—if—if my life—my heart's blood—could render to you one such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to—yes, even that bitter past—I will cancel and forget.

Clara.—(Holding out her hand.) We are friends, then! (Evelyn takes her hand.) You are again my cousin!—my brother!

Eve.—(Dropping her hand.) Brother! Ah! say on!

Clara.—I speak, then, as a sister—herself weak, inexperienced—might speak to a brother, in whose career she felt the ambition of a man. Oh! Evelyn, when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius! I saw before me the noble and bright career open to you at last—and I often thought that, in after years, when far away—as I soon shall be—I should hear your name identified, not with what fortune can give the base, but with deeds and ends to which, for the great, fortune is but the instrument;—I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—“And once this man loved me!”

Eve.—No more, Clara!—Oh, heavens!—no more!

Clara.—But has it been so?—have you been true to your own self?—Pomp—parade—luxuries—pleasures—folly!—all these might distinguish others—they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn. Oh! pardon me—I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.—Ah! I should not have dared this much had I not thought at times, that—that—

Eve.—That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! Perhaps, indeed, after a youth, steeped to the lips in the hyssop and gall of penury—perhaps I might have wished royally to know the full value of that dazzling and starry life which, from the last step in the ladder, I had seen indignantly and from afar. But a month—a week, would have sufficed for that experience. Experience!—Oh, how soon we learn that hearts are as cold and souls as vile—no matter whether the sun shine on the noble in his palace, or the rain drench the rags of the beggar cowering at the porch. But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me, if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendor I thought you prized—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value—the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed!

Clara.—A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

Eve.—And at last I am beloved. (After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.) Do you doubt it?

Clara.—No, I believe it firmly!—And, now that there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely (with a smile) not revenge, my cousin, you will rise to your nobler self!—and so, farewell! (Going.)

Eve.—No; stay, one moment;—you still feel interest in my fate? Have I been deceived? Oh, why—why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet? Could you still—still—? Distraction—I know not what I say;—my honor pledged to another—my vows accepted and returned! Go, Clara, it is best so! Yet you will miss some one, perhaps, more than me—some one to whose follies you have been more indulgent—some one to whom you would permit a yet tenderer name than that of brother!

Clara.—(Aside.) It will make him, perhaps, happier to think it! (Aloud.) Think so, if you will!—but part friends.

Eve.—Friends—and that is all! Look you—this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—the voice that, heard afar, filled space as with an angel's music—a year—a month, a day, and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all—the sweetest enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth forever of its sunshine—comes to you with a careless lip, and says—“Let us part friends!”—Go, Clara—go—and be happy if you can! (Falls into a chair.)

Clara.—(Weeping.) Cruel—cruel—to the last! (Exit.)

Eve.—(Rises.) Soft! let me recall her words, her tones, her looks.—Does she love me? There is a voice at my heart which tells me I have been the rash slave of a jealous anger. But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue. (Retires and sits at table.)

Enter Graves, preceded by Page.

Page.—Lady Franklin is dressing, sir.

Graves.—Well, I'll wait. (Exit Page.) She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me, that is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene. (Seeing Evelyn.) Is that you, Evelyn? I have just heard that the borough of Brog-in-hole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

Eve.—I, who despise these contests for the color of a straw. (Aside.) And yet, Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished. (Rises, aloud.) You are right, Graves, to be sure, after all. An Englishman owes something to his country.

Graves.—He does, indeed. (Counting on his fingers.) East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary Complaints, and Taxes. (Evelyn walks about in disorder.) Oh! you are a pretty fellow. One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing (poor Maria often said she detested me), and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina.

Eve.—Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick!

Graves.—Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse an offer from Sir Frederick. I have it from Lady Franklin, to whom he confided his despair in rearranging his neck-cloth.

Eve.—My dear friend—is it possible?

Graves.—But what then? You must marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to—your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

Eve.—By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. Is it not a strange thing that in matters of reason—of the arithmetic and logic of life—we are sensible, shrewd, prudent men; but touch our hearts—move our passions—take us for an instant from the hard safety of worldly calculation—and the philosopher is duller than the fool? Duped—if I thought it—but Georgina?

Graves.—Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practicing with Sir Frederick in the morning.

Eve.—On your life, sir, be serious; what do you mean?

Graves.—That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

Eve.—Ha, say you so?

Graves.—What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous—your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

Eve.—Ha! ha! Do they say that? a few hundred lost or won—a cheap opiate—anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles—the same motive to both. But you are right—it is a base resource—I will play no more.

Graves.—I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. Even Sir John is alarmed. I met him just now in Pall Mall. By-the-bye, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit and Co.?

Eve.—So, Sir John is alarmed. (Aside.) Gulled by this cogging charlatan? Aha, I may beat him yet at his own weapons. (Aloud.) Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me

Graves.—Because Sir John has just heard that they are in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

Eve.—I'll see to it. So Sir John is alarmed at my gambling?

Graves.—Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening, to watch you.

Eve.—To watch me—good—I will be there!

Graves.—But you will promise not to play?

Eve.—Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up.

Graves.—No—no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please; break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets.

Eve.—Hark ye, Graves—if you are right, I will extricate myself yet. The duper shall be duped, in the next twenty-four hours. I may win back the happiness of a life. Oh! if this scheme do but succeed!

Graves.—Scheme! What scheme? (Evelyn takes his hat from table.)

Eve.—Yes, I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me, if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! (Going out and returning.) I am so absent. What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk and Credit? Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day. Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before daybreak, hard at work with my friend Smooth. (Exit.)

Graves.—He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it. What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

Enter Servant.

Servant.—Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the boudoir, sir.

Graves.—In the boudoir!—go—go—I'll come directly. (Exit Servant.) My heart beats—it must be for grief. Poor Maria! (Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.) Not a white one—just like my luck; I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow and blue abomination from India, which it's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit. Ah! Fortune never ceases to torment the susceptible. The boudoir—ha—ha! the boudoir! (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A boudoir in the same house.

Enter Lady Franklin.

Lady Franklin.—What if my little plot does not succeed? The man insists on being wretched, and I pity him so much that I am determined to make him happy! Ha! ha! ha! He shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall dance, he shall— (Composes herself.) Here he comes!

Enter Graves.

Graves.—(Sighing.) Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady F.—(Sighing.) Ah, Mr. Graves! (They seat themselves.) Pray excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves.—An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you—'tis a happy disposition! Poor Maria! she, too, was naturally gay.

Lady F.—Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves.—Spirit? Yes—nothing could master it! She would have her own way. Ah! there was nobody like her!

Lady F.—And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves.—Did not they?—Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing!

Lady F.—How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves.—You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife?" Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

Lady F.—Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with (mimicking) "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

Graves.—No—no! that's not it! more energy. (Mimicking.) "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!" Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a day. Ah! poor dear lamb! (Wipes his eyes.)

Lady F.—And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little air she was so fond of?

Graves.—Ha! ha! sprightly, was it not? Let me see—let me see.

Lady F.—(Humming.) Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it!

Graves.—(Humming.) Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum.

Both.—Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

Graves.—(Throwing himself back.) Ah! what recollection it revives! It is too affecting.

Lady F.—It is affecting; but we are all mortal. (Sighs.) And at your Christmas party at Cypress Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain MacNaughten?

Graves.—Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

Lady F.—Can you think of the step? Somehow thus, was it not? (Dancing.)

Graves.—No—no—quite wrong! Just stand there. Now then. (Humming the tune.) La—la—la—la—la, etc. (They dance.) That's it—excellent—admirable!

Lady F.—(Aside.) Now 'tis coming.

Enter Sir John, Blount, Georgina. They stand amazed. *Lady Franklin* continues dancing.

Graves.—Bewitching—irresistible! 'Tis Maria herself that I see before me! Thus—thus—let me clasp— Oh, the devil! Just like my luck! (Stopping opposite Sir John. *Lady Franklin* runs off.)

Sir John.—Upon my word, Mr. Graves!

Georgina and Blount.—Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

Graves.—It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. *Lady Franklin*, you see—that is to say—I— Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction! (Runs off.)

(Sir John, Georgina and Blount follow.)

SCENE III.

The interior of a club; night. Noise of conversation before the act-drop rises; murmurs as it ascends.

Glossmore.—You don't often come to the club, Stout?

Stout.—No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

Old Member.—(Reading the newspaper.) Walter! the snuff-box. (Walter brings a large round box on a salver.)

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Gloss.—So Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog! (Murmurs as before; Stout takes the snuff-box from Old Member's table; Old Member looks at him savagely.)

Enter Evelyn; salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the stage; places his hat on table.

Evelyn.—Ha, Flat, how well you are looking! Green, how do you do? How d'ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout? You don't play, I think? Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than rents and profits, wages and labor, high prices and low, corn laws, poor laws, tithes, currency, dot-and-go-one, rates, puzzles, taxes, riddles and botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge! (Sits to play; members touch each other significantly.)

Smooth.—My dear Alfred, anything to oblige. (Murmurs.)

Old Mem.—Waiter! the snuff-box. (Waiter takes it from Stout and brings it back to Old Member. Two members come down to member at centre table, whisper to him and go off. Having made the cards, Smooth deals.)

Enter Blount; he goes to Evelyn's table and stands in front of it for a moment.

Blount.—So! Evelyn at it again—eh, Glossmore?

Gloss.—Yes; Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth. (Murmurs. Smooth and Evelyn play.)

Smooth.—Your point?

Eve.—Five!

Smooth.—Not good. Six—sequence—five!

Eve.—Good!

Smooth.—Three aces.

Eve.—Good! (They continue playing; Evelyn deals.)

Blount.—Will you make up a wubber?

Gloss.—Have you got two others?

Blount.—Yes; Flat and Green.

Gloss.—Bad players.

Blount.—I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do any harm.

Gloss.—Clever fellow, that Blount. (Murmurs. Blount takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.)

Blount, Glossamore, Flat and Green make up a table.

Smooth.—A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred—ninety reprise—ten cards—game!

Eve.—(Passing a note to him.) Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

Smooth.—Ce cher Alfred! He is so droll!

Eve.—(Writing in his pocket-book.) Forty games a night—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think.

Smooth.—(Glancing over the account.) Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

Eve.—It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

Smooth.—My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than £4,000 a year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Eve.—Hark ye, then—it is a matter to me of vast importance—a word with you. (They whisper.)

Old Mem.—Walter! the snuff-box. (Walter takes it from Blount, etc. Murmurs.)

Enter Sir John.

Eve.—You understand?

Smooth.—Perfectly; anything to oblige.

Eve.—(Cutting.) It is for you to deal. (Murmurs. They go on playing.)

Sir John.—There is my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending my consequence and making a fool of himself. (Takes up snuff-box; Old Member looks at him.)

Eve.—(Playing.) Six to the point.

Smooth.—Good!

Eve.—Three queens.

Smooth.—Not good—I have three kings and three knaves! (They deal out the cards until Sir John speaks.)

Blount.—(Rising from the table; another member takes his place.) I'm out. Flat, a pony on the odd twick. (Takes the money.) That's wight. (Comes down, counting money.) Well, Sir John, you don't play?

Sir J..—Play? no! (Looking over Evelyn's hand.) Confound him—lost again!

Eve.—Hang the cards!—double the stakes!

Smooth.—Anything to oblige—done!

Sir J..—Done, indeed!

Old Mem..—Waiter! the snuff-box. (Waiter takes it from Sir John.)

Blount.—I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set! (Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.)

Sir J..—(Looking over Smooth's hand, and fidgeting backward and forward.) Lord, have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point! What's the stakes?

Eve.—Don't disturb us—I only throw out four. Stakes, Sir John?—immense! Was ever such luck?—not a card for my point. Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable.

Blount.—One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn?

Sir J..—Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law. (Goes and takes the snuff-box.)

Eve.—One hundred pounds, Blount? Oh, yes! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

Sir J..—I'm on the rack! Be cool, Evelyn! take care, my dear boy! Be cool—be cool! (Smooth shows his cards.)

Eve.—What—what? You have four queens!—five to the king. Confound the cards! a fresh pack. (Throws the cards behind him over Sir John. Waiter brings a new pack of cards to Evelyn.)

Old Mem.—Waiter! the snuff-box. (Murmurs. Different members gather round.)

Flat.—(With back to audience.) I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

Green.—Yes—this is interesting!

Sir J.—Interesting! There's a wretch!

Flat.—(Next to Green.) Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month.

Sir J.—I'm in a cold sweat!

Green.—Smooth is the very devil.

Sir J.—The devil's a joke to him!

Gloss.—(Slapping Sir John on the back.) A clever fellow, that Smooth, Sir John, eh? (Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.) One hundred pounds on this game, Evelyn? (Going to the table.)

Eve.—(Half turning round.) You! well done the Constitution! yes, £100!

Old Mem.—Waiter! the snuff-box.

Stout.—I think I'll venture £200 on this game, Evelyn?

Eve.—(Quite turning round.) Ha! ha! ha! Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! Oh, Stout, Stout!—greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—£200! ha! ha! deal, Smooth. Well done, political economy—ha! ha! ha!

Sir J.—Quite hysterical—drivelling! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. (Takes snuff-box as before. Members indignant.)

Stout.—(To members.) Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter!

Flat.—What! Stingy Jack's? oh!

Chorus of Members.—Oh! oh!

Eva.—By heaven, there never was such luck! It's enough to drive a man wild! This is mere child's play, Smooth—double or quits on the whole amount!

Smooth.—Anything to oblige! (Murmurs; they play quickly.)

Sir J.—Oh, dear—oh, dear! (Great excitement.)

Eva.—(Throwing down his cards and rising in great agitation.) No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough! Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—death!—this is ruinous! (Seizes the snuff-box and goes up to chair; sits.)

Sir J.—Ruinous? What has he lost? what has he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh? (Members look at Evelyn; others gather round Smooth.)

Smooth.—Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me! We never tell our winnings. (To Blount.) How d'ye do, Fred? (To Glossmore.) By-the-bye, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor square?—£12,000, eh?

Gloss.—Yes, and the furniture at valuation. About £3,000 more.

Smooth.—(Looking over his pocket-book.) Um! Well, we'll talk of it.

Sir J.—Twelve and three—£15,000. What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—£15,000, Smooth?

Smooth.—Oh, the house itself is a trifle; but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

Old Mem.—Waiter! the snuff-box! (Scraping it round and with a wry face.) And it's all gone! (Gives it to the waiter to fill.)

Sir J.—(Turning round.) And it's all gone!

Eve.—(Starting up and laughing hysterically.) Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. (Goes to Smooth.) Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to my house! come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it! (Going; Sir John stops him.)

Sir J.—A night of it! For heaven's sake, Evelyn! Evelyn!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's feelings!—think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn!—think of—

Eva.—I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention. Pshaw—pshaw! Out of the way, do! (Throws Sir John off.) Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it! (Exeunt Smooth and Evelyn.)

Sir J.—(Following.) You must not—you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn! he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police! (Exit.)

Members.—Ha! ha! ha! Poor old stingy Jack!

Old Mem.—(Rising for the first time, and in a great rage.) Waiter, the snuff-box!

Mems.—Ha! ha! ha! Stingy Jack! (Murmurs and laughter as the act-drop descends.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An ante-room in Evelyn's house.

Enter Toke, Glossmore and Blount. Chairs and tables with writing materials.

Toke.—My master is not very well, my lord; but I'll let him know. (Exit Toke.)

Glossmore.—I am very curious to learn the result of his gambling tête-à-tête. There are strange reports abroad, and the tradesmen have taken the alarm.

Blount.—Oh, he's so howwidly wich, he can afford even a tête-à-tête with Deadly Smooth!

Gloss.—Poor old stingy Jack! why, Georgina was your intended.

Blount.—Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money?

Enter Evelyn, in a morning wrapper.

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would prefer; but she's sacrificed by her father! She as much as told me so!

Evelyn.—(Aside.) Now to work still further upon Sir John, through these excellent friends of mine. (Aloud.) So, so—good-morning, gentlemen! we've a little account to settle—one hundred each.

Both.—Don't talk of it.

Eve.—(Putting up his pocket-book.) Well, I'll not talk of it. (Taking Blount aside.) Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present; my money is locked up and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So, instead of owing you £100, suppose I owe you five? You can give me a check for the other four. And, hark ye! not a word to Glossmore.

Blount.—Glossmore! the greatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted! (Aside.) It never does harm to lend to a wretched man; one gets it back somehow. (Aloud.) By the way, Evelyn, if you want my grey cab-horse, you may have him for £200, and that will make seven.

Eve.—(Aside.) That's the fashionable usury; your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse. (Aloud.) Blount, it's a bargain. (Blount goes to table.)

Blount.—(Writing a check and musingly.) No; I don't see what harm it can do me; that off leg must end in a spavin.

Eve.—Now for my other friend. (To Glossmore.) That £100 I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more—just to go on with?

Gloss.—Certainly! Hopkins is dead; your interest for Cipher would—

Eve.—Why, I can't promise that at this moment. But as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid gray cab-horse I bought to-day—cost £200!

Gloss.—(Aside.) Bought to-day—then I'm safe. (Aloud.) My dear fellow, you're always so princely!

Eve.—Nonsense! just write the check; and, hark ye! not a syllable to Blount!

Gloss.—Blount! He's the town-crier! (Goes to write at table.)

Blount.—(Rises, giving Evelyn the check.) Wansom's, Pall-mall, East.

Eve.—Thank you. So you proposed to Miss Douglas!

Blount.—Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, the vewy day you pwoposed for Miss Vesey, otherwise Georgina—

Eve.—Has only half what Miss Douglas has.

Blount.—You forget how much stingy Jack must have saved! But I beg your pardon.

Eve.—Never mind; but not a word to Sir John, or he'll fancy I'm ruined.

Gloss.—(Giving the check.) Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

Eve.—Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's. (Looking at the two checks.)

Gloss.—(Aside.) Why, he's borrowed from Blount, too!

Blount.—(Aside.) That's a check from Lord Glossmore.

Eve.—Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll meet Smooth. (Mournfully.) It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here. My—what am I saying? Oh, merely a joke—good-bye—good-bye. (Shaking them heartily by the hand. Exit. Glossmore and Blount look at each other for a moment, and then speak.)

Blount.—Glossmore!

Gloss.—Blount!

Blount.—I am awfaid all's not wight!

Gloss.—I incline to your opinion.

Blount.—But I've sold my gway cab-horse.

Gloss.—Gray cab-horse! you!—What is he really worth now?

Blount.—Since he is sold, I will tell you—Not a sixpence.

Gloss.—Not a sixpence? he gave it to me.

Blount.—That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

Gloss.—Nervous! Let us run and stop payment of our checks.

Enter Toke; he runs across the stage.

Blount.—Hello, John! where so fast?

Toke.—(In great haste.) Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall, East—Messrs. Ransom. (Exit.)

Blount.—(Solemnly.) Glossmore, we are floored?

Gloss.—Sir, the whole town shall know of it. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A splendid saloon in Evelyn's house. Doors leading to the dining-room.

Evelyn and Graves discovered seated.

Graves.—You don't mean to say you've borrowed money of Sir John?

Evelyn.—Yes, five hundred pounds. Observe how I'll thank him for it; observe how delighted he will be to find that five hundred was really of service to me.

Graves.—I don't understand you. You've grown so mysterious of late. You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk?

Eve.—No.

Graves.—No—then—

Enter Sir John, Lady Franklin, and Georgina. Georgina goes to table, and listens to Evelyn.

Sir John.—You got the check for £500 safely—too happy to— (Grasping Evelyn's hand.)

Eve.—(Interrupting him.) My best thanks—my warmest gratitude! So kind in you! so seasonable—that £500—you

don't know the value of that £500. I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

Sir J.—Gratitude! Nobleness! (Aside.) I can't have been taken in?

Eve.—And in a moment of such distress!

Sir J.—(Aside.) Such distress! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary.

Eve.—You must know, my dear Sir John, I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me another favor. I've only as yet paid the deposit of ten per cent. for the great Groginhole property. I am to pay the rest this week—nay, I fear to-morrow. I've already sold out of the Funds for the purchase; the money lies at the bankers', and of course I can't touch it; for if I don't pay by a certain day, I forfeit the estate and the deposit.

Sir J.—What's coming now, I wonder?

Enter Servant. Announces Mr. Stout and exits. Enter Stout, in evening dress.

Eve.—Georgina's fortune is £10,000. I always meant, my dear Sir John, to present you with that little sum.

Sir J.—Oh, Evelyn! (Wipes his eyes; Stout goes to table.)

Eve.—But the news of my losses has frightened my tradesmen! I have so many heavy debts at this moment that—that—that.—But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her. (Crosses to her.)

Sir J.—No, no—no, no Girls don't understand business.

Eve.—The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair not of business, but of feeling. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

Sir J.—(Aside.) Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me! (Stout takes him by the arm.)

Eve.—My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

Georgina.—Can you doubt it?

Eve.—I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment; I have been weak enough to lose money at play. I promise you

never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved; but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench

Geor.—Retrench!

Eve.—To live, perhaps, altogether in the country.

Geor.—Altogether in the country!

Eve.—To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

Geor.—Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming.

Enter Sir F. Blount; he salutes Evelyn and Lady Franklin.

Eve.—And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honor must be settled—you are of age—your £10,000 is in your own hands—

Sir J.—(Stout listening as well as Sir John.) I'm standing on hot iron.

Eve.—If you could lend it to me for a few weeks. You hesitate. Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence what is wedlock?

Sir J.—(Aside to her.) No! (Evelyn turns sharply.) Yes, (pointing his glass at the Correggio) the painting may be fine.

Stout.—But you don't like the subject?

Geor.—(Aside.) He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

Eve.—Well—

Geor.—You—you shall hear from me to-morrow. (Aside.) Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick! (Goes to Blount, at the back.)

Enter Glossmore and Smooth. Evelyn salutes them, paying Smooth servile respect; takes his arm.

Lady Franklin.—(To Graves.) Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday—was it not droll?

Graves.—Never recur to that humiliating topic.

Gloss.—(To Stout.) See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth.

Stout.—How mean in him!—Smooth—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits. I would not know such a man on any account. (Smooth comes down.)

Smooth.—(To Glossmore.) So Hopkins is dead—you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

Gloss.—What—could you manage it? (Aside.) Why, he must have won his whole fortune.

Smooth.—Ce cher, Charles!—anything to oblige.

Gloss.—It is not possible he can have lost Groginhole!

Stout.—Groginhole! What can he have done with Groginhole! Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

Gloss.—What! the gambler—the fellow who lives by his wits?

Stout.—Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital? I'll introduce myself. (Crosses to Smooth.) How d'ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think—I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation? Bad! very bad—no enlightenment—great fall off in the revenue—no knowledge of finance! There's only one man who can save the country—and that's Popkins!

Smooth.—Is he in Parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by-the-bye?

Stout.—Benjamin—No;—constituences are so ignorant they don't understand his value. He's no orator; in fact, he stammers a little—that is, a great deal—but devilish profound. Could not we insure him for Groginhole?

Smooth.—My dear Benjamin, it is a thing to be thought on. (They retire.)

Eve.—(Advancing.) My friends, pray be seated. (They sit.) I wish to consult you. This day twelve months I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion.

Gloss.—Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

Blount.—Vewy good horses—(Aside, to Glossmore)—especially the gway cab.

Lady F.—Splendid pictures!

Graves.—And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

Smooth.—(Thrusting his hands into his pockets.) It is my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better.

Omnes.—(Except Sir John.) Very true!

Geor.—Certainly. (Coaxingly.) Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

Gloss.—Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

Stout.—Plebeian, sir—worse than plebeian—it is against all rules of public morality. Every one knows, nowadays, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art—employs labor—and multiplies spinning jennies.

Eve.—You reassure me! I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play—

Gloss.—Nonsense—we like you the better for it. (Aside.) I wish I had my £600 back, though.

Eve.—And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me £10 for my old nurse?

Sir J.—A thousand times more so, my dear boy. (All approve.)

Enter Sharp.

Smooth.—But who's our new friend?

Eve.—Who? the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp? (Crosses to Sharp, who whispers to him.)

Eve.—(Aloud.) The bank's broke! (All start up.)

Sir J.—Bank broke—what bank?

Eve.—Flash, Brisk and Co.

Sir J.—But I warned you—you withdrew?

Eve.—Alas! no!

Sir J.—Oh! Not much in their hands?

Eve.—Why, I told you the purchase money for Grogginhole was at my bankers'—but no, no; don't look so frightened! It was not placed with Flash—it is at Hoare's—it is, indeed. Nay,

I assure you it is. A mere trifle at Flash's, upon my word, now! Don't groan in that way. You'll frighten everybody! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll talk of this! One day more—one day, at least for enjoyment. (Walks to and fro.)

Sir J.—Oh! a pretty enjoyment!

Blount.—And he borrowed £700 of me!

Gloes.—And £600 of me!

Sir J.—And £500 of me!

Stout.—Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler!

Stout.—(To Sir John.) I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. Transfer the stock.

Sir J.—(Going to Georgina.) Ha! I'm afraid we've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

Enter Toke, with a letter.

Toke.—(To Evelyn.) Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. MacFinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

Eve.—(Reading.) How! Sir John, this fellow, MacFinch, has heard of my misfortune, and insists on being paid—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent. Here, read this letter—you'll be quite amused with it.

Toke.—And, sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he will not stir till he's paid. (Exit.)

Eve.—Not stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John? Smooth, what is to be done?

Smooth.—(Seated.) If he'll not stir till he's paid, make him put up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory, as one of the fixtures, Alfred.

Eve.—It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But—

Enter Sheriff's Officer, giving a paper to Evelyn and whispering.

Eve.—What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, the impudent scoundrel! Faith, this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, I'm arrested.

Stout.—He's arrested. (Slapping Sir John on the back with glee.) Old gentleman! But I didn't lend him a farthing.

Eve.—And for a mere song—£150! Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or see that my people kick out the bailiffs, or do it yourself, or something—while we go to dinner.

Sir J.—Pay—kick—I'll be d—d if I do! Oh, my £500! my £500! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my £500! (Graves and Lady Franklin come forward.)

Graves.—I'm going to do a very silly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money—just my luck—Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.

Lady F.—I love you for that!

Graves.—Do you? then I am the happiest—Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying! (Lady Franklin retires. Ex-
eunt Graves and Officer.)

Eve.—(To Georgina.) Don't go by these appearances! I repeat, £10,000 will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

Geor.—Yes—yes! (Going.)

Eve.—But you're not going? You, too, Glossmore? you, Blount?—you, Stout?—you, Smooth?

Smooth.—No. I'll stick by you as long as you've a guinea to stake!

Gloss.—Oh, this might have been expected from a man of such ambiguous political opinions!

Stout.—Don't stop me, sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues—baugh!

Eve.—Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurdest mistake—you don't fancy I'm going to prison—ha! ha! Why don't you laugh, Sir John?—ha! ha! ha! (Goes up the stage.)

Sir J.—Sir, this horrible levity! Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor, injured, innocent child.

Smooth.—But, my dear John, they have no right to arrest the dinner.

The doors are thrown open by two Servants, a handsome dining-room is discovered, and a table elegantly set for ten persons. Enter Toke.

Toke.—Dinner is served.

Gloss.—(Pausing.) Dinner!

Stout.—Dinner! a very good smell!

Eve.—(To Sir John.) Turtle and venison, too. (They stop, irresolute.) That's right—come along—come along—but one word first, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first; will you lend me £10 for my old nurse? Ah, you fall back! Behold a lesson for all who build friendship upon their fortune, and not their virtues. You lent me hundreds this morning to squander upon pleasure—you would refuse me £10 now to bestow upon benevolence. Go—we have done with each other—go. (Exeunt, indignantly, all but Evelyn and Smooth.)

Re-enter Graves.

Graves.—Heydey! what's all this?

Eve.—Ha! ha!—the scheme prospers—the duper is duped! Come, my friends—come; when the standard of money goes down, in the great battle between man and fate—why, a bumper to the brave hearts that refuse to desert us. (Exit.)

Smooth and Graves.—Ha! ha! ha! (Exeunt.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Club; Smooth, Glossmore—four other Members discovered.

Gloss.—Will his horses be sold, think you?

Smooth.—Very possible, Charles—a fine stud—hum—ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry! (Smooth is at breakfast at the table, where the Old Member sat.)

Enter Waiter, with sherry.

Gloss.—They say he must go abroad.

Smooth.—Well; 'tis the best time of year for travelling, Charles.

Gloss.—We are all to be paid to-day; and that looks suspicious!

Smooth.—Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

Gloss.—(Rises and crosses to Smooth.) My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter; I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?

Smooth.—The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half-past ten—it has not moved an inch. (Waiter gives a letter to *Gloss*—more.)

Gloss.—(Reading.) From Grogginhole—an express! What's this? I'm amazed! (Reading.) "They've actually at the eleventh hour, started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be beat!—the Constitution is gone—Cipher." Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn! Gets into Parliament just to keep himself out of jail!

Smooth.—He's capable of it.

Gloss.—Not a doubt of it, sir! Not a doubt of it! The man saves himself at the expense of his country—Grogginhole is lost. There's an end of the Constitution! (Exit.)

Enter Sir John and Blount, talking.

Sir John.—My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man! If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she does—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours; I told her so this very morning.

Blount.—(Aside.) The old humbug!

Sir J.—She's the best of daughters! Dine with me at seven, and we'll talk of the settlements. (Waiter brings a bill on a salver to Smooth; he pays it.)

Blount.—Yes; I don't care for fortune—but—

Sir J.—Her £10,000 will be settled on herself—that of course.

Blount.—All of it, sir? Weally, I—

Sir J.—What then, my dear boy? I shall leave you both all I've laid by. Ah, you know I'm a close fellow! "Stingy Jack"—eh? After all, worth makes the man!

Smooth.—(Rises.) And the more a man's worth, John, the worthier man he must be. (Exeunt, Members and Smooth. Sir John takes up a newspaper and reads.)

Blount.—(Aside.) Yes; he has no other child! She must have all his savings; I don't see what harm it could do me. Still, that £10,000—I want that £10,000; if she would but wun off one could get wid of the settlements.

Enter Stout, (wiping his forehead), and takes Sir John aside.

Stout.—Sir John, we've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not £300 in the bank!

Sir J.—Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the execution—the—Oh, he must be done up!

Stout.—As to Smooth, he'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend upon it. Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over, Evelyn will be member for Groginhole. I've had an express from Popkins; he's in despair! not for himself—but for the country, Sir John,—what's to become of the country.

Sir J.—But what could be Evelyn's object?

Stout.—Object? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that?—a man who has not even any political opinions! Object! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family.

Sir J.—Aha! I begin to smell a rat.

Stout.—Do you?

Sir J.—But it is not too late yet.

Stout.—My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money! and he told me that—

Sir J.—What?

Stout.—Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day. (Goes to table and looks at papers.)

Sir J.—Georgina shall lend him the money! I'll lend him—every man in my house shall lend him—I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law—Sir Frederick, excuse me—you can't

dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn, now he's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy—can't think of it! Very much honored, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter, my carriage! Um! What, humbug Stingy Jack, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed. (Exit.)

Blount.—Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something about my character; I know you have; don't deny it, sir, I shall expect satisfaction!

Stout.—Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? Pooh, as if a man of enlightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think—he's no more ruined than you are.

Blount.—Not ruined! Aha, now I understand! So, so! Stay, let me see—she's to meet me in the square.

Stout.—I must be off to the vestry. (Exit.)

Blount.—Just in time—ten thousand pounds! 'Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be tweated in this way if he were fifty times Stingy Jack! (Exit.)

SCENE II.

The drawing-rooms in Sir John Vesey's house.

Enter Lady Franklin and Graves.

Graves.—Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still, but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

Lady Franklin.—She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has, could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

Graves.—I should just like to sound her.

Lady F.—(Ringing the bell.) And you shall. I take so much interest in her that I forgive your friend everything but his offer to Georgina.

Enter Page.

Where are the young ladies?

Page.—Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square; Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

Lady F.—What! did she go out with Miss Vesey?

Page.—No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's, the banker.

(Exit.)

Lady F.—Drummond's!

Enter Clara.

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

Clara.—(Confused.) Oh, I—that is—I— Ah, Mr. Graves! (Crosses to Graves.) How is Mr. Evelyn? How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

Graves.—With an awful calm. I fear all is not right here! (Touching his head.) The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day.

Clara.—Abroad!—to-day!

Graves.—But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

Clara.—Ah! he loves her so much, then?

Graves.—Um! That's more than I can say.

Clara.—She told me last night, that he said £10,000 would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

Graves.—Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

Lady F.—(Aside.) If she does, I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's!

Graves.—I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity

Lady F.—Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

Graves.—I know one man at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

Lady F.—And never told her?

Graves.—Never! There's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good-day!

Clara.—(Following him.) One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind? Generous Evelyn!

Graves.—You appreciate, and Georgina will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still. If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them!

(Exit.)

Clara.—Georgina will desert him. Do you think so?

Lady F.—She told me last night that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father—and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn, she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

Clara.—And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I, the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love—I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him—as relations we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

Lady F.—No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot!

Clara.—All abandon him—then I will go alone!

Lady F.—Alone—what will he think? What but—

Clara.—What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where, now, should a sister be? But—but—I—I—I—tremble! If, after all—if—if—in one word, am I too bold? The world—my conscience can answer that—but do you think that he could despise me?

Lady F.—No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both. You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A room in Evelyn's house, same as last of Act IV. Evelyn discovered at table.

Evelyn.—Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha!ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require, and for that time at least I shall hope to be thoroughly ruined. (Rises and goes.)

Enter Graves.

Well, Graves, and what do people say of me?

Graves.—Everything that's bad!

Eve.—Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet, I'm the same man.

Graves.—Humph! why, gambling—

Eve.—Cant! it was not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tut!—will you deny that if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—man—I've not been rich and poor for nothing. The vices and the virtues are written in a language the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are—failure and success! You alone are unchanged.

Graves.—There's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man. (Aside.) I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. (Aloud.) Hark ye, Evelyn, I like you—I'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now 'tis out.

Eve.—(Touched.) There's something good in human nature, after all! My dear friend, I will now confide in you; I am not the spendthrift you think me—my losses have been trifling—not a month's income of my fortune. (Graves shakes him heartily by the hand.) No! it has been but a stratagem

to prove if the love, on which was to rest the happiness of a whole life, were given to the money or the man. Now you guess why I have asked from Georgina this one proof of confidence and affection. Think you she will give it?

Graves.—Would you break your heart if she did not?

Eve.—It is vain to deny that I still love Clara; our last conversation renewed feelings which would task all the energies of my soul to conquer. No! the heart was given to the soul as its ally, not as its traitor.

Graves.—What do you intend to do?

Eve.—This: If Georgina prove, by her confidence and generosity, that she loves me for myself, I will shut Clara forever from my thoughts. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfill its vows.

Graves.—And if she reject you?

Eve.—(Joyfully.) If she do, I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

Enter Servant, with a letter. Exit Servant.

Eve.—(After reading it.) The die is cast—the dream is over. Generous girl! Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

Graves.—Georgina! is it possible?

Eve.—And the delicacy, the womanhood, the exquisite grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! How, seeing the straws on the surface, we forget that the pearls may lie hid below! I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

Graves.—And I, too.

Eve.—It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer; I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart. (Goes to table and writes.)

Graves.—I would have given £1,000 if that little jade Clara had been beforehand. But just like my luck; if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me.

Eve.—Graves, will you ring the bell?

Enter Servant.

Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. (Exit Servant.) And now Clara is resigned forever. Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

Graves.—You are reengaged, then, to Georgina?

Eve.—Irrevocably.

Enter Servant, announcing Lady Franklin and Miss Douglas.

Lady Franklin.—My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you!

Eve.—Madam—I—

Lady F.—Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am; your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him. (Crosses and speaks aside to Graves.) Let us leave them to themselves.

Graves.—You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does. (They retire into the inner room, out of sight, the doors partially open.)

Eve.—Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you! this goodness—this sympathy—

Clara.—(Abandoning herself to her emotion.) Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus! Goodness! sympathy—I have learned all—all! It is for me to speak of gratitude! What! even when I had so wounded you—when you believed me mercenary and cold—when you thought that I was blind and base enough not to know you for what you are; even at that time you thought but of my happiness—my fortunes—my fate! And to you—you—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh, noble Evelyn, this, then, was your revenge.

Eve.—You owe me no thanks—that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted

you, though you knew it not?—that in things the pettiest as the greatest, which that gold could buy—the very jewels you wore—the very robe in which, to other eyes, you might seem more fair—in all in which you took the woman's young and innocent delight—I had a part—a share! that, even if separated forever—even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices that might call you “mother!”—even then should the uses of that dress bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

Clara.—Despised! See the proof that I despise you—see; in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex; I remember but your sorrows—I am here!

Eve.—And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet—when I asked but one day the hope to call you mine—spoke only of poverty, and answered, “Never?”

Clara.—Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had insured your misery! Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius—ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose only dower was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself—I saw that ambition wither to despair—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death—and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?

Eve.—Clara, we should have shared it.

Clara.—Shared? Never let the woman who really loves comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas! cannot share the struggle—she can but witness the despair! And therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

Eve.—Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then?

Clara.—But I am not poor; we are not so poor. Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one-half would free you from your debts, why, we have the other half still left. *Evelyn*, it is humble—but it is not penury. You know me now.

Eve.—Know you! Bright angel, too excellent for man's harder nature to understand—at least it is permitted me to revere. Why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before?—why, why come they now—too late? Oh, heaven—too late!

Clara.—Too late! What, then, have I said?

Eve.—Wealth! what is it without you? With you, I recognize its power; to forestall your every wish—to smooth your every path—to make all that life borrows from grace and beauty your ministrant and handmaid;—why, that were to make gold indeed a god! But vain—vain—vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty and honor, to another!

Clara.—Another! Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! (Aside.) Oh, shame! he must despise me now! (Goes up and sits at table.)

Enter Sir John; at the same time Graves and Lady Franklin advance from the inner room.

Sir John.—(With dignity and frankness.) Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defense— (As Lady Franklin comes down.) Sister, just shut the door, will you—that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the £10,000.

Eve.—I know, and have already received it.

Sir J.—(Aside.) Already received it! Is he joking? (Aloud.) Sister, have you seen Georgina?

Lady Franklin.—Not since she went out to walk in the square.

Sir J.—(Aside.) She's not in the square, nor the house—where the deuce can the girl be?

Eve.—I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

Sir J.—(Joyfully.) Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time; take my carriage—it is but a step—you will not be two minutes gone. (Aside.) I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

Lady F.—(Repulsing Clara, who rises to follow.) No, no; stay till I return. (Exit.)

Sir J.—And don't be down-hearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you—

Eve.—Ha!—you!—you, too? Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey? (Aside.) Or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

Sir J.—No! on my honor. I only just called at the door on my way from Lord Spend—that is, from the city. Georgina was out;—was ever anything so unlucky? (Voices without—“Hurrah—hurrah! Blue forever!”) What's that?

Enter Sharp.

Sharp.—Sir, a deputation from Grogginhole—poll closed in an hour—you are returned! Holloa, sir—holloa!

Eve.—(Aside.) And it was to please Clara!

Sir J.—Mr. Sharp—Mr. Sharp—I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash & Co.?

Sharp.—Oh, a great deal, sir—a great deal!

Sir J.—(Alarmed.) How?—a great deal!

Eve.—Speak the truth, Sharp—concealment is all over.

Sharp.—£223 6s. 3d.—a great sum to throw away!

Sir J.—Eh! what, my dear boy?—what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it?—all humbug! So, Mr. Sharp, isn't he ruined, after all?—not the least wee, rascally little bit in the world ruined?

Sharp.—Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

Sir J.—Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms. (Knocking.) And that's my sister's knock, too!

Clara.—(Rises.) Since I was mistaken, cousin—since now you do not need me—forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

Eve.—Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled, you would know how little, in the great calamities of life, fortune is really worth. And must we part now,—now, when—when—I—

Enter Lady Franklin and Georgina, followed by Blount, who looks shy and embarrassed; Clara retires and goes to table.

Graves.—Georgina herself—then there's no hope.

Sir J.—(Aside.) What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? (Aloud.) Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to—

Eve.—Stand back, Sir John!

Sir J.—But I must speak a word to her—I want to—

Eve.—Stand back, I say—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to her heart only will I look for a reply to mine.—Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune? It is also true, that when you did so you believed me ruined? Oh, pardon the doubt! Answer as if your father stood not there—answer me from that truth the world cannot yet have plucked from your soul—answer me as woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted, should answer to one who has trusted to it his all!

Geor.—(Aside.) What can he mean?

Sir J.—(Making signs.) She'll not look this way—she will not—hang her.

Eve.—You falter. I implore—I adjure you—answer!

Lady F.—Speak! (Sir John makes an effort to speak; Evelyn observes it.)

Eve.—Silence, Sir John!

Geor.—Mr. Evelyn, your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

Sir J.—Good girl!—you hear her, Evelyn.

Geor.—What's money without happiness?

Sir J.—Clever creature!—my own sentiments!

Geor.—And so, as our engagement is now annulled—

Eve.—Annulled!

Geor.—Papa told me so this very morning—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart—to Sir Frederick Blount.

Sir J.—I told you—I—no such thing—no such thing; you frighten her out of her wits—she don't know what's she's saying!

Eve.—Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day—

Lady F.—(Looking over the letter.) Drummond's—from a banker!

Eve.—Read!—read!

Lady F.—“£10,000 just placed to your account—from the same unknown friend to Evelyn.” Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning.

Eve.—Clara! What!—and the former note with the same signature, on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart—

Lady F.—Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that—

Eve.—I see it all—how could I be so blind? I am free!—I am released!—Clara, you forgive me?—you love me?—you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power—I can devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul—I am all yours, Clara—my own—my wife! (Kneels; she gives him her hand; they embrace.)

Sir J.—(To Georgina.) A pretty mess you've made, to humbug your own father! And you, too, Lady Franklin—I am to thank you for this! (Evelyn places Clara in a chair.)

Lady F.—You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick. I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

Geor.—(Half-sobbing.) And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill-used, and you would settle it all at the club.

Blount.—Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device. After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the £10,000—

Eve.—I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness? (Slaps Sir John on the shoulder and retires.)

Sir J.—Pahaw—nonsense—stuff! Don't humbug me!

Lady F.—But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

Sir J.—Hum! there's something in that. (Aside to Evelyn.) Double it, will you? Then, settle it all tightly on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you. (Pinching her arm.) Ugh, you fool! (Blount and Georgina go up.)

Graves.—(Comes forward with Lady Franklin.) I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we, eh? Frankly, now, frankly—

Lady F.—Frankly, now, there's my hand.

Graves.—Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank heaven you are spared this affliction!

Enter Smooth.

Smooth.—How d'ye do, Alfred? I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

Blount.—Wish us joy, Smooth—Georgina's mine, and—

Smooth.—And our four friends there apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

Sir J.—Sir, your very—confound the fellow—and he's a dead shot, too!

Enter Stout and Glossmore hastily, talking with each other.

Gloss.—My dear Evelyn, you were out of humor yesterday—but I forgive you. (Evelyn takes his hand.)

Stout.—Certainly! What would become of public life if a man were obliged to be two days running in the same mind?—I rise to explain. Just heard of your return, Evelyn. Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times.

Gloss.—Preserve the Constitution!

Stout.—Your money will do wonders for the party! Advance!

Gloss.—The party respects men of your property. Stick fast!

Eve.—I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides of the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now, all my politics as yet is to consider what's best for the Stout Gentleman!

Smooth.—Meaning John Bull. Ce cher, old John! (Evelyn crosses to Smooth and takes his hand.)

Eve.—Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account and our last. And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen. (Turning to Clara.) Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amidst the humors and the follies, the vanities, deceipts, and vices that play their parts in the great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the time with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

Graves.—But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without—

Lady F..—Good health;

Graves.—Good spirits;

Clara.—A good heart;

Smooth.—An innocent rubber;

Geor.—Congenial tempers;

Blount.—A pwoper degwee of pwudence;

Stout.—Enlightened opinions;

Gloss.—Constitutional principles;

Sir J..—Knowledge of the world;

Eve.—And—plenty of money!

S O C I E T Y

A COMEDY

BY

T. W. ROBERTSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD PTARMIGANT.

LORD CLOUDWRAYS, M. P.

SIR FARINTOSH FADILEAF.

COLONEL BROWSER.

SIDNEY DARYL.

MR. JOHN CHODD, Sen.

MR. JOHN CHODD, Jun.

TOM STYLUS.

O'SULLIVAN.

MAC USQUEBAUGH.

DR. MACVICZ.

BRADLEY.

SCARGILL.

*SAM STUNNER, *The Smithfield Lamb.**

SHAMHEART.

DODDLES.

MOSES AARON.

SHERIDAN TRODNON.

LADY PTARMIGANT.

MAUD HETHERINGTON.

LITTLE MAUD.

MRS. CHURTON.

PRELUDE.

This comedy was first performed in Liverpool in 1865. It marked the beginning of a new school of dramatic writing, the influence of which has not yet passed away. It was the first of the series of so-called "tea-cup and saucer" plays, and though rejected by several managers, was one of the best. Its success was assured, however, as soon as people discovered that here was a new element in the drama.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sidney Daryl's chambers, in Lincoln's Inn; the room to present the appearance of belonging to a sporting literary barrister—books, pictures, whips, the mirror stuck full of cards. As the curtain rises a knock heard.

Tom.—(Without.) Mr. Daryl in?

Doddles.—Not up yet.

Enter Tom Stylus, Chodd, Jr., and Chodd, Sr.

Chodd, Jr.—(Looking at watch.) Ten minutes to twelve, eh, guv?

Tom.—Late into bed; up after he oughter; look out for brandy and sobering water.

Sidney.—(Within.) Doddles!

Dodd.—(An old clerk.) Yes, sir.

Sidney.—Brandy and soda.

Dodd.—Yes, sir.

Tom.—I said so! Tell Mr. Daryl two gentlemen wish to see him on particular business.

Chodd, Jr.—(A supercilious, bad swell—glass in eye, hooked stick, vulgar and uneasy.) So this is an author's crib, is it? Don't think much of it; eh, guv?

Chodd, Sr.—(A common old man, with a dialect.) Seems comfortable enough to me, Johnny.

Chodd, Jr.—Don't call me Johnny! I hope he won't be long! (Looking at watch.) Don't seem to me the right sort of thing for two gentlemen to be kept waiting for a man they are going to employ.

Chodd, Sr.—Gently, Johnny. (Chodd, Jr., looks annoyed.) I mean gently without the Johnny. Mister—

Tom.—Daryl—Sidney Daryl!

Chodd, Sr.—Daryl didn't know as we was coming!

Chodd, Jr.—(Rudely, to Tom.) Why didn't you let him know?

Tom.—(Fiercely.) How the devil could I? I didn't see you till last night. (Chodd, Jr., retires into himself.) You'll find Sidney Daryl just the man for you—young, full of talent, what I was thirty years ago;—I'm old now, and not full of talent, if ever I was; I've emptied myself; I've missed my tip. You see, I wasn't a swell—he is!

Chodd, Jr.—A swell—what, a man who writes for his living?

Enter Doddles.

Doddles.—Mr. Daryl will be with you directly; will you please sit down? (Chodd, Sr., sits; Tom takes a chair; Chodd, Jr., waits to have one given to him, is annoyed that no one does so, and sits on table; Doddles goes round.)

Chodd, Jr.—Where is Mr. Daryl?

Dodd.—In his bath.

Chodd, Jr.—(Jumping off table.) What! you don't mean to say he keeps us here while he's washing himself?

Enter Sidney Daryl in morning jacket.

Sidney.—Sorry to have detained you; how are you, Tom? (Tom and Chodd, Sr., rise; Chodd, Jr., sits again on table and sucks cane.)

Chodd, Sr.—Not at all!

Chodd, Jr.—(With watch.) Fifteen minutes.

Sidney.—(Handing chair to Chodd, Jr.) Take a chair!

Chodd, Jr.—This'll do.

Sidney.—But you're sitting on the steel pens.

Tom.—Dangerous things, pens! (Chodd, Jr., takes a chair.)

Sidney.—Yes; loaded with ink, percussion powder's nothing to 'em.

Chodd, Jr.—We came here to talk business. (To Doddles.) Here, you get out!

Sidney.—(Surprised.) Doddles—I expect a lot of people this morning; be kind enough to take them into the library.

Dodd.—Yes, sir. (Aside, looking at Chodd, Jr.) Young rhinoceros!

Sidney.—Now, gentlemen, I am—

(Exit.)

Tom.—Then I'll begin. First, let me introduce Mr. Sidney Daryl to Mr. John Chodd, of Snoggerston, also to Mr. John Chodd, Jr., of the same place. Mr. John Chodd, of Snoggerston, is very rich; he made a fortune by—

Chodd, Sr.—No! my brother Joe made a fortune in Australia by gold digging and then spec'rating; which he then died and left all to me.

Chodd, Jr.—(Aside.) Guv, cut it!

Chodd, Sr.—I shan't; I ain't ashamed of what I was nor what I am; it never was my way. Well, sir, I have lots of brass!

Sidney.—Brass?

Chodd, Sr.—Money.

Chodd, Jr.—Heaps!

Chodd, Sr.—Heaps; but having begun by being a poor man, without edication, and not being a gentleman—

Chodd, Jr.—(Aside.) Guv, cut it!

Chodd, Sr.—I shan't—I know I'm not, and I'm proud of it—that is, proud of knowing I'm not, and I won't pretend to be. Johnny, don't put me out—I say I'm not a gentleman, but my son is.

Sidney.—(Looking at him.) Evidently.

Chodd, Sr.—And I wish him to cut a figure in the world—to get into Parliament.

Sidney.—Very difficult.

Chodd, Sr..—To get a wife.

Sidney.—Very easy.

Chodd, Sr..—And in short, to be a—a real gentleman.

Sidney.—Very difficult.

Chodd, Sr.—
Chodd, Jr.— } Eh?

Sidney.—I mean very easy.

Chodd, Sr..—Now, I'm anxious he should be an M. P. as soon
as—

Sidney.—As he can.

Chodd, Sr..—Just so; and as I have lots of capital unem-
ployed, I mean to invest it in—

Tom.—(Slapping *Sidney* on knees.) A new daily paper!

Sidney.—By Jove!

Chodd, Sr..—A cheap daily paper, that could—that will—
what will a cheap daily paper do?

Sidney.—Bring the "Court Circular" within the knowledge
of the humblest.

Tom.—Educate the masses—raise them morally, socially,
politically, scientifically, geologically and horizontally.

Chodd, Sr..—(Delighted.) That's it—that's it, only it looks
better in print.

Tom.—(Spouting.) Bring the glad and solemn tidings of
the day to the laborer at the plow, the spinner at his wheel,
the swart forger at his furnace, the sailor on the giddy mast,
the lighthouse-keeper as he trims his beacon lamp, the house-
wife at her paste-board, the mother at her needle, the lowly
lucifer-seller as he splashes his wet and weary way through
the damp, steaming, stony streets, eh? you know! (Slapping
Sidney Daryl on the knee, they both laugh.)

Chodd, Sr..—(To *Chodd, Jr.*) What are they a-laughing at?

Tom.—So my old friend Johnny Prothero, who lives hard
by Mr. Chodd, knowing that I have started lots of papers, sent
the two Mr. Chodds, or Measra Chodd, which is it? you're a

great grammarian—to me. I can find them an efficient staff, and you are the first man we've called upon.

Sidney.—Thanks, old fellow. When do you propose to start it?

Chodd, Sr.—At once.

Sidney.—What is it to be called?

Chodd, Sr.—We don't know.

Chodd, Jr.—We leave that to the fellows we pay for their time and trouble.

Sidney.—You want something—

Chodd, Sr.—Strong.

Tom.—And sensational.

Sidney.—I have it. (Rising.)

Tom.—

Chodd, Sr.—{ What?

Chodd, Jr.—}

Sidney.—(Rising.) The "Morning Earthquake!"

Tom.—(Rising.) Capital!

Chodd, Sr.—(Rising.) First rate!

Chodd, Jr.—(Still seated.) Not so bad. (Goes up during next speech.)

Sidney.—Don't you see? In place of the clock, a mass of houses—factories and palaces tumbling one over the other; and then the prospectus! "At a time when thrones are tottering, dynasties dissolving—while the old world is displacing to make room for the new"—

Tom.—Bravo!

Chodd, Sr.—(Enthusiastically.) Hurray!

Tom.—A second edition at 4 o'clock P. M. The "Evening Earthquake," eh? Placard the walls. "The Earthquake," one note of admiration; "The Earthquake," two notes of admiration; "The Earthquake," three notes of admiration. Posters, "The Earthquake" delivered every morning with your hot rolls. "With coffee, toast and eggs, enjoy your 'Earthquake!'"

Chodd, Sr.—(With pocketbook.) I've got your name and address.

Chodd, Jr.—(Who has been looking at cards stuck in glass.)
Guy. (Takes old Chodd up and whispers to him.)

Tom.—(To Sidney.) Don't like this young man!

Sidney.—No.

Tom.—Cub.

Sidney.—Cad.

Tom.—Never mind. The old un's not a bad 'un. We're off to a printer's.

Sidney.—Good-bye, Tom, and thank ye.

Tom.—How's the little girl?

Sidney.—Quite well. I expect her here this morning.

Chodd, Sr.—Good-morning. (Exeunt Chodd, Sr., and Tom.)

Sidney.—(Filling pipe, etc.) Have a pipe?

Chodd, Jr.—(Taking out a magnificent case.) I always smoke cigars.

Sidney.—Gracious creature! Have some bitter beer? (Getting it from locker.)

Chodd, Jr.—I never drink anything in the morning—

Sidney.—Oh!

Chodd, Jr.—But champagne.

Sidney.—I haven't got any.

Chodd, Jr.—Then I'll take beer. (They sit.) Business is business—so I'd best begin at once. The present age is, as you are aware, a practical age. I come to the point; it's my way. Capital commands the world. The capitalist commands capital, therefore the capitalist commands the world.

Sidney.—But you don't quite command the world, do you?

Chodd, Jr.—Practically I do. I wish for the highest honors—I bring out my check-book. I want to get into the House of Commons—check-book. I want the best legal opinion in the House of Lords—check-book. The best house—check-book. The best turnout—check-book. The best friends, the best wife, the best-trained children—check-book, check-book and check-book.

Sidney.—You mean to say with money you can purchase anything?

Chodd, Jr.—Exactly. This life is a matter of bargain.

Sidney.—But "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Chodd, Jr.—Can buy 'em all, sir, in lots as at an auction.

Sidney.—Love, too?

Chodd, Jr.—Marriage means a upon mutually advantageous. It is a civil contract like a partnership.

Sidney.—And the old-fashioned virtues of honor and chivalry?

Chodd, Jr.—Honor means not being bankrupt. I know nothing at all about chivalry, and I don't want to.

Sidney.—Well, yours is quite a new creed to me, and I confess I don't like it.

Chodd, Jr.—The currency, sir, converts the most hardened skeptic. I see by the cards on your glass that you go out a good deal.

Sidney.—Go out?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes, to parties. (Looking at cards on table.) There's my Lady this and the Countess t'other and Mrs. Somebody else. Now, that's what I want to do.

Sidney.—Go into society?

Chodd, Jr.—Just so. You had money once, hadn't you?

Sidney.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—What did you do with it?

Sidney.—Spent it.

Chodd, Jr.—And you have been in the army?

Sidney.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—Infantry?

Sidney.—Cavalry.

Chodd, Jr.—Dragoons?

Sidney.—Lancers.

Chodd, Jr.—How did you get out of it?

Sidney.—Sold out.

Chodd, Jr.—Then you were a first-rate fellow, till you tumbled down!

Sidney.—Tumbled down?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes, to what you are. (Sidney, about to speak, is interrupted by Moses Aaron, without.)

Moses.—Tell you I musht shee him.

Enter Moses Aaron with Doddles.

Moses.—(Not seeing Chodd, going round behind table.) Sorry, Mister Daryl, but at the shoot of Brackersby & Co. (Arrests him.)

Chodd, Jr.—Je-hosophat! (Rising.)

Sidney.—Confound Mr. Brackersby! It hasn't been owing fifteen months! How much?

Moses.—With exes, fifty-four pun' two.

Sidney.—I've got it in the next room. Have some beer.

Moses.—Thank ye, shir. (Sidney pours it out.)

Sidney.—Back directly. (Exit.)

Chodd, Jr.—This chap's in debt. Here, you!

Moses.—Shir.

Chodd, Jr.—Mr. Daryl—does he owe much?

Moses.—Spheck he does, shir, or I shouldn't know him.

Chodd, Jr.—Here's half a sov. Give me your address.

Moses.—(Gives card.) "Orders executed with punctuality and dispatch."

Chodd, Jr.—If I don't get into society now, I'm a Dutchman.

Enter Sidney.

Sidney.—Here you are—ten fives—two two's—and a half a crown for yourself.

Moses.—Thank ye, shir. Good-mornin', shir.

Sidney.—Good-morning.

Moses.—(To Chodd.) Good-mornin', shir.

Chodd, Jr.—Such familiarity from the lower orders. (Exit Moses Aaron.) You take it coolly. (Sitting.)

Sidney.—(Sitting.) I generally do.

Chodd, Jr.—(Looking round.) You've got lots of guns.

Sidney.—I'm fond of shooting.

Chodd, Jr..—And rods.

Sidney.—I'm fond of fishing.

Chodd, Jr..—And books.

Sidney.—I like reading.

Chodd, Jr..—And whips.

Sidney.—And riding.

Chodd, Jr..—Why, you seem fond of everything.

Sidney.—(Looking at him.) No, not everything.

Enter Doddles with card.

Sidney.—(Reading.) "Mr. Sam. Stunner, P. R."

Chodd, Jr..—"P. R." What's P. R. mean? Afternoon's P. M.

Sidney.—Ask him in. (Exit Doddles.)

Chodd, Jr..—Is he an author, or does P. R. mean Pre-Raphaelite?

Sidney.—No; he's a prize-fighter—Smiffel Lamb.

Enter the Smithfield Lamb.

How are you, Lamb?

Lamb.—Bleatin', sir, bleatin'—thankee kindly.

Chodd, Jr..—(Aside to Sidney.) Do prize-fighters usually carry cards?

Sidney.—The march of intellect. Education of the masses—the Jemmy Masseys. Have a glass of sherry?

Lamb.—Not a drain, thankee, sir.

Chodd, Jr..—(Aside.) Offers that brute sherry, and makes me drink beer.

Lamb.—I've jist bin drinkin' with Lankey Joe and the Dulwich Duffer at Sam Shoulderblow's. I'm a-going into trainin' next week to fight Australian Harry, the Boundin' Kangaroo. I shall lick him, sir. I know I shall.

Sidney.—I shall back you, Lamb.

Lamb.—Thankee, Mr. Daryl. I knew you would. I always does my best for my backers, and to keep up the honor of the

science; the Fancy, sir, should keep square. (Looks at Chodd, hesitates, and then walks to door, closes it and walks sharply up to Sidney Daryl—Chodd leaping up in alarm and retiring to back—leaning on table and speaking close to Sidney Daryl's ear.) I jist called in to give you the office, sir, as has always bin so kind to me, not to put any tin on the mill between the Choking Chummy and Slang's Novice. It's a cross, sir, a reg'-lar barney!

Sidney.—Is it? Thank ye.

Lamb.—That's wot I called for, sir; and now I'm hoff. (Goes to door—turning.) Don't put a mag on it, sir; Choking Chummy's a cove as would sell his own mother. He once sold me, which is wuss. Good-day, sir.

(Exit Lamb. Chodd reseats himself.)

Chodd, Jr.—As I was saying, you know lots of people at clubs and in society.

Sidney.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—Titles, and Honorables, and Captains, and that.

Sidney.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—Tiptoppers. (After a pause.) You're not well off?

Sidney.—(Getting serious.) No.

Chodd, Jr.—I am. I've heaps of brass. Now, I have what you haven't, and I haven't what you have. You've got what I want, and I've got what you want. That's logic, isn't it?

Sidney.—(Gravely.) What of it?

Chodd, Jr.—This: suppose we exchange or barter. You help me to get into the company of men with titles and women with titles—swells, you know, real 'uns, and all that.

Sidney.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—And I'll write you a check for any reasonable sum you like to name.

Sidney rises indignantly; at the same moment Little Maud and Mrs. Churton enter.

Little Maud.—(Running to Sidney.) Here I am, uncle; Mrs. Churton says I've been such a good girl.

Sidney.—(Kissing her.) My darling! How d'ye do, Mrs. Churton? I've got a wagon, and a baa lamb that squeaks, for you. (To Little Maud—then to Chodd, Jr.) Mr. Chodd, I cannot entertain your very commercial proposition. My friends are my friends; they are not marketable commodities. I regret that I can be of no assistance to you. With your appearance, manners and check-book you are sure to make a circle of your own.

Chodd, Jr.—You refuse, then—

Sidney.—Absolutely. Good-morning.

Chodd, Jr.—Good-morning. (Aside.) And if I don't have my knife into you, my name's not John Chodd, Jr.

(*Exeunt Sidney, Little Maud, Mrs. Churton and Chodd.*)

SCENE II.

The interior of a square at West End; weeping ash over a rustic chair, trees, shrubs, walks, rails, gates, etc.; houses at back; time, evening; effect of setting sun in windows of houses; street lamp. Maud discovered in rustic chair reading; street band heard playing in the distance.

Maud.—I can't see to read any more. Heigho! how lonely it is! and that band makes me so melancholy; sometimes music makes me feel— (Rising.) Heigho! I suppose I shall see nobody to-night; I must go home. (Starts.) Oh! (Sidney appears at gate.) I think I can see to read a few more lines. (Sits again, and takes book.)

Sidney.—(Feeling pockets.) Confound it! I've left the key at home. (Tries gate.) How shall I get in? (Looking over rails.) I'll try the other. (Goes round at back to opposite gate.)

Maud.—Why, he's going. He doesn't know I'm here. (Rises, calling.) Sid—no, I won't—the idea of his— (Sees Sidney at gate.) Ah! (Gives a sigh of relief, reseats herself and reads.)

Sidney.—(At gate.) Shut, too. (Trying gate.) Provoking! What shall I— (Sees nursemaid approaching with child;

drops his hat into square.) Will you kindly open this? I've forgotten my key. (Girl opens gate.) Thanks! (He enters square; girl and child go out at gate; Life Guardsman enters, speaks to girl, they exeunt. Sidney sighs on seeing Maud.) There she is. (Seats himself by Maud.) Maud!

Maud.—(Starting.) Oh, is that you? Who would have thought of seeing you here?

Sidney.—Oh, come! Don't I know that you walk here after dinner? And all day long I've been wishing it was half-past eight.

Maud.—(Coquettling.) I wonder, now, how often you've said that this last week.

Sidney.—Don't pretend to doubt me; that's unworthy of you. (A pause.) Maud!

Maud.—Yes.

Sidney.—Are you not going to speak?

Maud.—(Dreamily.) I don't know what to say.

Sidney.—That's just my case. When I'm away from you I feel I could talk to you for hours; and when I'm with you, somehow or other, it seems all to go away. (Getting closer to her, and taking her hand.) It is such happiness to be with you that it makes me forget everything else. (Takes off his gloves and puts them on seat.) Ever since I was that high, in the jolly old days down at Springmead, my greatest pleasure has been to be near you. (Looks at watch.) Twenty to nine. When must you return?

Maud.—At nine.

Sidney.—Twenty minutes. How's your aunt?

Maud.—As cross as ever.

Sidney.—And Lord Ptarmigan?

Maud.—As usual, asleep.

Sidney.—Dear old man, how he does dose his time away. (Another pause.) Anything else to tell me?

Maud.—We had such a stupid dinner; such odd people!

Sidney.—Who?

Maud.—Two men of the name of Chodd.

Sidney.—(Uneasily.) Chodd!

Maud.—Isn't it a funny name? Chodd.

Sidney.—Yes, it's a Chodd name—I mean an odd name. Where were they picked up?

Maud.—I don't know. Aunty says they are both very rich.

Sidney.—(Uneasily.) She thinks of nothing but money. (Looks at watch.) Fifteen to nine. (Stage has grown gradually dark.) *Maud*!

Maud.—(In a whisper.) Yes.

Sidney.—If I were rich—if you were rich—if we were rich!

Maud.—*Sidney*! (Drawing closer to him.)

Sidney.—As it is, I almost feel it's a crime to love you.

Maud.—Oh, *Sidney*!

Sidney.—You might make such a splendid marriage.

Maud.—If you had money I couldn't care for you any more than I do now.

Sidney.—My darling! (Looks at watch.) Ten minutes. I know you wouldn't. Sometimes I feel mad about you—mad when I know you are out and smiling upon others, and—and waltzing.

Maud.—I can't help waltzing when I'm asked.

Sidney.—No, dear, no; but when I fancy you are spinning round with another's arm about your waist— (His arm about her waist.) Oh!—I feel—

Maud.—Why, *Sidney*! (Smiling.) You are jealous?

Sidney.—Yes, I am.

Maud.—Can't you trust me?

Sidney.—Implicitly. But I like to be with you all the same.

Maud.—(Whispering.) So do I with you.

Sidney.—My love! (Kisses her, and looks at watch.) Five minutes.

Maud.—Time to go.

Sidney.—No! (Maud, in taking out her handkerchief, takes out a knot of ribbon.) What's that?

Maud.—Some trimmings I'm making for our fancy fair.

Sidney.—What color is it? Scarlet?

Maud.—Magenta.

Sidney.—Give it to me?

Maud.—What nonsense!

Sidney.—Won't you?

Maud.—I've brought something else.

Sidney.—For me?

Maud.—Yes.

Sidney.—What?

Maud.—These. (Producing small case, which *Sidney* opens.)

Sidney.—Sleeve links.

Maud.—Now, which will you have, the links or the ribbon?

Sidney.—(After reflection.) Both.

Maud.—You avaricious creature!

Sidney.—(Putting the ribbons near his heart.) It's not in the power of words to tell you how I love you. Do you care for me enough to trust your future with me? Will you be mine?

Maud.—*Sidney*!

Sidney.—Mine, and none other's; no matter how brilliant the offer—how dazzling the position?

Maud.—(In a whisper—leaning toward him.) Yours, and yours only! (Clock strikes nine.)

Sidney.—(With watch.) Nine! Why doesn't time stop, and big Ben refuse to toll the hour? (Lady and Lord Ptarmigant appear and open gate.)

Maud.—(Frightened.) My aunt! (*Sidney* gets to back of square—Lord and Lady Ptarmigant advance.)

Lady Ptarmigant.—(A very grand acid old lady.) *Maud*!

Maud.—Aunty, I was just coming away.

Lady P..—No one in the square? Quite improper to be here alone. Ferdinand!

Lord Ptarmigant.—(A little old gentleman.) My love?

Lady P..—What is the time?

Lord P..—Don't know—watch stopped—tired of going, I suppose, like me.

Lady P.—(Sitting on chair, throws down the gloves left by Sidney with her dress.) What's that? (Picking them up.) Gloves?

Maud.—(Frightened.) Mine, aunty!

Lady P.—Yours? You've got yours on! (Looking at them.) These are Sidney Daryl's. I know his size, seven and a half. I see why you are so fond of walking in the square; for shame! (Turning to Sidney, who has just got the gate open and is going out.) Sidney! (Fiercely.) I see you! there is no occasion to try and sneak away. Come here. (Sidney advances with ironical politeness.) You have left your gloves. (All standing except Lord Ptarmigan, who lies at full length on chair and goes to sleep.)

Sidney.—(Confused.) Thank you, Lady Ptarm—

Lady P.—You two fools have been making love. I've long suspected it. I'm shocked with both of you; a penniless scribbler, and a dependent orphan, without a shilling or an expectation. Do you (to Sidney) wish to drag my niece, born and bred a lady, to a back parlor and bread and cheese? Or do you (to Maud) wish to marry a shabby writer, who can neither feed himself nor you? I can leave you nothing, for I am as well-bred a pauper as yourself. (To Maud.) To keep appointments in a public square! your conduct is disgraceful—worse—it is unladylike, and yours (to Sidney) is dishonorable and unworthy, to fill the head of a foolish girl with sentiment and rubbish. (Loudly.) Ferdinand!

Lord P.—(Waking up.) Yes, dear.

Lady P.—Do keep awake; the Chodds will be here directly; they are to walk home with us, and I request you to make yourself agreeable to them.

Lord P.—Such canaille.

Lady P.—Such cash!

Lord P.—Such cads.

Lady P.—Such cash! Pray, Ferdinand, don't argue. (Authoritatively.)

Lord P.—I never do. (Goes to sleep again.)

Lady P.—I wish for no esclandre. Let us have no discussion in the square. Mr. Daryl, I shall be sorry if you compel

me to forbid you my house. I have other views for Miss Hetherington. (Sidney bows.)

The two Chodds, in evening dress, appear at gate—they enter.

Lady P.—My dear Mr. Chodd, Maud has been so impatient. (The Chodds do not see Sidney—to Chodd, Sr.) I shall take your arm, Mr. Chodd. (Very sweetly.) Maud, dear, Mr. John will escort you. (Street band heard playing "Fra Poco" in distance; Maud takes Chodd, Jr.'s, arm. The two couples go off—as Maud turns, she looks an adieu at Sidney, who waves the bunch of ribbons and sits down on chair in a reverie, not perceiving Lord Ptarmigan's legs—Lord Ptarmigan jumps up with pain, Sidney apologizes. Curtain.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Parlor at the "Owl's Roost" public house. Cushioned seats all round the apartment; gas lighted, pipes, newspapers, writing materials on table; hat pegs and hats on walls.

In the chair is discovered O'Sullivan, also in the following order MacUsquebaugh, Author and Dr. Makvics—also at table Trodnon (at head), Shamheart, Bradley, Scargil—the reporter of "Belgravia Banner" is sitting outside the table, near the head, and with his back turned to it, smoking a cigar—all drinking and smoking, some reading, some with their hats on.

Omnes.—Bravo! hear—hear! bravo!

O'Sullivan.—(On his legs, a glass in one hand, and terminating a speech in Irish accent.) It is, therefore, gentlemen, with the most superlative felicitee, the most fraternal convivialitee, the warmest congenialitee, the most burning friendship and ardent admiration that I propose his health!

Omnes.—Hear, hear! etc.

O'Sull.—He is a man, in the words of the divine bard—

Trodnon.—(In sepulchral voice.) Hear, hear!

O'Sull.—Who in "suffering everything has suffered nothing!"

Trod.—Hear, hear!

O'Sull.—I have known him, when in the days of his prosperity, he roweled down to the House of Commons in his carriage.

MacUsquebaugh.—'Twasn't his own—'twas a job!

Omnes.—Silence! chair! order!

O'Sull.—I have known him when his last copper and his last glass of punch has been shared with the frind of his heart.

Omnes.—Hear, hear!

O'Sull.—And it is with feelings of no small pride that I inform ye that that frind of his heart was the humble individual who has now the honor to address ye.

Omnes.—Hear, hear! etc.

O'Sull.—But prizeman at Trinity, mamber of the bar, sinator, classical scholar, or frind, Desmond MacUsquebaugh has always been the same, a gintleman and a scholar; and that highest type of that glorious union—an Irish gintleman and scholar. Gintlemen, I drink his health. Desmond, my long-loved frind, bless ye! (All rise solemnly and drink—'Mr. MacUsquebaugh.'')

O'Sull.—Gintlemen, my frind, Mr. MacUsquebaugh will respond.

Omnes.—Hear, hear!

Enter Waiter, with glasses, tobacco, etc., and receives orders—changes O'Sullivan's glass and exit—enter Tom Stylus and Chodd, Jr.—Tom has a great coat on over an evening dress.

Chodd, Jr.—Thank you; no, not anything.

Tom.—Just a wet, an outrider, or advanced guard, to prepare the way for the champagne.

Chodd, Jr.—No.

(As soon as the sitters see Tom Stylus they give him a friendly nod, look inquiringly at Chodd and whisper each other.)

Tom.—You'd better. They are men worth knowing. (Pointing them out.) That is the celebrated Olinthus O'Sullivan, Doctor of Civil Laws. (O'Sullivan is at this moment reaching to the gas-light to light his pipe.)

Chodd, Jr.—The gent with the long pipe?

Tom.—Yes; one of the finest classical scholars in the world; might have sat upon the woolsack if he'd chosen, but he didn't. (O'Sullivan is now tossing with MacUsquebaugh.) That is the famous Desmond MacUsquebaugh, late M. P. for Killcrackskulcoddy, county Galway, great patriot and orator; might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer if he'd chosen, but he didn't. (Scargill reaches to the gas-light to light his pipe.) That's Bill Bradley (pointing to Bradley, who is reading paper with double eye-glass), author of the famous romance of "Time and Opportunity;" ran through ten editions. He got two thousand pounds for it, which was his ruin.

Chodd, Jr.—How was he ruined by getting two thousand pounds?

Tom.—He has never done anything since. We call him "One-book Bradley." That gentleman fast asleep (looking toward author at table) has made the fortune of three publishers, and the buttoned-up one with the shirt front of beard is Herr Makvicz, the great United German. Dr. Scargill, there, discovered the mensuration of the motive power of the cerebral organs. (Scargill takes pinch of snuff from a box on table.)

Chodd, Jr.—What's that?

Tom.—How many million miles per minute thought can travel. He might have made his fortune if he'd chosen.

Chodd, Jr.—But he didn't. Who is that mild-looking party, with the pink complexion and the white hat? (Looking toward Shamheart.)

Tom.—Sam Shamheart, the professional philanthropist. He makes it his business and profit to love the whole human race. (Shamheart puffs a huge cloud of smoke from his pipe.) Smoke, sir; all smoke. A superficial observer would consider him only a pleasant, oily humbug, but I, having known him two and twenty years, feel qualified to pronounce him one of the biggest villains untransported.

Chodd, Jr.—And that man asleep at the end of the table?

Tom.—Trodon, the eminent tragedian. (Trodon raises himself from the table, yawns, stretches himself and again drops head on table.)

Chodd, Jr.—I never heard of him.

Tom.—Nor anybody else. But he's a confirmed tippler, and here we consider drunkenness an infallible sign of genius; we make that a rule.

Chodd, Jr.—But if they are all such great men, why didn't they make money by their talents?

Tom.—Make money! They'd scorn it! they wouldn't do it! That's another rule. That gentleman there (looking toward a very seedy man with eye-glasses in his eye) does the evening parties on the "Belgravian Banner."

Chodd, Jr.—(With interest.) Does he? Will he put my name in among the fashionable to-night?

Tom.—Yes.

Chodd, Jr.—And that we may know who's there and everything about it, you're going with me.

Tom.—Yes, I'm going into society; thanks to your getting me the invitation. I can dress up an account, not a mere list of names, but a picturesque report of the soirée, and show under what brilliant auspices you entered the beau-monde.

Chodd, Jr.—Beau-monde. What's that?

Tom.—(Chaffing him.) Every man is born a cockney who is born within the sound of the beau-monde.

Chodd, Jr.—(Not seeing yet.) Oh! Order me 200 copies of the "Belgravian"—What's its name?

Tom.—"Banner."

Chodd, Jr.—The day my name's in it, and put me down as a regular subscriber. I like to encourage high-class literature. By the way, shall I ask the man what he'll take to drink?

Tom.—No, no.

Chodd, Jr.—I'll pay for it. I'll stand, you know. (Going to him, Tom stops him.)

Tom.—No, no; he don't know you, and he'd be offended.

Chodd, Jr.—But, I suppose all these chaps are plaguy poor.

Tom.—Yes, they're poor; but they are gentlemen.

Chodd, Jr.—(Grinning.) I like that notion—a poor gentleman—it tickles me.

Tom.—(Aside.) Metallic snob!

Chodd, Jr.—I'm off now. You'll come to my rooms and we'll go together in the brougham. I want to introduce you to my friends Lady Ptarmigan and Lord Ptarmigan.

Tom.—I must wait here for a proof I expect from the office.

Chodd, Jr.—How long shall you be?

Tom.—(Looking at the clock.) An hour.

Chodd, Jr.—Don't be later. (Exit *Chodd, Jr.*; the reporter rises, gets paper and shows it to *Shamheart*, sitting next him.)

O'Sull.—Sit down, Tommy, my dear boy. Gintlemen, Mr. Desmond MacUsquebaugh will respond. (Tapping with hammer.)

Enter *Walter*, and gives *Bradley* a glass of grog.

MacU.—(Rising.) Gintlemen. (Tom taking his coat off—shows evening dress.)

Tom.—A go of whiskey.

Walter.—Scotch or Irish?

Tom.—Irish. (Exit *Walter*; all are astonished at Tom's costume—they cry "by Jove! there's a swell," etc.)

O'Sull.—Why, Tom, my dear friend, are ye going to be married to-night, that ye're got up so gorgeously?

MacU.—Tom, you're handsome as an angel.

O'Sull.—Or a duke's footman. Gintlemen, rise and salute our illustrious brother. (All rise and make Tom mock bows.)

Bradley.—The gods preserve you, noble sir.

Shamheart.—May the bill of your sublime highness' wash-woman be never the less.

MacU.—And may it be paid. (A general laugh.)

O'Sull.—Have you come into a fortune?

Dr. Makrizz.—Or married a widow?

Sham.—Or buried a relation? (A general laugh.) By my soul, Tom, you look an honor to humanity.

O'Sull.—And your laundress. (A general laugh.)

Brad.—Gentlemen, Mr. Stylus's health and shirt front. (A general laugh—all drink and sit.)

Tom.—Bless ye, my people, bless ye! (Sits and takes out short pipe and smokes.)

O'Sull.—Gintlemen (rising), my friend, Mr. Usquebaugh, will respond.

Omnes.—Hear, hear!

MacU.—(Rising.) Gintlemen—

Enter Sidney, in evening dress and wrapper. Enter Waiter with Tom's grog.

Omnes.—Hallo, Daryl!

Sidney.—How are ye, boys? Doctor, how goes it? (Shaking hands.) Mac. How do you do, O'Sullivan? Tom, I want to speak to you.

O'Sull.—Ah, Tom, this is the rale metal, the genuine thing; compared to him you are a sort of Whitechapel would-if-I-could-be. (To Sidney.) Sit down, my gorgeous one, and drink with me.

Sidney.—No, thanks. (Sidney and Tom sit at table head.)

O'Sull.—Waiter, take Mr. Daryl's orders.

Sidney.—Brandy cold. (Exit Waiter.)

MacU.—Take off your wrap-rascal, and show your fine feathers.

Sidney.—No; I'm going out, and I shall smoke my coat. (Tom extinguishes his pipe and puts it in his dress-coat pocket, then puts on his great coat with great solemnity.)

O'Sull.—Going?

Tom.—No.

O'Sull.—Got the rheumatism?

Tom.—No; but I shall smoke my coat. (General laugh.)

Enter Waiter; he gives a glass of brandy and water to Sidney and glass of grog to Shamheart.

O'Sull.—What news, Daryl?

Sidney.—None, except that the Ministry is to be defeated. (O'Sullivan pays Waiter.)

All.—No!

Sidney.—I say, yea. They're whipping up everybody to vote against Thunder's motion. Thunder is sure of a majority, and out they go. Capital brandy. (Coming forward.) Tom! (Tom rises, they come down stage.) I am off to a soirée.

Tom.—(Aside.) So am I; but I won't tell him.

Sidney.—I find I've nothing in my portmoneau but notes. I want a trifle for a cab. Lend me five shillings.

Tom.—I haven't got it; but I can get it for you.

Sidney.—There's a good fellow, do. (Returns to seat.)

Tom.—(To MacUsquebaugh, after looking round.) Mac (whispering), lend me five bob.

MacU.—My dear boy, I haven't got so much.

Tom.—Then don't lend it.

MacU.—But I'll get it for you. (Crosses to Bradley, whispers.) Bradley, lend me five shillings.

Brad.—I haven't it about me; but I'll get it for you. (Crosses to O'Sullivan, whispers.) O'Sullivan, lend me five shillings.

O'Sull.—I haven't got it; but I'll get it for you. (Crosses to Scargill, whispers.) Scargill, lend me five shillings.

Scargill.—I haven't got it; but I'll get it for you. (Crosses to Makvicz, whispers.) Doctor, lend me five shillings.

Dr. M.—I am waiting for change vor a zoveren; I'll give it you when de waiter brings it me.

Scargill.—All right! (To O'Sullivan.) All right!

O'Sull.—All right! (To Bradley.) All right!

Brad.—All right! (To MacUsquebaugh.) All right!

MacU.—All right! (To Tom.) All right!

Tom.—(To Sidney.) All right!

O'Sull.—(Tapping.) Gintlemen, my friend Mr. MacUsquebaugh will respond to the toast that—

MacU.—(Rising.) Gintlemen—

Sidney.—Oh, cut the speechifying, I hate it! you ancients are so fond of spouting! let's be jolly, I've only a few minutes more.

Brad.—Daryl, sing us "Cock-a-doodle doo."

Sidney.—I only know the first two verses.

Tom.—I know the rest.

Enter Waiter, gives glass of grog to Makvicz.

Sidney.—Then here goes. Waiter, shut the door, and don't open it till I've done. Now, then, ready!

(Exit Waiter, O'Sullivan taps.)

(Giving out.) Political:—

(Sings.) When ministers in fear and doubt,
That they should be from place kicked out,
Get up 'gainst time and sense to spout
 A long, dull evening through;
What mean they, then, by party clique,
Mob orators and factions weak?
'Tis only would they truth then speak
 But cock-a-doodle doo!
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle doo!

Chorus.—(Gravely and solemnly shaking their heads.)
Cock-a-doodle, etc.

Sidney.—(Speaking.) Commercial:—

When companies, whose stock of cash
Directors spend to cut a dash,
Are formed to advertise and smash,
 And bankruptcy go through;
When tradesfolks live in regal state,
The goods they sell adulterate,
And puff in print, why, what's their prate
 But cock-a-doodle doo?
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, etc.

Chorus.—(As before.) Cock-a-doodle, etc.

Enter Waiter.

O'Sull.—How dare you come in and interrupt the harmony?

Waiter.—Beg pardon, but there's somebody says he must see Mr. Stylus.

Tom.—Is he a devil?

Waiter.—No, sir, he's a juvenile. (A general laugh.)

Tom.—Send in some whiskey, Irish, and the devil.

Waiter.—Hot, sir? (A general laugh; Tom nods to Waiter, who exits.)

Sidney.—Why can't you see your proofs at the office?

Tom.—I'm in full fig and can't stew in that atmosphere of steam and copperas.

Enter Printer's Boy; he goes up to Tom, at head of table.

Enter Waiter, with tray, hot water-jug, etc. He gives change in silver to Makvicz, who crosses to Scargil. Waiter puts hot water-jug and whiskey before Tom and exit.

Dr. M.—Here! (Giving two half-crowns to Scargil.) Scargil.

Scarg.—(Crossing in same manner to O'Sullivan.) Here, O'Sullivan.

O'Sull.—(Crossing to Bradley.) Here, Bradley.

Brad.—(Crossing to MacUsquebaugh.) Here, Mac.

MacU.—(Crossing to Tom.) Here, Tom.

Printer's Boy.—(To Tom.) Please, sir, Mr. Duval said would you add this to it? (Giving Tom a proof slip.)

Tom.—All right, wait outside, I'll bring it to you.

(Exit Boy.)

(Draws writing pad toward him, takes his grog, and is about to pour hot water from pewter jug into it, when he burns his fingers, starts up and dances.) Confound it!

All.—What's the matter?

Tom.—I've scalded my fingers with the hot water.

Sidney.—(Taking up pen.) Here, I'll correct it for you.

Tom.—Thank you.

O'Sull.—Gentlemen, proceed with the harmony. Mr. Stylus—

Tom.—One minute. (To Sidney.) Just add this to it. (Sidney sits down to write, Tom standing over him reading slip.) "Fashionable Intelligence.—We hear a marriage is on the tapis between Mr. John Chodd, Junior, son of the celebrated millionaire, and Miss Maud Hetherington, daughter of the late Colonel Hetherington." (Sidney starts.)

Tom.—What's the matter?

Sidney.—Nothing! (He goes on writing—O'Sullivan taps hammer.)

Tom.—(Speaking.) Amatory:—

(Sings.) When woman, lovely woman sighs,
You praise her form, her hair, her eyes;
Would link your heart by tend'rest ties,
And vow your vows are true.
She answers tenderly and low,
Though from her lips the words that flow,
So softly sweet are naught we know
But cock-a-doodle-doo! etc., etc., etc.

(Tom throws the five shillings to Sidney, which rattle on the table—Sidney gives him back the proof, his face is deadly pale—as his head falls on the table the chorus is singing, "cock-a-doodle-doo," etc.—closed in.)

SCENE II.

A retiring room at Sir Farintosh Fadileaf's, with doors leading to ball-room; small arch or alcove, leading to supper-room, with drawn curtain; centre opening curtains drawn; the room is decorated for a ball.

Lady Ptarmigan.—(Without.) Very pretty, very pretty indeed, Sir Farintosh; all very nice.

Enter Sir Farintosh, Lord Ptarmigan and Maud, all in evening dress.

Sir Farintosh.—(An old beau.) So kind of you, cousin Ptarmigan, to take pity on a poor old widower who has no womankind to receive for him, and all that.

Lady P.—Not at all, not at all; I'm only too glad to be useful.

Lord Ptarmigan.—Bring chairs.

Lady P.—Ferdinand, you can't want to go to sleep again!

Lord P.—I know I can't, but I do. (Servant brings two chairs and a small table.)

Lady P.—Besides, I don't want chairs here; young men get lolling about, and then they don't dance. (Lord Ptarmigant sits and closes his eyes.) Farintosh, (knocks heard) the arrivals are beginning.

Sir F.—But, *Lady Ptarmigant*, if—

Lady P.—Remember that the old Dowager Countess of McWillumore has plenty of whiskey toddy in a green glass, to make believe hock.

Sir F.—But if—

Lady P.—Now go. Oh, dear me! (Almost forces Sir Farintosh off.) Now, *Maud*, one word with you; you have been in disgrace all this week about that writing fellow.

Maud.—(Indignant.) What writing fellow?

Lady P.—Don't echo me, if you please. You know who I mean—*Daryl*!

Maud.—Mr. *Daryl* is a relation of your ladyship's, the son of the late Sir *Percy Daryl*, and brother of the present *Baronet*.

Lady P.—And when the present *Baronet*, that precious *Percy*, squandered everything at the gaming table, dipped the estates, and ruined himself, *Sidney* gave up the money left him by his mother to reinstate a dissolute, beggared brother! Don't forget that.

Maud.—(With exultation.) I do not forget it, I never shall. To give up all his fortune, to ruin his bright prospects to preserve his brother, and his brother's wife and children, to keep unsullied the honor of his name, was an act—

Lady P.—Of a noodle, and now he hasn't a penny save what he gets by scribbling—a pretty pass for a man of family to come to. You are my niece, and it is my solemn duty to get you married if I can. Don't thwart me, and I will. Leave sentiment to servant wenches who sweetheart the policemen, it's unworthy of a lady. I've a man in my eye—I mean a rich one, young *Chodd*.

Maud.—(With repugnance.) Such a common-place person.

Lady P.—With a very uncommon-place purse. He will have eighteen thousand a year. I have desired him to pay you court, and I desire you to receive it.

Maud.—He is so vulgar.

Lady P..—He is so rich. When he is your husband put him in a back study, and don't show him.

Maud.—But I detest him.

Lady P..—What on earth has that to do with it? You wouldn't love a man before you were married to him, would you? Where are your principles? Ask my lord how I treated him before our marriage. (Hitting Lord P. with her fan.) Ferdinand!

Lord P.—(Awaking.) My love!

Lady P..—Do keep awake.

Lord P..—'Pon my word, you were making such a noise I thought I was in the House of Commons. (With fond regret.) I used to be allowed to sleep so comfortably there.

Lady P..—Are you not of opinion that a match between Mr. Chodd and Maud would be most desirable.

Lord P.—(Looking at Lady P.) Am I not of opinion; my opinion—what is my opinion?

Lady P.—(Hitting him with fan.) Yes, of course.

Lord P..—Yes, of course, my opinion is yes, of course. (Aside—crossing with chair.) Just as it used to be in the House. I always roused in time to vote as I was told to.

Maud.—But, uncle, one can't purchase happiness at shops in packets, like bon-bons. A thousand yards of lace cost so much, they can be got at the milliner's; but an hour of home or repose can only be had for love. Mere wealth—

Lord P..—My dear, wealth, if it does not bring happiness, brings the best imitation of it procurable for money. There are two things, wealth and poverty. The former makes the world a place to live in; the latter, a place to—go to sleep in—as I do. (Leans back in chair and dozes.)

Enter Sir Farintosh, Colonel Browser and Lord Cloudwray.

Sir F..—Have you heard the news? The division is to come off to-night. Many men won't be able to come. I must be off to vote. If the Ministry go out—

Colonel Browser.—They won't go out—there'll be a dissolution!

Sir F.—And I shall have to go down to be reelected. Cloudwrays, will you come and vote?

Lord Cloudwrays.—(Languidly.) No.

Sir F.—Why not?

Lord C.—I'm dying for a weed.

Sir F.—You can smoke in the smoking-room!

Lord C.—So I can, that didn't occur to me!

Sir F.—Ptarmigant, cousin, you do the honors for me! My country calls, you know, and all that. Come on, Cloudwrays; how slow you are. Hi, tobacco! (Cloudwrays rouses himself. Exeunt Sir Farintosh and Lord Cloudwrays—Lord Ptarmigant dozes.)

Col. B.—(Who has been talking to Lady Ptarmigant, turns to Lord Ptarmigant.) As I was saying to her ladyship—

Lady P.—Ferdinand, do wake up!

Lord P.—Hear, hear! (Waking.) My dear!

Enter Servant.

Page.—Mr. Chodd, Mr. John Chodd and Mr. Stylus.

Enter Chodd, Jr., Chodd, Sr. and Tom, exit Servant.

Lady P.—My dear Mr. Chodd, how late you are! Maud, dear, here is Mr. Chodd. Do you know we were going to scold you, you naughty men!

Chodd, Sr.—(Astonished, aside.) Naughty men! Johnny, her ladyship says we're naughty men; we've done something wrong!

Chodd, Jr.—No, no, it's only her ladyship's patrician fun. Don't call me Johnny. I'm sure I hurried here on the wings of —(crossing, falls over Lord Ptarmigant's feet, who rises and turns his chair the reverse way. Chodd seeing Maud, repellent) a brougham and pair. Lady Ptarmigant, let me introduce a friend of mine. Lady Ptarmigant—Mr. Stylus, whom I took the liberty of—

Lady P.—Charmed to see any friend of yours! (Tom advances from back, abashed—as he is backing and bowing he falls over Lord Ptarmigan's legs. Lord Ptarmigan rises with look of annoyance, they bow, Lord Ptarmigan again turns chair and sits.)

Lady P.—Mr. Chodd, take me to the ball-room. (Chodd, Sr., offers his arm.) You will look after Maud, I'm sure. (To Chodd, Jr., who smilingly offers his arm to Maud, who with a suppressed look of disgust, takes it.) Mr. Si-len-us.

Tom.—Stylus, ma'am—my lady.

Lady P.—Stylus—pardon me—will you be kind enough to keep my lord awake? (Significantly.) Maud!—now, dear Mr. Chodd.

Chodd, Jr.—Guv!

(Exeunt Lady Ptarmigan, Maud and the Chodds.)

Tom.—(Aside.) These are two funny old swells!

Col. B.—Odd looking fellows. (To Tom.) Nice place this!

Tom.—Very.

Col. B.—And charming man, Fadileaf.

Tom.—Very;—don't know him, but I should say he must be very jolly.

Col. B.—(Laughing.) Bravo! why you're a wit!

Tom.—Yes! (Aside.) What does he mean?

Col. B.—(Offering box.) Snuff? Who's to win the Leger? Diadeste?

Tom.—I don't know,—not in my department.

Col. B.—(Laughing.) Very good.

Tom.—What is? (Innocently.)

Col. B.—You are. Do you play whist?

Tom.—Yes,—cribbage and all fours, likewise.

Col. B.—We'll find another man, and make up a rubber.

Tom.—(Pointing to Lord Ptarmigan asleep.) He'll do for dummy.

Col. B.—(Laughing.) Capital!

Tom.—What a queer fellow this is, he laughs at everything I say. (Dance music.)

Col. B.—They've begun.

Tom.—(Waking up Lord Ptarmigant.) My lady said I was to keep you awake.

Lord P.—Thank you.

Col. B.—Come and have a rubber! Let's go and look up Chedbury.

Lord P.—Yes.

Col. B.—(To Tom.) You'll find us in the card-room.

Exeunt Lord Ptarmigant and Colonel Brower.

Lady P.—Ferdinand! (Going up to Lord Ptarmigant, who awakes.) Do rouse yourself, and follow me to the ball-room. (Exeunt all but Tom—Lord Ptarmigant returns and drags chair off after him.)

Tom.—Here I am in society, and I think society is rather slow; it's much jollier at the "Owl," and there's more to drink. If it were not wicked to say it, how I should enjoy a glass of gin and water.

Enter Lady Ptarmigant.

Lady P.—Mr. Si-len-us!

Tom.—(Abashed.) Stylus, ma'am, my lady!

Lady P.—Stylus! I beg pardon. You're all alone.

Tom.—With the exception of your ladyship.

Lady P.—All the members have gone down to the House to vote, and we are dreadfully in want of men—I mean dancers! You dance, of course?

Tom.—Oh! of course—I—(Abashed.)

Lady P.—As it is Leap-year, I may claim the privilege of asking you to see me through a quadrille?

Tom.—(Frightened.) My lady! I—

Lady P.—(Aside.) He's a friend of the Chodds, and it will please them. Come then! (She takes his arm—sniffing.) Dear me! What a dreadful smell of tobacco. (Sniffing.)

Tom.—(Awfully self-conscious—sniffing.) Is there?

Lady P.—(Sniffing.) Some fellow must have been smoking.

Tom.—(Sniffing.) I think some fellow must, or some fellow must have been where some other fellows have been smoking.

(Aside.) It's that beastly parlor at the "Owl." (In taking out his pocket handkerchief his pipe falls on floor.)

Lady P.—What's that?

Tom.—(In torture.) What's that? (Turning about and looking through eye-glasses at the air.)

Lady P.—(Pointing.) That!

Tom.—(As if in doubt.) I rather think—it—is—a pipe!

Lady P.—I'm sure of it. You'll join me in the ball-room.

Tom.—Instantly, your ladyship. (Exit *Lady Ptarmigant*.) (Looking at pipe—he picks it up.) If ever I bring you into society again— (Drops it.) Waiter!

Enter *Page*.

Somebody's dropped something. Remove the whatsoname.

(Quadrille music in ball-room, *Page* goes off and returns with tray and sugar tongs, with which he picks up pipe with an air of ineffable disgust, and goes off.)

Now to spin round the old woman in the mazy waltz (splits kid gloves in drawing them on), there goes forty-five cents.

(Exit *Tom*.)

Enter *Sidney*—he is pale and excited—one of the gold links of wristband is unfastened.

Sidney.—I have seen her—she was smiling—dancing, but not with him. She looked so bright and happy. I won't think of her. How quiet it is here; so different to that hot room with the crowd of fools and coquettes whirling round each other. I like to be alone—alone! I am now thoroughly—and to think it was but a week ago—one little week; I'll forget her—forget, and hate her. Hate her! Oh, *Maud!* *Maud!* till now, I never knew how much I loved you; loved you—loved you—gone; shattered, and shivered; and for whom? for one of my own birth? for one of my own rank? No! for a common clown, who—confound this link—but he is rich—and—it won't hold (trying to fasten it, his fingers trembling.) I've heard it all; always with her, at the opera and Park, attentive and obedient, and she accepts him. My head aches. (Louder.) I'll try a glass of champagne.

Tom.—(Without.) Champagne, here you are! (Draws curtain.)

Enter Tom with champagne glass, from supper-room; portion of supper-table seen in alcove.

Tom.—(Seeing Sidney.) Sidney.

Sidney.—Tom, you here!

Tom.—Very much here; (drinking) I was brought by Mr. Chodd.

Sidney.—Chodd?

Tom.—Don't startle a fella. You look pale—aren't you well?

Sidney.—(Rallying.) Jolly, never better.

Tom.—Have some salmon.

Sidney.—I'm not hungry.

Tom.—Then try some jelly, it's no trouble to masticate, and is emollient and agreeable to the throat and palate.

Sidney.—No, Tom, champagne.

Tom.—There you are. (Fetching bottle from table.)

Sidney.—I'll meet her eye to eye. (Drinks.) Another, Tom, and be as smiling and indifferent. As for that heavy-metalled dog—thanks, Tom. (Drinks.) Another.

Tom.—I've been drinking with old Lady Ptarmigan.

Sidney.—Confound her.

Tom.—I did. As I was twirling her round I sent my foot through her dress and tore her skirt out of the gathers.

Sidney.—(Laughing hysterically.) Good, good, bravo, Tom! Did she row you?

Tom.—Not a bit. She said it was of no consequence; but her looks were awful.

Sidney.—Ha, ha, ha! Tom, you're a splendid fellow, not like these damned swells, all waistcoat and shirt front.

Tom.—But I like the swells. I played a rubber with them and won three pounds; then I showed them some conjuring tricks—you know I'm a famous conjuror. (Taking a pack of cards out of his pocket.) By Jupiter, look here, I've brought

the pack away with me; I didn't know I had. I'll go and take it back.

Sidney.—(Taking cards from him absently.) No, never mind, stay with me, I don't want you to go.

Tom.—I find high life most agreeable, everybody is so

Tom.—I find high life most agreeable; everybody is so amiable, so thoughtful, so full of feeling.

Sidney.—Feeling! Why, man, this is a flesh market where the match-making mammas and chattering old chaperons have no more sense of feeling than drovers, the girls no more sentiment than sheep, and the best man is the highest bidder; that is, the biggest fool with the longest purse.

Tom.—*Sidney*, you're ill.

Sidney.—You lie, *Tom*—never better—excellent high spirits confound this link!

Enter *Lord Cloudwrays* and *Sir Farintosh*.

Lord C.— } By Jove! Ha, *Sidney*, heard the news?
Sir F.— }

Sidney.—News, there is no news! The times are bankrupt, and the assignees have sold off the events.

Lord C.— } The Ministry is defeated.
Sir F.— }

Tom.—No.

Lord C.— } Yes, by a majority of forty-six.
Sir F.— }

Sidney.—Serves them right.

Lord C.— } Why?
Sir F.— }

Sidney.—I don't know! Why, what a fellow you are to want reasons.

Lord C..—*Sidney*!

Sidney.—Hollo, *Cloudwrays*! my bright young British Senator, my undeveloped Chatham, and mature Raleigh.

Tom.—Will they resign?

Sidney.—Of course they will; resignation is the duty of every man, or minister, who can't do anything else.

Tom.—Who will be sent for to form a government?

Sidney.—Cloudwrays.

Lord C.—How you do chaff a man!

Sidney.—Why not? Inaugurate a new policy, the policy of smoke; free trade in tobacco! Go in, not for principles, but for principles, our hearths—our homes, and 'bacca-boxes!

Tom.—If there's a general election?

Sidney.—Hurrah, for a general election! eh? Cloudwrays, eh, Farintosh? What speeches you'll make, what lies you'll tell, and how your constituents won't believe you!

Lord C.— } How odd you are.
Sir F.— }

Lord C.—Aren't you well?

Sidney.—Glorious! only one thing annoys me.

Lord C.— } What's that?
Sir F.— }

Sidney.—They won't give me any more champagne.

Enter Colonel Browser.

Lord C.— } Lady Ptarmigan sent me here to say—
Col. B.— } Farintosh, the ladies want partners.

(Colonel and Sir Farintosh go off.)

Sidney.—Partners! Here are partners for them—long, tall stout, fat, thin, poor, rich. (Crossing.) Cloudwrays, you're the man!

Enter Chodd, Jr.—*Sidney* sees and points to him.

Sidney.—No; this is the man.

Chodd, Jr.—Confound this fellow! (Aside.)

Sidney.—This, sir, is the "Young Lady's Best Companion," well bound, Bramah-locked, and gilt at the edges—mind, gilt only at the edges. This link will not hold. (Sees the pack of cards in his hand.) Here, Chodd, take these—no, cut for a ten pound note. (Puts cards on small table.)

Chodd, Jr.—(Quickly.) With pleasure. (Aside.) I'll punish this audacious pauper in the pocket. (Crossing to table.)

Lord C.—You musn't gamble here.

Sidney.—Only for a frolic!

Chodd, Jr.—I'm always lucky at cards!

Sidney.—Yes, I know an old proverb about that.

Chodd, Jr.—Eh?

Sidney.—Lucky at play, unlucky in— This link will not hold.

Chodd, Jr.—(Maliciously.) Shall we put the stakes down first?

Sidney.—(Producing portmonnaie.) With pleasure!

Lord C.—But I don't think it right——(advancing, Chodd stays him with his arm.)

Tom.—Sidney!

Sidney.—Nonsense! hold your tongue, Cloudwrays, and I'll give you a regalia. Let's make it for five-and-twenty?

Chodd, Jr.—Done!

Sidney.—Lowest wins—that's in your favor.

Chodd, Jr.—Eh?

Sidney.—Ace is lowest. (They cut.) Mine! Double the stakes?

Chodd, Jr.—Done! (They cut.)

Sidney.—Mine again! Double again?

Chodd, Jr.—Done! (They cut.)

Sidney.—You're done again! I'm in splendid play to-night. One hundred, I think.

Chodd, Jr.—I'd play again, (handing notes), but I've no more with me.

Sidney.—Your word's sufficient, you can send to my chambers; besides, you've got your check-book. A hundred again?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes. (They cut.)

Sidney.—Huzzah! Fortune's a lady! Again? (Chodd nods, they cut.) Bravo! Again? (Chodd nods, they cut.) Mine again! Again? (Chodd nods, they cut.) Mine again! Again?

(Chodd nods, they cut.) Same result! That makes five! Let's go in for a thousand?

Chodd, Jr.—Done!

Lord C.—(Advancing.) No!

Chodd, Jr.—(Savagely.) Get out of the way! (Lord Cloudwray looks at him through eye-glass in astonishment.)

Sidney.—Pooh! (They cut.) Mine! Double again?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes!

Lord C.—(Going round to back of table and seizing the pack.) No; I can't suffer this to go on, Lady Ptarmigant would be awful angry. (Going off.)

Sidney.—Here, Cloudwray! what a fellow you are.

(Exit Lord Cloudwray.)

(Turning to Chodd, Jr.) You owe me a thousand!

Chodd, Jr.—I shall not forget it.

Sidney.—I don't suppose you will. Confound—(trying to button sleeve link, crossing.) Oh, to jog your memory, take this. (Gives him sleeve link, which he has been trying to button, and goes off after Lord Cloudwray.)

Chodd, Jr.—And after I have paid you, I'll remember and clear off the old score.

Tom.—(Taking his arm as he is going.) Going into the ball-room?

Chodd, Jr.—(Aghast at his intrusion.) Yes!

Tom.—I'll go with you.

Chodd, Jr.—(Disengaging his arm.) I'm engaged!

(Exit Chodd.)

Tom.—You've an engaging manner! I'm like a donkey between two bundles of hay. On one side woman—lovely woman! on the other, wine and wittles. (Taking out a sovereign.) Heads, supper—tails, the ladies. (Tosses at table.) Supper! sweet goddess Fortune, accept my thanks!

(Exit into supper-room.)

Enter Maud and Chodd, Jr.

Maud.—This dreadful man follows me about everywhere.

Chodd, Jr.—My dear Miss Hetherington!

Maud.—I danced the last with you.

Chodd, Jr.—That was a quadrille.

Enter Sidney.

This is for a polka.

Sidney.—(Advancing between them.) The lady is engaged to me.

Chodd, Jr.—This fellow's turned up again. (To him.) I beg your pardon.

Sidney.—I beg yours! I have a prior claim. (Bitterly.) Ask the lady—or perhaps I had better give her up to you.

Maud.—The next dance with you, Mr. Chodd, this one—

Chodd, Jr.—Miss, your commands are acts of Parliament. (Looking spitefully at Sidney.) I'll go and see what Lady Ptarmigan has to say to this.

(Exit Chodd, Jr. Music changes to a slow waltz.)

Sidney.—Listen to me for the last time. My life and being were centered in you. You have abandoned me for money. You accepted me; you now throw me off, for money! You pledged your faith, you now break it, for money! You gave your hand, you now retract, for money! You are about to wed a knave, a brute, a fool, whom in your own heart you despise, for money!

Maud.—How dare you?

Sidney.—Where falsehood is, shame cannot be. The last time we met, (producing ribbon) you gave me this. See, 'tis the color of a man's heart's blood. (Curtains or doors at back draw apart.) I give it back to you. (Casting the bunch of ribbon at her feet.)

(Lord Cloudwrays, Sir Farintosh, Colonel Browser, Tom, Lord Ptarmigan and Lady Ptarmigan, Chodd, Jr., and Chodd, Sr., appear at back—Guests seen in ball-room.)

And tell you, shameless girl, much as I once loved and adored, I now despise and hate you.

Lady P.—(Advancing, in a whisper to Sidney.) Leave the house, sir! How dare you—go!

Sidney.—Yes, anywhere.

(Crash of music—Maud is nearly falling, when Chodd, Jr. appears near her—she is about to lean on his arm, but recognizing him, retreats and staggers—*Sidney* is seen to reel through ball-room full of dancers.)

ACT III. SCENE I

“The Owl’s Roost” (same as Scene 1st, Act 2d); daylight, the room in order. Tom discovered writing at table; Boy sitting on table, and holding the placards, on which is printed, “Read the Morning Earthquake, a first-class Daily Paper,” etc. On the other “The Evening Earthquake, a first class Daily Paper—Latest Intelligence,” etc.

Tom.—Um! It’ll look well on the walls, and at the railway stations; take these back to the office (boy jumps down) to Mr. Piker, and tell him he must wait for the last leader, till it’s written. (Exit Boy; Tom walks to and fro smoking long clay pipe.) The M. E., that is, the “Morning Earthquake” shakes the world for the first time to-morrow morning, and everything seems to have gone wrong with it. It is a crude, unmanageable, ill-disciplined, ill-regulated earthquake. Heave the first—Old Chodd behaves badly to me. After organizing him a first-rate earthquake, engaging him a brilliant staff, and stunning reporters, he doesn’t even offer me the post of sub-editor, ungrateful old humbug! Heave the second—no sooner is he engaged than our editor is laid up with the gout, and then old Chodd asks me to be a literary warming-pan, and keep his place hot, till colchicum and cold water have done their work. I’ll be even with old Chodd though! I’ll teach him what it is to insult a man who has started eighteen daily and weekly papers, all of them failures. Heave the third—*Sidney Daryl* won’t write the social editorials. (Sits at end of table.) Poor *Sidney*! (Takes out the magenta ribbon which he picked up at the ball.) I shan’t dare to give him this; I picked it up at the ball, at which I was one of the distinguished and illustrious guests. Love is an awful swindler, always drawing upon Hope, who never honors his draughts—a sort of whining beggar, con-

tinually moving on by the maternal police; but 'tis a weakness to which the wisest of us are subject—a kind of manly measles which this flesh is heir to, particularly when the flesh is heir to nothing else—even I have felt the divine damnation, I mean emanation. But the lady united herself to another, which was a very good thing for me, and anything but a misfortune for her. Ah! happy days of youth! Oh! flowering fields of Rungington-cum-Wapshot, where the yellow corn waved, our young loves ripened, and the new jail now stands. Oh! Sally, when I think of you and the past, I feel that (looking in to his pot) the pot's empty, and I could drink another pint. (Putting the ribbon in his pocket.) Poor Sidney, I'm afraid he's going to the bad.

Enter Sidney—he strikes bell and sits at the head, his appearance altered.

Tom.—Ha, Sid, is that you? Talk of the— How de do?

Sidney.—Quite well, how are you?

Tom.—I'm suffering from an earthquake in my head, and a general printing office in my stomach. Have some beer?

Enter Waiter.

Sidney.—No, thanks—brandy—

Tom.—So early?

Sidney.—And soda, I didn't sleep last night.

Tom.—Brandy and soda, and beer again. (Exit Waiter, with pint pot off table.)

Sidney.—I never do sleep now; I can't sleep.

Tom.—Work hard?

Enter Waiter.

Sidney.—I do, it is my only comfort; my old pen goes driving along at the rate of— (Waiter, after placing pint of porter before Tom, places tray with brandy and soda before Sidney.) That's right! (Waiter uncorks soda and exit.) What a splendid discovery was brandy. (Drinks.)

Tom.—Yes, the man who invented it deserves a statue.

Sidney.—That's the reason that he doesn't get one.

Tom.—(Reading paper.) Election intelligence. There's the general election—why not go in for that?

Sidney.—Election, pooh! What do I care for that!

Tom.—Nothing, of course, but it's occupation.

Sidney.—(Musing.) I wonder who'll put up for Springmead!

Tom.—Your brother's seat, wasn't it?

Sidney.—Yes, our family's for years. By-the-way, I'd a letter from Percy last mail; he's in trouble, poor fellow; his little boy is dead, and he himself is in such ill-health that they have given him sick leave. We are an unlucky race, we Daryls. Sometimes, Tom, I wish that I were dead.

Tom.—Sidney!

Sidney.—It's a bad wish, I know; but what to me is there worth living for?

Tom.—What! Oh, lots of things. Why, there's the police reports, mining intelligence, hop districts, the tallow market, ambition, society!

Sidney.—(Heartily.) Damn society!

Tom.—And you know, Sid, there are more women in the world than one.

Sidney.—But only one a man can love.

Tom.—I don't know about that; temperaments differ.

Sidney.—(Pacing about and reciting.) "As the husband, so the wife is."

"Thou art mated to a clown:
And the grossness of his nature
Shall have power to drag thee down;
He will hold thee when his passion
Shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, and
Little dearer than his horse."

I'm ashamed of such a want of spirit, ashamed to be such a baby! And you, Tom, are the only man in the world I'd show it to; but I—— can think of nothing else but her, and—and of

the fate in store for her. (Sobs and leans on table with his face in his hands.)

Tom.—Don't give way, Sid; there are plenty of things in this life to care for.

Sidney.—Not for me, not for me.

Tom.—Oh, yes! there's friendship; and—and—the little girl, you know.

Sidney.—That reminds me I wrote a week ago to Mrs. Churton, asking her to meet me with Mau—with the little darling in the square. I always asked them to come from Hampstead to the square, that I might look up at her window as I passed. What a fool I've been; I can't meet them this morning. Will you go for me?

Tom.—With pleasure.

Sidney.—Give Mrs. Churton this. (Wrapping up money in paper from Tom's case.) It's the last month's money. Tell her I'm engaged and can't come, and— (putting down money) buy the baby a toy, bless her! What a pity to think she'll grow up to be a woman!

Enter MacUsquebaugh, O'Sullivan and Makvicz.

MacUsquebaugh.—(Entering.) A three of whiskey, hot!

O'Sullivan.—The same for me, neat!

Dr. Makvicz.—A Pint-of stoot. (All sit.)

O'Sull.—Tom, me boy, what news of the Earthquake?

Enter Waiter with orders, and gives Tom a note.

Tom.—Heaving, sir, heaving. (Tom opens note, Sidney sits abstracted.) Who's going electioneering?

Dr. M.—I am.

O'Sull.—And I.

Mac U.—And so am I.

Tom.—Where?

Mac U.—I don't know.

O'Sull.—Somewhere, anywhere.

Tom.—(Reading note.) From Chodd, senior, the old villain! (Reads.) "Dear sir, please meet me at Lady Ptarmigan's at eleven P.M." (Suddenly.) *Sidney*!

Sidney.—(Moodily.) What?

Tom.—(Reading note.) "I am off to Springmead-le-Beau by the train at two-fifty. My son, Mr. John Chodd, junior, is the candidate for the seat for the borough."

Sidney.—(Rising.) What! that hound! that cur! that digesting check-book, represent the town that my family have held their own for centuries. I'd sooner put up for it myself. (Rising.)

Tom.—(Rising.) Daryl for Springmead—here's occupation, here's revenge!

Sidney.—By heaven, I will!

Tom.—Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Daryl, M. P. for Springmead.

Omnes.—(Rising and drinking.) Hurrah!

Tom.—We'll canvass for you. (Aside.) And now, Mr. Chodd, senior, I see the subject for the last editorial. I'll fetter you with your own type.

Sidney.—I'll do it! I'll do it! When does the next train start?

Mac U..—At two-fifty—the next at five.

Sidney.—Hurray! (With excitement.) I'll rouse up the tenants, call on the tradesmen!

O'Sull.—But the money?

Sidney.—I'll fight him with the very thousand that I won of him. Besides, what need has a Daryl of money at Springmead?

Tom.—We can write for you.

O'Sull.—And fight for you.

Sidney.—I feel so happy. Call cabs.

Mac U..—How many?

Sidney.—The whole rank!

Tom.—But, Sidney, what colors shall we fight under?

Sidney.—What colors? (Feels in his breast and appears dejected, Tom hands him the ribbons, he clutches them eagerly.) What colors? magenta!

Omnes.—Hurray! (Closed in as they go up.)

SCENE II.

An apartment at Lord Ptarmigant's—A chair brought on by Page.

Lady Ptarmigant.—(Without.) Good-bye, dear Mr. Chodd. A pleasant ride, and all sorts of successa.

Enter *Lady Ptarmigant*.

Phew! there's the old man gone. Now to speak to that stupid Maud. There she sits in the sulks—a fool! Ah, what wise folks the French were before the Revolution, when there was a Bastile or a convent in which to pop dangerous young men and obstinate young women. (Sweetly.) Maud, dear! I'll marry her to young Chodd, I'm determined!

Enter *Maud*, very pensive.

Lady P..—Maud, I wish to speak to you.

Maud.—Upon what subject, aunt?

Lady P..—One that should be very agreeable to a girl of your age—marriage.

Maud.—Mr. Chodd, again.

Lady P..—Yes, Mr. Chodd, again.

Maud.—I hate him!

Lady P..—You wicked thing! How dare you use such expressions in speaking of a young gentleman so rich?

Maud.—Gentleman!

Lady P..—Yes, gentleman! At least he will be.

Maud.—Nothing can make Mr. Chodd—what a name!—anything but what he is.

Lady P..—Money can do everything.

Maud.—Can it make me love a man I hate?

Lady P.—Yes; at least, if it don't it ought. I suppose you mean to marry somebody?

Maud.—No!

Lady P.—You audacious girl! how can you talk so wickedly? Where do you expect to go to?

Maud.—To needlework! Anything from this house; and from this persecution.

Lady P.—Miss Hetherington!

Maud.—Thank you, Lady Ptarmigant, for calling me by my name; it reminds me who I am, and of my dead father. It reminds me that the protection you have offered to his orphan daughter has been hourly embittered by the dreadful temper, which is an equal affliction to you as to those within your reach. It reminds me that the daughter of such a father should not stoop to a mesalliance.

Lady P.—Mesalliance! How dare you call Mr. Chodd a mesalliance? And you hankering after that paltry, poverty-stricken penny-a-liner!

Maud.—Lady Ptarmigant, you forget yourself; and you are untruthful. Mr. Daryl is a gentleman by birth and breeding! I loved him—I acknowledged it—I love him still!

Lady P.—You shameless girl! and he without a penny! After the scene he made!

Maud.—He has dared to doubt me, and I have done with him forever. From the moment he presumed to think that I could break my plighted word—that I could be false to the love I had acknowledged—the love that was my happiness and pride—all between us was over.

Lady P.—(Aside.) That's some comfort. (Aloud.) Then, what do you intend to do?

Maud.—I intend to leave the house.

Lady P.—To go where?

Maud.—Anywhere from you!

Lady P.—Upon my word! (Aside.) She has more spirit than I gave her credit for. (Aloud.) And do you mean to tell me that that letter is not intended for that fellow Daryl?

Maud.—(Giving letter.) Read it.

Lady P.—(Opens it and reads.) "To the editor of the 'Times:' Please insert the inclosed advertisement, for which I send stamps. Wanted—a situation as governess by"—(Embracing Maud.) Oh, my dear—dear girl! you couldn't think of such a thing—and you a lady, and my niece.

Maud.—(Disengaging herself.) Lady Ptarmigant, please don't!

Lady P.—(Thoroughly subdued.) But, my love, how could I think—

Maud.—What Lady Ptarmigant thinks is a matter of the most profound indifference to me.

Lady P.—(Aside.) Bless her! Exactly what I was at her age. (Aloud.) But, my dear Maud, what is to become of you?

Maud.—No matter what! welcome poverty—humiliation—insult—the contempt of fools—welcome all but dependence! I will neither dress myself at the expense of a man I despise, control his household, owe him duty or lead a life that is a daily lie; neither will I marry one I love, who has dared to doubt me, to drag him into deeper poverty.

Enter Servant.

Servant.—My lady, there is a gentleman inquiring for Mr. Chodd.

Lady P.—Perhaps some electioneering friend. Show him here. (Exit Servant.)

Don't leave the room, Maud dear.

Maud.—I was not going—why should I?

Servant shows in Tom with Little Maud.

Lady P.—It's the tobacco man!

Tom.—(To child.) Do I smell of smoke? I beg your ladyship's pardon, but Mr. Chodd, the old gentleman, wished me to meet him here.

Lady P.—He has just driven off to the station.

Tom.—I know I'm a few minutes behind time—there's the young lady. Good morning, Miss—Miss—I don't know the rest of her—I—I—have been detained by the—this little girl—

Lady P.—A sweet little creature, Mr. Silenus.

Tom.—Stylus.

Lady P.—Stylus, pardon me.

Tom.—(Aside.) This old lady will insist on calling me Silenus! She'd think me rude if I called her Ariadne.

Lady P.—Sweet little thing! Come here, my dear! (Little Maud crosses to her.) Your child, Mr. Stylus?

Tom.—No, my lady, this is Mr. Sidney Daryl's protégé.

Lady P.—(Moving from Little Maud.) Whose?

Tom.—Sidney Daryl's. (Maud advances.)

Lady P.—Nasty little wretch! How do you mean? Speak, quickly!

Tom.—I mean that Sidney pays for her education, board and all that. Oh, he's a splendid fellow—a heart of gold! (Aside.) I'll put in a good word for him, as his young woman's here. I'll make her repent!

Maud.—Come to me, child. (Little Maud crosses to her.) Who are you?

Little Maud.—I'm Mrs. Churton's little darling, and Mr. Daryl's little girl. (Crosses to Tom as Maud moves away and sinks into chair.)

Lady P.—His very image. (Goes to Maud.)

Tom.—Bless her little tongue! I took her from the woman who takes care of her. She's going down with me to Springmead. I've bought her a new frock, all one color, magenta. (Aside.) That was strong.

Lady P.—Did I tell you Mr. Chodd had gone?

Tom.—I'm one too many here. I'll vamoose! Good-morning, my lady.

Lady P.—Good-morning, Mr. Bacchus.

Tom.—Stylus, Stylus! I shall have to call her Ariadne. Um! they might have asked the child to have a bit of currant cake or a glass of currant wine. Shabby devils! (Exeunt Tom and Little Maud; a pause.)

Lady P.—(Aside.) Could anything have happened more delightfully?

Maud.—(Throwing herself into Lady Ptarmigant's arms.) Oh, aunty! forgive me, I was wrong; I was ungrateful, forgive me! Kiss me and forgive me! I'll marry Mr. Chodd, anybody, do with me as you please.

Lady P..—My dear niece! (Affected.) I—I—feel for you. I'm—I'm not so heartless as I seem. I know I'm a harsh, severe old woman, but I am a woman, and I can feel for you. (Embracing her.)

Maud.—And to think that with the same breath he could swear that he loved me, while another, this child, too! (Bursts into a flood of tears.) There, aunt, I won't cry. I'll dry my eyes, I'll do your bidding. You mean me well, while he, oh! (Shudders.) Tell Mr. Chodd I'll bear his name, and bear it worthily!

Lady P..—(Embracing, kissing her at each stop.) Men are a set of brutes. I was jilted myself when I was twenty-three, and, oh, how I loved the fellow! But I asserted my dignity and married Lord Ptarmigant, and he, he only, can tell you how I have avenged my sex. Cheer up, my darling! love, sentiment and romance are humbug; but wealth, position, jewels, balls, presentations, a country house, town mansion, society, power—that's true solid happiness, and if it isn't, I don't know what is.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The wells at Springmead-le-Beau. An avenue of elms; house with windows on to lawn—railings at back of stage. Garden seats, chairs, lounges, small tables, etc. Lord Ptarmigant discovered asleep in garden chair, his feet resting on another.

Enter Chodd, Sr., down avenue.

Chodd, Sr..—Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a day this is. There's Johnny to be elected, and I'm expecting the first copy of the "Morning Earthquake"—my paper, my own paper—by the next train. Then here's Lady Ptarmigant says that positively her niece will have Johnny for her wedded husband, and in one day my Johnny is to be a wedded husband, an

M. P., and part proprietor of a daily paper. Whew, how hot it is! It's lucky that the wells are so near the hustings, one can run under the shade and get a cooler. Here's my lord. (Waking him.) My lord!

Lord Ptarmigant.—(Waking.) Oh, eh, Mr. Chodd, good-morning, how-de-do?

Chodd, Sr.—(Sitting on stool.) Oh, flurried and flustered and worried. You know to-day's the election.

Lord P.—Yes, I believe there is an election going on somewhere. (Calling.) A tumbler of the waters No. 2.

Enter Waitress from house, places tumbler of water on table and exit.

Chodd, Sr.—Oh, what a blessing there is no opposition. If my boy is returned— (Rising.)

Enter Chodd, Jr., agitated, a placard in his hand.

Chodd, Jr.—Look here, guv, look here!

Chodd, Sr.—What is it, my Johnny?

Chodd, Jr.—Don't call me Johnny. Look here! (Shows electioneering placard, "Vote for Daryl!")

Chodd, Sr.—What?

Chodd, Jr.—That vagabond has put up as candidate! His brother used to represent the borough.

Chodd, Sr.—Then the election will be contested?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes. (Chodd, Sr., sinks on garden chair.)

Lord P.—(Rising and taking tumbler from table.) Don't annoy yourself, my dear Mr. Chodd; these accidents will happen in the best-regulated constituencies.

Chodd, Jr.—Guv, don't be a fool!

Lord P.—Try a glass of the waters. (Chodd, Sr., takes tumbler and drinks, and the next moment ejects the water with a grimace, stamping about.)

Chodd, Sr.—Oh, what filth! O-o-o-o-o-oh!

Lord P.—It is an acquired taste. (To Waiter.) Another tumbler of No. 2.

Chodd, Sr.—So, Johnny, there's to be a contest, and you won't be M. P. for Springmead, after all.

Chodd, Jr.—I don't know that.

Chodd, Sr.—What d'ye mean?

Chodd, Jr.—Mr. Sidney Daryl may lose, and, perhaps, Mr. Sidney mayn't show. After that ball—

Chodd, Sr.—Where you lost that thousand pounds.

Chodd, Jr.—Don't keep bringing that up, guvenor. After that I bought up all Mr. Daryl's bills—entered up judgment, and left them with Aaron. I've telegraphed to London, and if Aaron don't nab him in town he'll catch him here.

Chodd, Sr.—But, Johnny, isn't that rather mean?

Chodd, Jr.—All's fair in love and Parliament.

Enter Country Boy, with newspaper.

Boy.—Mr. Chodd?

Chodd, Sr.— } Here!
Chodd, Jr.— }

Boy.—Just arrived.

Chodd, Jr.—“The Morning Earthquake.” (They both clutch at it eagerly—each secures a paper and sits under tree.)

Chodd, Sr.—(Reading.) Look at the leader. “In the present aspect of European politics—”

Chodd, Jr.—“Some minds seem singularly obtuse to the perception of an idea.”

Chodd, Sr.—Johnny!

Chodd, Jr.—Guv!

Chodd, Sr.—Do you see the last leader?

Chodd, Jr.—Yes.

Chodd, Sr.—(Reading.) “The borough of Springmead-le-Beau has for centuries been represented by the house of Daryl.”

Chodd, Jr.—(Reading.) “A worthy scion of that ancient race intends to offer himself as candidate at the forthcoming election, and, indeed, who will dare to oppose him?”

Chodd, Sr.—"Surely not a Mister——"

Chodd, Jr.—"Chodd." (They rise and come down.)

Chodd, Sr.—"Whoever he may be."

Chodd, Jr.—"What are the Choddian antecedents?"

Chodd, Sr.—"Whoever heard of Chodd?"

Chodd, Jr.—"To be sure, a young man of that name has recently been the cause of considerable laughter at the clubs on account of his absurd attempts to become a man of fashion."

Chodd, Sr.—"And to wriggle himself into society."

Chodd, Jr.—Why, it's all in his favor. (In a rage.)

Chodd, Sr.—In our own paper, too. Oh, that villain Stylus!

Chodd, Jr.—There are no more of these in town, are there?

Boy.—Yes, sir. A man came down with two thousand; he's giving them away everywhere.

Chodd, Jr.—Confound you! (Pushes him off; follows.)

Chodd, Sr.—Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! Now, my lord, isn't that too bad? (Sees him asleep.) He's off again! (Waking him.) My lord, here's the "Earthquake!" (Half throwing him off seat.)

Lord P.—Earthquake? Good gracious! I didn't feel anything. (Rising.)

Chodd, Sr.—No, no, the paper.

Lord P.—Ah, most interesting. (Drops paper and leisurely reseats himself.) My dear Mr. Chodd, I congratulate you.

Chodd, Sr.—Congratulate me? (Looks at watch.) I must be off to the committee. (Exit Chodd, Sr.)

Lord P.—Walter! am I to have that tumbler of No. 2? (Band heard playing "Conquering Hero," and loud cheers as Lord Ptarmigant goes into house, and enter Sidney, O'Sullivan, MacUsquebaugh and Dr. Makvicz. Sidney bowing off as he enters—cheers.)

Sidney.—So far so good. I've seen lots of faces that I knew. I'll run this Dutch-metalled brute hard, and be in an honorable minority, anyhow.

Enter Tom, hastily.

Tom.—Daryl.

Sidney.—Yes.

Tom.—Look out.

Sidney.—What is the matter?

Tom.—I met our friend, Moses Aaron, on the platform. He didn't see you, but what does he want here?

Sidney.—Me, if anybody. (Musing.) This is a shaft from the bow of Mr. John Chodd, Junior. I see his aim.

Tom.—What's to be done? The voters are warm, but, despite the prestige of the family name, if you were not present—

Sidney.—Beside, I couldn't be returned from Cursitor street, M.P., for the Queen's Bench. (The then debtors' jail.) Did the Lamb come down with us?

Tom.—Yes—second-class.

Sidney.—Let him stop the bailiffs. Aaron is as timid as a girl. I'll go through here and out by the grand entrance. Let in the Lamb and—

Tom.—I see.

Sidney.—Quick!

(Exit Tom.)

O'Sullivan.—Daryl is there any fighting to be done?

MacUsquebaugh.—Or any drinking?

Dr. Makvicz.—If so, we shall be most happy.

Sidney.—No, no, thanks. Come with me—I've a treat for you.

Omnes.—What?

Sidney.—(Laughing.) The chalybeate waters.

(*Exeunt Omnes into house.*)

Enter Chodd, Jr., and Aaron.

Chodd, Jr.—You saw him go in—arrest him. The chaise is ready—take him to the next station and all's right. I'll stay and see him captured. (Chodd in great triumph.)

Aaron.—Very good shur—do it at vunsh.

(Is going into house, when the Lamb springs out; Aaron staggers back—the Lamb stands in boxing attitude before the door—Tom and six or eight enter by avenue.)

Lamb.—(With back half turned to audience.) Now, then, where are you a shovin' to?

Aaron.—I want to pass by.

Lamb.—Then you can't.

Aaron.—Why not?

Lamb.—(Doggedly.) 'Cos I'm doorkeeper, and you haven't got a check.

Aaron.—Now, Lamb, dooty'sh dooty, and—

Lamb.—(Turning with face to audience and bringing up the muscle of his right arm.) Feel that!

Aaron.—(Alarmed.) Yeah, shur. (Feels it slightly.)

Lamb.—You can't come in.

Chodd, Jr.—(Crossing to Lamb, fussily.) Why not?

Lamb.—(Looks at him half contemptuously, half comically.) 'Cos that sex I mustn't let you. Feel it! (Taps muscle.)

Chodd, Jr.—Thank you, some other time. (Crossing. The Roughs surround him, jeer and prepare to hustle him. Tom mounts seat.)

Tom.—Vote for Daryl!

Lamb.—(Making up to Aaron in sparring attitude, who retreats in terror.) Are yer movin'?

Chodd, Jr.—Do your duty. (Roughs laugh.)

Aaron.—I can't—they are many, I am few. (Cheers without.)

Chodd, Jr.—(Losing his presence of mind.) Particular business requires me at the hustings. (Goes off, 'midst jeers and laughter of Roughs.)

Lamb.—(At the same time advancing upon Aaron.) Are yer movin'?

Aaron.—Yesh, Mr. Lamb. (By this time he has backed close to Tom, perched upon the seat, who jams his hat over his face.)

Tom.—Vote for Daryl! (Aaron is hustled off by mob, followed leisurely by Lamb.) Remember, gentlemen, the officers of the law—the officers of the sheriff—are only in the execution of their duty. (Shouts and uproar without.) Don't

offer any violence. (Shouts.) Don't tear them limb from limb! (Shouts, followed by a loud shriek—Tom leaps from chair, dances down stage and exit.)

Enter Lady Ptarmigant and Chodd, Sr. Lady Ptarmigant is dressed in mauve—Chodd escorts her to house.

Chodd, Sr.—But if he is absent from his post?

Lady Ptarmigant.—His post must get on without him. Really, my dear Mr. Chodd, you must allow me to direct absolutely. If you wish your son to marry Miss Hetherington, now is the time—now or never.

(Exit into house. Chodd exits.)

Enter Chodd, Jr., and Maud, dressed in mauve.

Chodd, Jr.—Miss Hetherington, allow me to offer you a seat. (She sits under tree. Aside.) Devilish awkward! Lady Ptarmigant says, "Strike while the iron's hot;" but I want to be at the hustings. I've made my speech to the electors, and now I must do my courting. She looks awfully proud. I wish I could pay some fellow to do this for me. Miss Hetherington, a—a—a—I got the speech I spoke just now off by heart. I wish I'd got this written for me, too. Miss Hetherington, I—I am emboldened by the—by what I have just been told by our esteemed correspondent, Lady Ptarmigant—I mean by your amiable aunt. I—I—I (Boldly.) I have a large fortune, and my prospects are bright and brilliant—bright and brilliant. I—I am of a respectable family, who has always paid its way. I have entered on a political career, which always pays its way; and I mean some day to make my name famous. My lady has doubtless prepared you for the hon—I offer you my—my humble hand, and large—I may say colossal fortune.

Maud.—Mr. Chodd, I will be plain with you.

Chodd, Jr.—Impossible for Miss Hetherington to be plain.

Maud.—You offer me your hand; I will accept it.

Chodd, Jr.—Oh, joy! Oh— (Endeavoring to take her hand.)

Maud.—Please hear me out. On these conditions.

Chodd, Jr.—Pin money no object. Settle as much on you as you like.

Maud.—I will be your true and faithful wife—I will bear your name worthily; but you must understand our union is a union of convenience.

Chodd, Jr.—Convenience?

Maud.—Yes; that love has no part in it.

Chodd, Jr.—Miss Hetherington—may I say Maud? I love you—I adore you with my whole heart and fortune. (Aside.) I wonder how they're getting on at the hustings?

Maud.—I was saying, Mr. Chodd—

Chodd, Jr.—Call me John—your own John! (Seizing her hand; she shudders and withdraws it.)

Maud.—(Struggling with herself.) I was saying that the affection which a wife should bring the man she has elected as— (Cheers without.)

Sidney.—(Speaking without.) Electors of Springmead.

Maud.—We hardly know sufficient of each other to warrant—

Sidney.—(Without.) I need not tell you who I am. (Cheers—Maud trembles.)

Maud.—We are almost strangers.

Sidney.—Nor what principles I have been reared in.

Chodd, Jr.—The name of Chodd, if humble, is at least wealthy.

Sidney.—I am a Daryl, and my politics those of the Daryls. (Cheers.)

Chodd, Jr.—(Aside.) This is awkward. (To Maud.) As to our being strangers—

Sidney.—I am no stranger. (Cheers.) I have grown up to be a man among you. There are faces I see in the crowd I am addressing, men of my own age, whom I remember as children. (Cheers.) There are faces among you who remember me when I was a boy. (Cheers.) In the political union between my family and Springmead there is more than respect and sympathy, there is sentiment. (Cheers.)

Chodd, Jr.—Confound the fellow. Dearest Miss Hetherington—dearest Maud—you have deigned to say you will be mine.

Sidney.—Why, if we continue to deserve your trust, plight your political faith to another?

Maud.—(Overcome.) Mr. Chodd, I—

Chodd, Jr.—My own bright, particular Maud.

Sidney.—Who is my opponent?

Tom.—(Without.) Nobody. (A loud laugh.)

Sidney.—What is he?

Tom.—Not much. (A roar of laughter.)

Sidney.—I have no doubt he is honest and trustworthy, but why turn away an old servant to hire one you don't know? (Cheers.) Why turn off an old love that you have tried and proved for a new one? (Cheers.) I don't know what the gentleman's politics may be. (Laugh.) Or those of his family. (Roar of laughter.) I've tried to find out, but I can't. To paraphrase the ballad,

I've searched through Hansard, journals,
Books, De Brett and Burke and Dodd,
And my head—my head is aching,
To find out the name of Chodd.

(Loud laughter and three cheers, Maud near fainting.)

Chodd, Jr.—I can't stand this; I must be off to the hustings, Miss Heth— Oh, she's fainting. What shall I do? Lady Ptarmigant! Oh, here she comes. Waiter, a tumbler of No. 2. (Runs off.)

Sidney.—(Without.) And I confidently await the result which will place me at the head of the poll. (Cheers.)

Enter Lord and Lady Ptarmigant from house. Lady Ptarmigant attends to Maud.

Maud.—'Twas nothing—a slight faintness, an attack of—

Lord Ptarmigant.—An attack of Chodd, I think. What a dreadful person my lady is, to be sure. (Aside, sits.)

Lady Ptarmigant.—(To Maud.) Have you done it?

Maud.—Yes.

Lady P.—And you are to be his wife?

Maud.—Yea. (Cheers.)

Enter Sidney, O'Sullivan, MacUsquebaugh and Dr. Makvics.

Sidney.—Tom, I feel so excited, so delighted, so happy—so— (Sees Maud, stops, takes his hat off; Maud bows coldly.) In my adversary's colors!

Lady P.—That fellow Sidney!

Maud.—(Aside.) It seems hard to see him there and not to speak to him for the last time. (Is about to advance when Tom brings on Little Maud, dressed in magenta—Maud recedes, Lord Ptarmigant goes to sleep in garden seat.)

Lady P.—The tobacco man!

Tom.—Ariadne! (Sidney kisses Little Maud.)

Enter Chodd, Jr.

Lady P.—(With a withering glance at Sidney.) Maud, my child, here's Mr. Chodd. (Chodd, Jr., gives his arm to Maud; all go off except Lady Ptarmigant, Sidney, Tom and Lord Ptarmigant.)

Sidney.—On his arm! Well, I deserve it! I am poor!

Lady P.—Mr. Daryl. (Sidney bows.)

Tom.—Ariadne is about to express her feelings. I shall go! (Exit.)

Sidney.—Lady Ptarmigant!

Lady P.—I cannot but express my opinion of your conduct. For a long time I have known you to be the associate of prize-fighters, betting men, race horses, authors and other such low persons; but despite that I thought you had some claims to be a gentleman.

Sidney.—In what way have I forfeited Lady Ptarmigant's good opinion?

Lady P.—In what, sir? In daring to bring me, your kinswoman, and a lady—in daring to bring into the presence of the foolish girl you professed to love—that child—your illegitimate offspring! (Lord Ptarmigant awakes.)

Sidney.—(Stung.) Lady Ptarmigant, do you know who that child is?

Lady P.—Perfectly! (With a sneer.)

Sidney.—I think not. She is the lawful daughter of your dead and only son, Charles!

Lady P.—What?

Sidney.—Two days before he sailed for the Crimea he called at my chambers and told me that he felt convinced he should never return. He told me, too, of his connection with a poor and humble girl, who would shortly become the mother of his child. I saw from his face that the bullet was cast that would destroy him, and I begged him to legitimatize one, who, though of his blood, might not bear his name. Like a brave fellow, a true gentleman, on the next day he married.

Lady P.—How disgraceful!

Sidney.—Joined his regiment, and, as you know, fell at Balaklava.

Lady P.—My poor—poor boy!

Sidney.—His death broke his wife's heart; she, too, died.

Lady P.—What a comfort!

Sidney.—I placed the child with a good, motherly woman, and I had intended, for the sake of my old friend, Charley, to educate her, and to bring her to you, and say, take her, she is your lawful grandchild, and a lady pur sang; love her and be proud of her, for the sake of the gallant son, who galloped to death in the service of his country.

Lady P.—(Affected.) Sidney!

Sidney.—I did not intend that you should know this for some time. I had some romantic notion of making it a reason for your consent to my marriage with— (Lady Ptarmigant takes Little Maud) with Miss Hetherington; that is all over now. The ill opinion with which you have lately pursued me has forced this avowal from me.

Lady P.—(To child.) My darling! Ah! my poor Charley's very image! My poor boy! my poor boy!

Lord P.—(Who has been listening, advancing.) Sidney, let my son Charley's father thank you. You have acted like a kinsman and a Daryl. (Affected.)

Lady P.—Sidney, forgive me.

Sidney.—Pray, forget it, Lady Ptarm—

Lady P.—I will take care that Miss Hetherington shall know—

Sidney.—(Hotly.) What! did she, too, suspect! Lady Ptarmigant, it is my request—nay, if I have done anything to deserve your good opinion, my injunction, that Miss Hetherington is not informed of what has just passed. If she has thought that I could love another, she is free to her opinion! (Goes up and comes down with the child.)

Lord P.—But I shall tell her.

Lady P.—(Astonished.) You! (Aside.) Don't you think, under the circumstances, it would be better—

Lord P.—I shall act as I think best.

Lady P.—Ferdinand! (Authoritatively.)

Lord P.—Lady Ptarmigant, it is not often I speak, goodness knows! but on a question that concerns my honor and yours I shall not be silent.

Lady P.—Ferdinand! (Imploringly.)

Lord P.—Lady Ptarmigant, I am awake, and you will please to follow my instructions. What is my granddaughter's name?

Little Maud.—Maud.

Lord P.—Maud, Maud. Is it Maud? (Playfully, Lord Ptarmigant lifts her in his arms and is carrying her off.)

Lady P.—My lord! consider. People are looking!

Lord P.—Let 'em look, they'll know I'm a grandfather. (Exit Lord Ptarmigant, with Little Maud and Lady Ptarmigant.)

Tom runs on.

Tom.—It's all right, Sid. Three of Chodd's Committee have come over to us. They said that, so long as a Daryl was not put up, they felt at liberty to support him, but now— (Seeing that Sidney is affected.) What's the matter?

Sidney.—Nothing.

Tom.—Ah, that means love! I hope to be able to persuade the majority of Chodd's Committee to resign; and, if they resign, he must, too, and we shall walk over the course. (Sidney, aside.) Cupid's carriage stops the way again. Confound that

nasty, naughty, naked little boy! I wonder if he'd do less mischief if they put him into knickerbockers? (Exit.)

Sidney.—Mr. Chodd shall not have Springmead.

Enter Maud, leading Little Maud by the hand. Sidney's face is buried in his hands on the table.

Maud.—(Kissing the child, then advancing slowly to Sidney.) Sidney!

Sidney.—(Rising.) Maud—Miss Hetherington!

Little Maud.—Uncle, this is my new aunt. She's my aunt and you're my uncle. You don't seem pleased to see each other, though—ain't you? Aunt, why don't you kiss uncle?

Maud.—(After a pause.) Sidney, I have to beg your forgiveness for the—the—mistake which—

Sidney.—Pray, don't mention it, Maud—Miss Hetherington. It is not of the—

Maud.—It is so hard to think ill of those we have known. (Child goes up.)

Sidney.—I think that it must be very easy! Let me take this opportunity of apologizing personally, as I have already done by letter, for my misconduct at the ball. I had heard that you were about to—to—

Maud.—Marry! Then you were in error. Since then I have accepted Mr. Chodd. (Pause.)

Sidney.—I congratulate you. (Turns his face aside.)

Maud.—You believed me to be false, believed it without inquiry!

Sidney.—As you believed of me!

Maud.—Our mutual poverty prevented.

Sidney.—(Bursting out.) Oh, yes, we are poor! We are poor! We loved each other, but we were poor! We loved each other, but we couldn't take a house in a square! We loved each other, but we couldn't keep a carriage! We loved each other, but we had neither gold, purple, plate or mansion in the country! You were right to leave me and to marry a gentleman—rich in all these assurances of happiness!

Maud.—Sidney, you are cruel.

Sidney.—I loved you, Maud; loved you with my whole heart and soul since we played together as children, and you

grew till I saw you a lovely, blushing girl, and now—pahaw! this is folly, sentiment, raving madness! Let me wish you joy —let me hope you may be happy.

L. Maud.—(Coming down.) Uncle, you mustn't make my new aunt cry. Go and make it up with her, and kiss her.

Lady Ptarmigant, Lord Ptarmigant and Lord Cloudwrays have entered during the last speech.

Maud.—Farewell, Sidney! (Holding out her hand.)

Sidney.—Farewell!

Lady Ptarmigant.—(Advancing.) Farewell! What nonsense; two young people so fond of each other. Sidney—Maud, dear, you have my consent.

Sidney.—(Astonished.) Lady Ptarmigant!

Lady P.—I always liked you, Sidney, though, I confess, I didn't always show it.

Lord Ptarmigant.—I can explain my lady's sudden conversion—at least, Cloudwrays can.

Lord Cloudwrays.—Well, Sid, I'm sorry to be the bearer of good news, I mean of ill news; but your brother—poor Percy—he—a—

Sidney.—Dead!

Lord C.—The news came by the mail to the club, so as I'd nothing to do, I thought I'd come down to congratulate—I mean, to condole with you.

Lord P.—Bear up, Sidney, your brother's health was bad before he left us.

Sidney.—First the son and then the father.

Maud.—Sidney!

Sidney.—(Catching her hand.) Maud!

Maud.—No, no, not now; you are rich and I am promised.

Lady P.—Why, you wicked girl, you wouldn't marry a man you didn't love, would you? Where are your principles? (Lord Ptarmigant sits on garden seat with Little Maud.)

Maud.—But—but—Mr. Chodd!

Lady P.—What on earth consequence is Mr. Chodd?

Enter Chodd, Sr., and Chodd, Jr.

Chodd, Sr.—My lady, it's all right, Johnny has been accepted! (Maud goes up and sits. Sidney and Lord Cloudwray also go up with her.)

Lady P.—By whom?

Chodd, Sr.—By Miss Hetherington, by Maud!

Lady P.—Why, you must be dreaming—the election has turned your head—my niece marry a Chodd!

Chodd, Sr.— } My lady!

Chodd, Jr.— } My lady!

Lady P.—Nothing of the sort; I was only joking, and thought you were, too. (Aside.) The impertinence of the lower classes in trying to ally themselves with us!

Chodd, Jr.—Guv.

Chodd, Sr.—Johnny!

Chodd, Jr.—We're done!

Loud cheering. Enter Tom, who whispers and congratulates Sidney. Enter a gentleman, who whispers to Chodd, Sr., condolingly, and exit.

Chodd, Sr.—(Shouting.) Johnny!

Chodd, Jr.—Guv.

Chodd, Sr.—They say there's no hope, and advise us to withdraw from the contest. (All congratulate Sidney, up stage.)

Lady P.—Sir Sidney Daryl, M. P., looks like old times. (To Lord Ptarmigant.) My lord, congratulate him.

Lord P.—(Waking and shaking Chodd, Sr., by the hand.) Receive my congratulations.

Lady P.—Oh, it's the wrong man!

Chodd, Sr.—Mr. Stylus, I may thank you for this.

Tom.—And yourself, you may. I brought out your journal, engaged your staff, and you tried to throw me over. You've got your reward. Morning paper! (Throws papers in the air.)

Enter Aaron, with hat broken and head bound up.

Aaron.—(To Sidney.) Arrest you at the shoot of—
(Chodds rub their hands in triumph.)

Tom.—Too late! Too late! He's a member of Parliament.
Sidney.—(To Tom.) I haven't taken the seat or the oath yet.

Tom.—They don't know that.

Sidney.—We can settle it another way. (Taking out pocket-book and looking at Chodd, Jr.) Some time ago I was fortunate enough to win a large sum of money—this way, if you please. (Goes up with Aaron and gives money, notes, etc.)

Chodd, Jr.—Pays his own bills, which I'd bought up with my money.

Chodd, Sr.—Then, Johnny, you won't get into society.

Lady P.—(Coming down.) Never mind, Mr. Chodd, your son shall marry a lady.

Chodd, Jr.— { Eh!
Chodd, Sr.— }

Lady P.—I promise to introduce you to one of blue blood.

Chodd, Sr.—Blue blood.

Chodd, Jr.—Blue bl— I'd rather have it the natural color.

Cheers. Enter O'Sullivan and Committee. Stage full. Church bells heard.

O'Sullivan.—Sir Sidney Daryl, we have heard the news. In our turn we have to inform you that your adversaries have retired from the contest, and you are member for Springmead. (Cheers.) We, your Committee, come to weep with you for the loss of a brother, to joy with you on your accession to a title and your hereditary honors. Your Committee most respectfully beg to be introduced to Lady Daryl. (With intention and Irish gallantry. Sidney shows Maud the magenta ribbon; she places her hand in his.)

Sidney.—Gentlemen, I thank you; I cannot introduce you to Lady Daryl, for Lady Daryl does not yet exist. In the meantime, I have permission to present you to Miss Hetherington.

Tom.—(Leaping on chair and waving handkerchief.) Three cheers for my lady! (All cheer—church bells—band plays "Conquering Hero." Girl at window of house waves handkerchief, and child a stick with magenta streamer attached. Countrymen, etc., wave hats, band plays, etc.)

SWEETHEARTS
A COMEDY

BY

W. S. GILBERT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. HARRY SPREADBROW.

WILCOX, a gardener.

MISS JENNY NORTHCOTT.

RUTH.

PRELUDE.

Though little more than a dialogue in dramatic form, *Sweethearts*, first produced in London in 1874, ranks as one of the best of the few comedies that have come to us from the pen of William S. Gilbert. It is in the author's very best vein, but as it contains little else but dialogue, and is entirely devoid of dramatic action, further comment in this place would be entirely unnecessary. It will be observed that Gilbert pays here no attention to unity of time, placing his first act in 1841 and his second in 1874.

ACT I.

Scene.—The garden of a pretty country villa. The house is new, and the garden shows signs of having been recently laid out; the shrubs are small, and the few trees about are moderate in size. Wilcox, the gardener, seated on edge of garden wheelbarrow; he rises and comes down with sycamore sapling in his hand; it is carefully done up in matting and has a direction label attached to it.

Wilcox.—(Reading the label.) "For Miss Northcott, with Mr. Spreadbrow's kindest regards." *Acer Pseudo Plantanus.*" Aye, aye! sycamore, I suppose, though it ain't genteel to say so. Hump! sycamores are common enough in these parts; there ain't no call, as I can see, to send a hundred and twenty miles for one. Ah, Mr. Spreadbrow, no go—no go; it ain't to be done with "*Acer Pseudo Plantanuses.*" Miss Jenny's sent

better men nor you about their business afore this, and as you're agoin' about your'n of your own free will to-night, and a good long way, too, why I says, no go, no go! If I know Miss Jenny, she's a good long job, and you've set down looking at your work too long, and now that it's come to going, you'll need to hurry it, and Miss Jenny ain't a job to be hurried over, bless her. Take another three months, and I don't say there mightn't be a chance for you, but it'll take all that—ah, thank goodness, it'll take all that!

Enter Jenny from behind the house, prepared for gardening.

Jenny.—Well, Wilcox, what have you got there? (He touches his forehead and gives her the sycamore.) Not my sycamore?

Wil.—Yes, miss; Mr. Spreadbrow left it last night as the mail passed.

Jenny.—Then he's returned already? Why, he was not expected for a week, at least.

Wil.—He returned quite sudden last night, and left this here plant with a message that he would call at twelve o'clock to-day, miss.

Jenny.—I shall be very glad to see him. So this is really a shoot of the dear old tree!

Wil.—Come all the way from Lunnon, too. There's lots of 'em hereabouts, miss; I could ha' got you a armful for the asking.

Jenny.—Yes, I daresay; but this comes from the dear old house at Hempstead.

Wil.—Do it, now?

Jenny.—You remember the old sycamore on the lawn where Mr. Spreadbrow and I used to sit and learn our lessons years ago? Well, this is a piece of it. And as Mr. Spreadbrow was going to London, I asked him to be so kind as to call, and tell the new people, with his compliments, that he wanted to cut a shoot from it for a young lady who had a very pleasant recollection of many very happy hours spent under it. It was an awkward thing for a nervous young gentleman to do, and it's very kind of him to have done it.

(Gives back the plant, which he places against upper porch of house.) So he's coming this morning?

Wil.—Yes, miss; to say good-bye.

Jenny.—(Busies herself at stand of flowers.) Good-bye? "How d'ye do?" you mean.

Wil.—No, miss, good-bye. I hear Mr. Spreadbrow's off to Ingy.

Jenny.—Yes; I believe he is going soon.

Wil.—Soon? Ah, soon enough! He joins his ship at Southampton to-night—so he left word yesterday.

Jenny.—To-night? No; not for some weeks yet?

(Alarmed.)

Wil.—To-night, miss. I had it from his own lips, and he's coming to-day to say good-bye.

Jenny.—(Aside.) To-night!

Wil.—And a good job, too, say I, though he's a nice young gentleman, too.

Jenny.—I don't see that it's a good job.

Wil.—I don't want no young gentlemen hanging about here, miss. I know what they comes arter—they comes arter the flowers.

Jenny.—The flowers? What nonsense!

Wil.—No, it ain't nonsense. The world's a haphazard garden where common vegetables like me, and hardy animals like my boys, and sour crabs like my old 'ooman, and pretty delicate flowers like you and your sisters grow side by side. It's the flowers they come arter.

Jenny.—Really, Wilcox, if papa don't object I don't see what you have to do with it.

Wil.—No, your pa' don't object; but I can't make your pa' out, miss. Walk off with one of his tuppenny toolips and he's your enemy for life. Walk off with one of his darters and he settles three hundred a year on you. Tell'ee what, miss; if I'd a family of grown gals like you, I'd stick a conservatory label on each of them—"Please not to touch the specimens!"—and I'd take jolly good care they didn't.

Jenny.—At all events, if Mr. Spreadbrow is going away to-night you need not be alarmed on my account. I am a flower that is not picked in a minute.

Wil.—Well said, miss! And as he is going, and as you won't see him no more, I don't mind saying that a better-spoken young gentleman I don't know. (Approaching Jenny who is now seated.) A good, honest, straight-for'ard young chap he is—looks you full in the face with eyes that seem to say, 'I'm a open book—turn me over—look me through and through—read every page of me, and if you find a line to be ashamed on, tell me of it, and I'll score it through.

Jenny.—(Demurely.) I dare say Mr. Spreadbrow is much as other young men are.

Wil.—As other young men? No, no—Lord forbid, miss! Come—say a good word for him, miss, poor young gentleman. He's said many a good word of you, I'll go bail.

Jenny.—Of me?

Wil.—Aye. Why, only Toosday, when I was at work again the high road, he rides up on his little bay 'oss, and he stands talking to me over the hedge and straining his neck to catch a sight of you at a window, that was Toosday. "Well, Wilcox," says he, "it's a fine day!"—it rained hard Toosday, but it's always a fine day with him. "How's Miss Northcott?" says he. "Pretty well, sir," says I. "Pretty she always is; and well she ought to be, if the best of hearts and the sweetest of natures will do it!" Well, I knew that, so off I goes to another subject, and tries to interest him in drainage and subsoils and junction pipes; but no, nothin' would do for him, but he must bring the talk back to you. So at last I gets sick of it, and I up and says: "Look ye here, Mr. Spreadbrow," says I, "I'm only the gardener. This is Toosday, and Miss Northcott's pa's in the study, and I dessay he'll be happy to hear what you've got to say about her." Lord, it'd ha' done your heart good to see how he flushed up as he stuck his spurs into the bay, and rode off fifteen mile to the hour! (Laughing.) That was Toosday.

Jenny.—(Very angrily.) He had no right to talk about me to a servant.

Wil.—(Coming down from ladder.) But bless you, don't be hard on him, he couldn't help it, miss. But don't you be alarmed, he's going away to-night, for many and many a long year, and you won't never be troubled with him again. He's

going with a heavy heart, take my word for it, and I see his eyes all wet when he spoke about sayin' good-bye to you; he'd the sorrow in his throat, but he's a brave lad, and he gulped it down, though it was as big as an apple. (Ring.) There he is. (Going.) Soothe him kindly, miss—don't you be afraid, you're safe enough now—he's a good lad, and he can't do no harm now. (Exit Wilcox over bridge.)

Jenny.—What does he want to go to-day for? He wasn't going for three months. He could remain if he liked; India has gone on very well without him for five thousand years, it could have waited three months longer; but men are always in such a hurry. He might have told me before—he would have done so if he really, really liked me! I wouldn't have left him—yes, I would—but then that's different. Well, if some people can go, some people can remain behind, and some other people will be only too glad to find some people out of their way!

Enter *Spreadbrow*, followed by *Wilcox*.

Jenny.—(Suddenly changes her manner.) Oh, Mr. *Spreadbrow*, how-d'y-e-do? Quite well? I'm so glad! Sisters quite well? That's right—how kind of you to think of my tree! So you are really and truly going to India to-night? That is sudden!

Spreadbrow.—Yes, very sudden—terribly sudden. I only heard of my appointment two days ago, in London, and I'm to join my ship to-night. It's very sudden, indeed—and—and I've come to say good-bye.

Jenny.—Good-bye. (Offering her hand.)

Spread.—Oh, but not like that, *Jenny*! Are you in a hurry?

Jenny.—Oh, dear no, I thought you were; won't you sit down? And so your sisters are quite well?

Spread.—Not very; they are rather depressed at my going so soon. It may seem strange to you, but they will miss me.

Jenny.—I'm sure they will. I should be terribly distressed at your going—if I were your sister. And you're going for so long!

Spread.—I'm not likely to return for a great many years.

Jenny.—(With a little suppressed emotion.) I'm so sorry we shall not see you again. Papa will be very sorry.

Spread.—More sorry than you will be?

Jenny.—Well, no; I shall be very sorry, too—very, very sorry—there!

Spread.—How very kind of you to say so.

Jenny.—We have known each other so long—so many years, and we've always been good friends, and it's always sad to say good-bye for the last time (he is delighted) to anybody! (He relapses.) It's so very sad when one knows for certain that it must be the last time.

Spread.—I can't tell you how happy I am to hear you say it's so sad. But (hopefully) my prospects are not altogether hopeless; there's one chance for me yet. I'm happy to say I'm extremely delicate, and there's no knowing, the climate may not agree with me, and I may be invalided home? (Very cheerfully.)

Jenny.—Oh! but that would be very dreadful.

Spread.—Oh, yes, of course it would be dreadful, in one sense; but it—it would have its advantages. (Looking uneasily at Wilcox, who is hard at work.) Wilcox is hard at work, I see.

Jenny.—Oh, yes, Wilcox is hard at work. He is very industrious.

Spread.—Confoundedly industrious! He is working in the sun without his hat. (Significantly.)

Jenny.—Poor fellow.

Spread.—Isn't it injudicious, at his age?

Jenny.—Oh, I don't think it will hurt him.

Spread.—I really think it will. (He motions to her to send him away.)

Jenny.—Do you? Wilcox, Mr. Spreadbrow is terribly distressed because you are working in the sun.

Wilcox.—That's mortal good of him. (Aside, winking.) They want me to go. All right; he can't do much harm now. (Aloud.) Well, sir, the sun is hot, and I'll go and look after the cucumbers away yonder, right at the other end of the garden. (Wilcox going—Spreadbrow is delighted.)

Jenny.—No, no, no!—don't go away! Stop here, only put on your hat. That's what Mr. Spreadbrow meant. (Wilcox puts on his hat.) There, now are you happy? (To Spreadbrow, who looks miserable.)

Spread.—I suppose it will soon be his dinner time?

Jenny.—Oh, he has dined. You have dined, haven't you, Wilcox?

Wil.—Oh, yes, miss; I've dined, thank ye kindly.

Jenny.—Yes, he has dined. Oh! I quite forgot!

Spread.—What?

Jenny.—I must interrupt you for a moment, Wilcox; I quite forgot that I promised to send some flowers to Captain Dampier this afternoon. Will you cut them for me?

Wil.—Yes, miss. Out of the conservatory, I suppose, miss? (Wilcox going, Spreadbrow again delighted.)

Jenny.—No, these will do. (Pointing to open-air flower-bed.) Stop, on second thoughts perhaps you had better take them out of the conservatory, and cut them carefully—there's no hurry.

Wil.—(Aside.) I understand! Well, poor young chap; let him be, let him be; he's going to be turned off to-night, and his last meal may as well be a hearty one. (Exit.)

Spread.—(Rises in great delight.) How good of you—how very kind of you!

Jenny.—To send Captain Dampier some flowers?

Spread.—(Much disappointed.) Do you really want to send that fellow some flowers?

Jenny.—To be sure I do. Why should I have asked Wilcox to cut them?

Spread.—I thought—I was a great fool to think so—but I thought it might have been because we could talk more pleasantly alone.

Jenny.—I really wanted some flowers; but, as you say, we certainly can talk more pleasantly alone. (She busies herself with preparing the sycamore.)

Spread.—I've often thought that nothing is such a check on—pleasant conversation—as the presence of—of—a gardener—who is not interested in the subject of conversation.

Jenny.—(Gets the tree and cuts off the matting with which it is bound, with garden scissors which she has brought with her from the table.) Oh, but Wilcox is very interested in everything that concerns you. Do let me call him back. (About to do so.)

Spread.—No, no; not on my account!

Jenny.—He and I were having quite a discussion about you when you arrived. (Digging a hole for tree.)

Spread.—About me?

Jenny.—Yes; indeed, we almost quarreled about you.

Spread.—What, was he abusing me then?

Jenny.—Oh, no; he was speaking of you in the highest terms.

Spread.—(Much taken back.) Then—you were abusing me!

Jenny.—No—no, not exactly that; I—I didn't agree with all he said—(he is much depressed; she notices this)—at least, not openly.

Spread.—(Hopefully.) Then you did secretly.

Jenny.—I shan't tell you.

Spread.—Why?

Jenny.—Because it will make you dreadfully vain. There!

Spread.—(Delighted.) Very—very dreadfully vain? (He takes her hand.)

Jenny.—Very dreadfully vain, indeed. Don't! (Withdraws her hand. During this she is digging the hole, kneeling on the edge of the flower bed; he advances to her and kneels on edge of bed near her.)

Spread.—Do you know it's most delightful to hear you say that? It's without exception the most astonishingly pleasant thing I've ever heard in the whole course of my life! (Sees the sycamore.) Is that the tree I brought you? (Rises from his knees.)

Jenny.—Yes. I'm going to plant it just in front of the drawing-room window, so that I can see it whenever I look out. Will you help me? Is that quite straight? Hold it up, please, while I fill in the earth. (He holds it while she fills

in the earth. Gradually his hand slips down till it touches hers.) It's no use, Mr. Spreadbrow, our both holding it in the same place!

Spread.—I beg your pardon—very foolish of me.

Jenny.—Very.

Spread.—I'm very glad there will be something here to make you think of me when I'm many, many thousand miles away, Jenny. For I shall be always thinking of you.

Jenny.—Really, now, that's very nice! It will be so delightful, and so odd to know that there's somebody thinking about me right on the other side of the world!

Spread.—Yes. It will be on the other side of the world!

Jenny.—But that's the delightful part of it—right on the other side of the world! It will be such fun!

Spread.—Fun!

Jenny.—Of course, the further you are away the funnier it will seem. (He is approaching her again.) Now keep on the other side of the world. It's just the distance that gives the point to it. There are dozens and dozens of people thinking of me close at hand. (She rises.)

Spread.—(Taking her hand.) But not as I think of you, Jenny—dear, dear Jenny, not as I've thought of you for years and years, though I never dared to tell you so till now. I can't bear to think that anybody else is thinking of you kindly, earnestly, seriously, as I think of you.

Jenny.—(Earnestly.) You may be quite sure, Harry, quite, quite sure that you will be the only one who is thinking of me kindly, seriously and earnestly (he is delighted) in India. (He relapses—she withdraws her hand.)

Spread.—And when this tree, that we have planted together, is a big tree, you must promise me that you will sit under it every day, and give a thought now and then to the old playfellow who gave it to you.

Jenny.—A big tree! Oh, but this little plant will never live to be a big tree, surely?

Spread.—Yes, if you leave it alone; it grows very rapidly.

Jenny.—Oh, but I'm not going to have a big tree right in front of the drawing-room window! It will spoil the view, it will be an eyesore. We had better plant it somewhere else.

Spread.—(Bitterly.) No, let it be; you can cut it down when it becomes an eyesore. It grows very rapidly; but it will, no doubt, have lost all interest in your eyes long before it becomes an eyesore.

Jenny.—But Captain Dampier says that a big tree in front of a window checks the current of fresh air.

Spread.—Oh, if Captain Dampier says so, remove it.

Jenny.—Now don't be ridiculous about Captain Dampier; I've a very great respect for his opinion on such matters.

Spread.—I'm sure you have. You see a great deal of Captain Dampier, don't you?

Jenny.—Yes, and we shall see a great deal more of him; he's going to take the Grange next door.

Spread.—(Bitterly.) That will be very convenient.

Jenny.—(Demurely.) Very.

Spread.—(Jealously.) You seem to admire Captain Dampier very much.

Jenny.—I think he's very good-looking. Don't you?

Spread.—He's well enough—for a small man.

Jenny.—Perhaps he'll grow.

Spread.—Is Captain Dampier going to live here always?

Jenny.—Yes, until he marries.

Spread.—(Eagerly.) Is—is he likely to marry?

Jenny.—I don't know. (Demurely.) Perhaps he may.

Spread.—But whom—whom?

Jenny.—(Bashfully.) Haven't you heard? I thought you knew!

Spread.—(Excitedly.) No, no; I don't know; I've heard nothing. Jenny—dear Jenny—tell me the truth; don't keep anything from me; don't leave me to find it out; it will be terrible to hear of it out there; and, if you have ever liked me, and I'm sure you have, tell me the whole truth at once!

Jenny.—(Bashfully.) Perhaps, as an old friend, I ought to have told you before; but, indeed, indeed I thought you

knew. Captain Dampier is engaged to be married to—to—my cousin Emmie.

Spread.—(Intensely relieved.) To your cousin Emmie. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! Oh, my dear, dear Jenny, do—do let me take your hand. (Takes her hand and shakes it enthusiastically.)

Jenny.—Are you going?

Spread.—No. (Releasing it—much cast down.) I was going to ask you to do me a great favor, and I thought I could ask it better if I had hold of your hand. I was going to ask you if you would give me a flower—any flower, I don't care what it is.

Jenny.—(Affecting surprise.) A flower? Why, of course I will. But why?

Spread.—(Earnestly.) That I may take a token of you and of our parting wherever I go; that I may possess an emblem of you that I shall never—never part with, that I can carry about with me night and day wherever I go, throughout my whole life.

Jenny.—(Apparently much affected, stoops and takes up a large geranium in pot.) Will this be too big?

Spread.—(Disconcerted.) But I mean a flower—only a flower.

Jenny.—Oh, but do have a bunch! Wilcox shall pick you a beauty.

Spread.—No, no; I want you to pick it for me. I don't care what it is—a daisy will do—if you pick it for me.

Jenny.—What an odd notion! There! (picking a flower and giving it to him) will that do?

Spread.—I can't tell you how inestimably I shall prize this flower. I will keep it while I live, and whatever good fortune may be in store for me, nothing can ever be so precious in my eyes.

Jenny.—I had no idea you were so fond of flowers. Oh, do have some more!

Spread.—No, no—but—you must let me give you this in return; I brought it for you, Jenny dear—dear Jenny! Will

you take it from me? (Takes a rose from his button-hole and offers it.)

Jenny.—(Amused and surprised.) Oh, yes! (Takes it and puts it down on the table carelessly—he notices this with much emotion.)

Spread.—Well, I've got to say good-bye; there's no reason why it shouldn't be said at once. (Holding out his hand.) Good-bye, *Jenny*!

Jenny.—(Cheerfully.) Good-bye! (He stands for a moment with her hand in his.)

Spread.—Haven't—haven't you anything to say to me?

Jenny.—(After thinking it over.) No, I don't think there's anything else. No—nothing. (She leans against the porch—he stands over her.)

Spread.—*Jenny*, I'm going away to-day, for years and years, or I wouldn't say what I'm going to say—at least not yet. I'm little more than a boy, *Jenny*; but if I were eighty, I couldn't be more in earnest—indeed I couldn't! Parting for so many years is like death to me; and if I don't say what I'm going to say before I go, I shall never have the pluck to say it after. We were boy and girl together, and—and I loved you then—and every year I've loved you more and more; and now that I'm a man, and you are nearly a woman, I—I, *Jenny* dear—I've nothing more to say!

Jenny.—How you astonish me!

Spread.—Astonish you? Why, you know that I loved you.

Jenny.—Yes, yes; as a boy loves a girl—but now that I am a woman it's impossible that you can care for me.

Spread.—Impossible—because you are a woman!

Jenny.—You see it's so unexpected.

Spread.—Unexpected?

Jenny.—Yes. As children it didn't matter, but it seems so shocking for grown people to talk about such things. And then, not gradually, but all at once—in a few minutes. It's awful!

Spread.—Oh, *Jenny*, think. I've no time to delay—my having to go has made me desperate. One kind word from you will make me go away happy: without that word, I shall go in unspeakable sorrow. *Jenny*, *Jenny*, say one kind word!

Jenny.—(Earnestly.) Tell me what to say?

Spread.—It must come from you, my darling; say whatever is on your lips—whether for good or ill—I can bear it now.

Jenny.—Well, then: I wish you a very, very pleasant voyage—and I hope you will be happy and prosperous—and you must take great care of yourself—and you can't think how glad I shall be to know that you think of me, now and then, in India. There!

Spread.—Is that all?

Jenny.—Yes, I think that's all. (Reflectively.) Yes—that's all.

Spread.—Then—(with great emotion which he struggles to suppress) there's nothing left but to say good-bye—and I hope you will always be happy, and that, when you marry, you will marry a good fellow who will—who will—who will—good-bye!

(Exit, rapidly.)

(Jenny watches him out—sits down, leaving the gate open—hums an air gaily—looks round to see if he is coming back—goes on humming—takes up the flower that he has given her—plays with it—gradually falters, and at last bursts into tears, laying her head on the table over the flower that he has given her, and sobbing violently as the curtain falls.

ACT II. SCENE.

The same as in Act I, with such additions and changes as may be supposed to have taken place in thirty years. The house, which was bare in Act I, is now entirely covered with Virginia creepers; the garden is much more fully planted than in Act I, and trees that were small in Act I are tall and bushy now; the general arrangement of the garden is the same, except that the sycamore planted in Act I has developed into a large tree, the boughs of which roof in the stage; the landscape has also undergone a metamorphosis, inasmuch as that which was open country in Act I is now covered with picturesque semi-detached villas, and there are indications of a large town in the distance. The month is September, and the leaves of the Virginia creepers wear their autumn tint.

Jenny discovered seated on a bench at the foot of the tree, and Ruth is standing by her side, holding a skein of cotton, which Jenny is winding. Jenny is now a pleasant-looking middle-aged lady.

Jenny.—Have you any fault to find with poor Tom?

Ruth.—No, miss; I've no fault to find with Tom. But a girl can't marry every young man she don't find fault with, can she now, miss?

Jenny.—Certainly not, Ruth. But Tom seems to think you have given him some cause to believe that you are fond of him.

Ruth.—(Bridling up.) It's like his impudence, miss, to say so! Fond of him indeed!

Jenny.—He hasn't said so, Ruth, but I'm quite sure he thinks so. I have noticed of late that you have taken a foolish pleasure in playing fast and loose with poor Tom, and this has made him very unhappy, very unhappy indeed, so much so that I think it is very likely that he will make up his mind to leave my service altogether.

Ruth.—(Piqued.) Oh, miss, if Tom can make up his mind to go, I'm sure I wouldn't stand in his way for worlds.

Jenny.—But I think you would be sorry if he did.

Ruth.—Oh, yes, miss, I should be very sorry to part with Tom!

Jenny.—Then I think it's only right to tell you that the foolish fellow talks about enlisting for a soldier, and if he does it at all, he will do it to-night.

Ruth.—Oh, miss, for that, I do like Tom very much indeed; but if he wants to 'list, of course he's his own master, and, if he's really fond of me what does he want to go and 'list for? (Going to cry.) One would think he would like to be where he could talk to me, and look at me—odd times! I'm sure I don't want Tom to go and 'list!

Jenny.—Then take the advice of an old lady, who knows something of these matters, and tell him so before it's too late—you foolish—foolish girl! Ah, Ruth, I've no right to be hard on you! I've been a young and foolish girl like yourself in my time, and I've done many thoughtless things that I've learnt to be very sorry for. I'm not reproaching you—but I'm speaking

to you out of the fulness of my experience, and take my word for it, if you treat poor Tom lightly, you may live to be very sorry for it too! (Taking her hand.) There, I'm not angry with you, my dear, but if I'd taken the advice I'm giving you, I shouldn't be a lonely old lady at a time of life when a good husband has his greatest value. (Ring.) Go and see who's at the gate! (Exit Jenny—Ruth goes to the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron—she opens it.)

Enter Spreadbrow (now Sir Henry.)

Spread.—My dear, is this Mr. Braybrook's?

Ruth.—Yes, sir.

Spread.—Is he at home?

Ruth.—No, sir, he is not; but mistress is.

Spread.—Will you give your mistress my card? (Feeling for his card case.) Dear me, I've left my cards at home—never mind—will you tell your mistress that a gentleman will be greatly indebted to her, if she will kindly spare him a few minutes of her time? Do you think you can charge yourself with that message?

Ruth.—Mistress is in the garden, sir, I'll run and tell her if you'll take a seat. (Exit Ruth.)

Spread.—That's a good girl! (He sits on seat.) I couldn't make up my mind to pass the old house without framing an excuse to take a peep at it. (Looks round.) Very nice—very pretty—but dear me, on a very much smaller scale than I fancied. Remarkable changes in thirty years! Why the place is a town, and a railway runs right through it. And this is really the old garden in which I spent so many pleasant hours? Poor little Jenny!—I wonder what's become of her? Pretty little girl, but with a tendency to stoutness; if she's alive, I'll be bound she's fat. So this is Mr. Braybrook's, is it? I wonder who Braybrook is—I don't remember any family of that name hereabouts. (Looking off.) This, I suppose, is Mrs. Braybrook. Now, how in the world am I to account for my visit?

Enter Jenny—she curtseys formally, he bows.

I beg your pardon, I hardly know how to explain this intrusion. Perhaps I had better state my facts, they will plead my

apology:—I am an old Indian civilian, who, having returned to England after many years' absence, is whiling away a day in his native place, and amusing himself with polishing old memories—bright enough once, but sadly tarnished—sadly tarnished!

Jenny.—Indeed? May I hope that you have succeeded?

Spread.—Indifferently well—indifferently well. The fact is, I hardly know where I am, for all my old landmarks are swept away; I assure you I am within the mark, when I say that this house is positively the only place I can identify.

Jenny.—The town has increased very rapidly of late.

Spread.—Rapidly! When I left, there were not twenty houses in the place, but (politely) that was long before your time. I left a village, I find a town—I left a beadle, I find a Mayor and corporation—I left a pump, I find a statue to a borough member. The inn is a "Palace Hotel Company"—the almhouse a county jail—the pound is a police station, and the common a colony of semi-detached bungalows! Everything changed, including myself—everything new, except myself—ha, ha!

Jenny.—I shall be glad to offer you any assistance in my power. I should be a good guide, for I have lived here thirty-two years! ,

Spread.—Thirty-two years! is it possible? Then surely I ought to know you? (He feels for his glasses.) My name is Spreadbrow—Sir Henry Spreadbrow!

Jenny.—Spreadbrow! (Putting on spectacles.) Is it possible? Why, my very dear old friend, (offering both her hands) don't you recollect me?

Spread.—(He puts on his double eye-glasses, takes both her hands.) God bless me—is it possible!—and this is really you!—you don't say so! Dear me, dear me! Well, well, well! I assure you I am delighted, most unaffectedly delighted, to renew our friendship! (Shaking hands again—they sit under tree, look at each other curiously.)

Spread.—Not changed a bit. My dear Jane, you really must allow me. (They shake hands again.) And now tell me, how is Mr. Braybrook?

Jenny.—Oh, Mr. Braybrook is very well; I expect him home presently; he will be very glad to see you, for he has often heard me speak of you.

Spread.—Has he indeed? It will give me the greatest—the very greatest possible pleasure, believe me, to make his acquaintance.

Jenny.—(Still surprised at his emphatic manner.) I'm sure he will be delighted.

Spread.—Now tell me all about yourself. Any family?

Jenny.—(Puzzled.) I beg your pardon?

Spread.—Any family?

Jenny.—Mr. Braybrook?

Spread.—Well—yes—

Jenny.—Mr. Braybrook is a bachelor.

Spread.—A bachelor? Then let me understand—am I not speaking to Mrs. Braybrook?

Jenny.—No, indeed you are not! Ha, ha! (Much amused.) Mr. Braybrook is my nephew; the place belongs to him now.

Spread.—Oh! Then, my dear Jane, may I ask who you are?

Jenny.—I am not married!

Spread.—Not married?

Jenny.—No; I keep house for my nephew.

Spread.—Why, you don't mean to sit there and look me in the face and tell me, after thirty years, that you are still Jane Northbrook?

Jenny.—(Rather hurt at the mistake.) Northcott.

Spread.—Northcott, of course. I beg your pardon—I should have said Northcott. And you are not Mrs. Braybrook? You are not even married! Why, what were they about—what were they about? Not married! Well, now do you know I am very sorry to hear that. I am really more sorry and disappointed than I can tell you. (She looks surprised and rather hurt.) You'd have made an admirable wife, Jane, and an admirable mother. I can't tell you how sorry I am to find that you are still Jane Northbrook—I should say, Northcott.

Jenny.—The same in name—much changed in everything else. (Sighing.)

Spread.—Changed? Not a bit—I won't hear of it. I knew you the moment I saw you? We are neither of us changed. Mellowed, perhaps—a little mellowed, but what of that? Who shall say that the blossom is pleasanter to look upon than the fruit? Not I, for one, Jane—not I, for one.

Jenny.—Time has dealt very kindly with us, but we're old folks now, Henry Spreadbrow.

Spread.—I won't allow it, Jane—I won't hear it. (Rise.) What constitutes youth? A head of hair? Not at all; I was as bald as an egg at five-and-twenty—babies are always bald. Eyesight? Some people are born blind. Years? Years are an arbitrary impertinence. Am I an old man or you an old woman, because the earth contrives to hurry round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days? Why Saturn can't do it in thirty years. If I had been born on Saturn I should be two years old, ma'am—a public nuisance in petticoats. Let us be thankful that I was not born on Saturn. No—no, as long as I can ride to cover twice a week, walk my five-and-twenty miles without turning a hair, go to bed at twelve, get up at six, turn into a cold tub and like it, I'm a boy, Jane—a boy—a boy!

Jenny.—And you are still unmarried?

Spread.—I? Oh dear, yes—very much so. No time to think of marriage. Plenty of opportunity, mind, but no leisure to avail myself of it. I've had a bustling time of it I assure you, Jane, working hard at the Bar and on the Bench, with some success—with some success; (sits again) and now that I've done my work, I throw myself back in my easy chair, fold my hands, cross my legs, and prepare to enjoy myself. Life is before me, and I'm going to begin it. Ha, ha! And so you are really Jane Northcott still?

Jenny.—Still Jane Northcott.

Spread.—I'm indignant to hear it—I assure you that I am positively indignant to hear it. You would have made some fellow so infernally happy. (Rise.) I'm sorry for that fellow's sake, I don't know him, but I am sorry. Ah, I wish I had remained in England. I do wish, for the very first time since I left it, that I had remained in England.

Jenny.—Indeed! And why?

Spread.—Why? Because I should have done my best to remove that reproach from society. I should indeed, Jane! Ha, ha! After all it don't much matter, for you wouldn't have had me. Oh, yes! you had no idea of it; but do you know, I've a great mind to tell you. Do you know I was in love with you at one time? Boy and girl, you know—boy and girl. Ha, ha! you'd no idea of it, but I was!

Jenny.—(In wonder.) Oh, yes; I knew it very well.

Spread.—(Much astonished.) You knew it? You knew that I was attached to you!

Jenny.—Why of course I did!

Spread.—Did you, indeed! Bless me, you don't say so! Now that's amazingly curious. Leave a woman alone to find that out! It's instinctive, positively instinctive. Now, my dear Jane, I'm a very close student of human nature, and in pursuit of that study I should like above all things to know by what signs you detected my secret admiration for you. (Takes her hand.)

Jenny.—Why, bless the man! There was no mystery in the matter! You told me all about it!

Spread.—I told you all about it?

Jenny.—Certainly you did—here, in this garden.

Spread.—That I admired you—loved you?

Jenny.—Most assuredly! Surely you've not forgotten it. (He drops her hand.) I haven't.

Spread.—I remember that I had the impertinence to be very fond of you. I forgot that I had the impertinence to tell you. I remember it now. I made a fool of myself. I remember it by that. I told you that I adored you, didn't I? —that you were as essential to me as the air I breathed—that it was impossible to support existence without you—that your name should be the most hallowed of earthly words, and so forth. Ha, ha! my dear Jane, before I'd been a week on board I was saying the same thing to a middle-aged governess whose name has entirely escaped me. (She has exhibited signs of pleasure during the earlier part of this speech, and disappointed at the last two lines.) What fools we make of ourselves!

Jenny.—And of others!

Spread.—Oh, I meant it, Jane; I meant every word I said to you.

Jenny.—And the governess?

Spread.—And the governess! I would have married you, Jane.

Jenny.—And the governess?

Spread.—And the governess! I'd have married her, if she had accepted me—but she didn't. Perhaps it was as well—she was a widow with five children—I cursed my destiny at the time, but I've forgiven it since. I talked of blowing out my brains. I'm glad I didn't do it as I've found them useful in my profession. Ha! ha! The place has changed a good deal since my time—improved—improved—we've all three improved. I don't quite like this tree, though—it's in the way. What is it? A kind of beech, isn't it?

Jenny.—No; it's a sycamore.

Spread.—Ha! I don't understand English trees—but it's a curious place for a big tree like this, just outside the drawing-room window. Isn't it in the way?

Jenny.—It is rather in the way.

Spread.—I don't like a tree before a window, it checks the current of fresh air—don't you find that?

Jenny.—It does check the current of fresh air.

Spread.—Then the leaves blow into the house in autumn, and that's a nuisance—and besides it impedes the view.

Jenny.—It is certainly open to those objections.

Spread.—Then cut it down, my dear Jane. Why don't you cut it down?

Jenny.—Cut it down! I wouldn't cut it down for worlds. That tree is identified in my mind with many happy recollections. (Sits.)

Spread.—Remarkable the influence exercised by associations over a woman's mind. Observe—you take a house, mainly because it commands a beautiful view. You apportion the rooms principally with reference to that view. You lay out your garden at great expense to harmonize with that view, and having brought that view into the very best of all possible conditions for the full enjoyment of it, you allow a gigantic and wholly irrelevant tree to block it all out for the sake of the

sentimental ghost of some dead and gone sentimental reality! Take my advice and have it down. If I had had anything to do with it, you would never have planted it. I shouldn't have allowed it!

Jenny.—You had so much to do with it that it was planted there at your suggestion.

Spread.—At mine? Never saw it before in my life.

Jenny.—We planted it together thirty years ago—the day you sailed for India.

Spread.—It appears to me that that was a very eventful day in my career. We planted it together? I have no recollection of having ever planted a gigantic sycamore anywhere. And we did it together! Why, it would take a dozen men to move it.

Jenny.—It was a sapling then—you cut it for me.

Spread.—(Suddenly and with energy.) From the old, old sycamore in the old garden at Hampstead! Why, I remember; I went to London expressly to get it for you. (Laughing—sitting on her left.) And the next day I called to say good-bye and I found you planting it, and I helped; and as I was helping I found an opportunity to seize your hand. (Does so.) I grasped it—pressed it to my lips—(does so) and said, "My dear, dear Jenny," (he drops her hands suddenly) and so forth. Never mind what I said—but I meant it—I meant it! (Laughs heartily—she joins him, but her laughter is evidently forced—eventually she shows signs of tears which he doesn't notice.) It all comes back with a distinctness which is absolutely photographic. I begged you to give me a flower—you gave me one—a sprig of geranium.

Jenny.—Mignonette.

Spread.—Was it mignonette? I think you're right—it was mignonette. I seized it—pressed it to my trembling lips—placed it next my fluttering heart, and swore that come what might I would never part with it! I wonder what I did with that flower!—and then I took one from my buttonhole—begged you to take it—you took it, and—ha, ha, ha!—you threw it down carelessly on the table, and thought no more about it, you heartless creature—ha, ha, ha! Oh, I was very angry! I remember it perfectly, it was a camellia.

Jenny.—(Half crying, aside.) Not a camellia, I think.

Spread.—Yes, a camellia, a large white camellia.

Jenny.—I don't think it was a camellia, I rather think it was a rose.

Spread.—Nonsense, Jane—come, come, you hardly looked at it, miserable little flirt that you were; and you pretend, after thirty years, to stake your recollection of the circumstance against mine? No, no, Jane, take my word for it, it was a camellia.

Jenny.—I'm sure it was a rose!

Spread.—No; I'm sure it was a camellia.

Jenny.—(In tears.) Indeed—indeed it was a rose. (Produces a withered rose from a pocket-book—he is very much impressed—looks at it and at her, and seems much affected.)

Spread.—Why, Jane, my dear Jane, you don't mean to say that this is the very flower?

Jenny.—That is the very flower! (Rising.)

Spread.—Strange! You seemed to attach no value to it when I gave it to you, you threw it away as something utterly insignificant; and when I leave, you pick it up, and keep it for thirty years! (Rising.) My dear Jane, how like a woman!

Jenny.—And you seized the flower I gave you—pressed it to your lips, and swore that wherever your good or ill fortune might carry you, you would never part with it, and—and you quite forget what became of it! My dear Harry, how like a man!

Spread.—I was deceived, my dear Jane—deceived! I had no idea that you attached so much value to my flower.

Jenny.—We were both deceived, Henry Spreadbrow.

Spread.—Then is it possible that in treating me as you did, Jane, you were acting a part?

Jenny.—We were both acting parts—but the play is over, and there's an end of it. (With assumed cheerfulness.) Let us talk of something else.

Spread.—No, no, Jane, the play is not over—we will talk of nothing else—the play is not nearly over. My dear Jane—(rising and taking her hand) my very dear Jane—believe me, for I speak from my hardened old heart, so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning. (He kisses her hand—they walk towards the house.)

JW
H

